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November 1966, 75 cents

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NOVEMBER

# ATLANTIC

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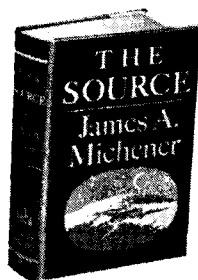
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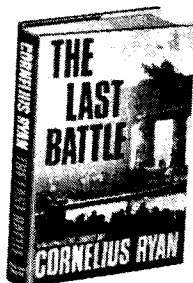
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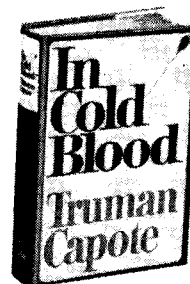
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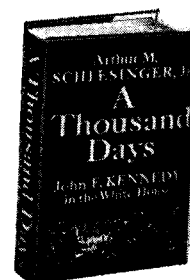
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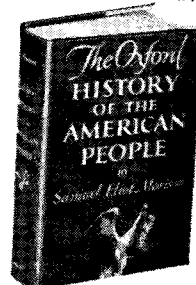
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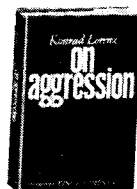
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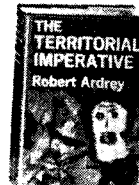
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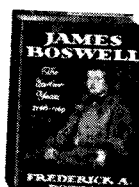
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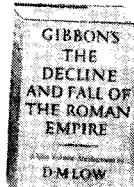
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## ***The Atlantic Report*    WASHINGTON**



*With this issue, Douglas Kiker becomes the regular writer of the ATLANTIC's Washington Report. He will contribute longer articles on public affairs as well. Mr. Kiker, thirty-six, married, and the father of two children, is a Washington correspondent for the National Broadcasting Company. He was White House correspondent for the now departed New York HERALD TRIBUNE, onetime Director of Public Information for the Peace Corps, and before that covered politics and civil rights in his native Georgia. He is the author of two novels.*

**B**Y ANY modern comparison the legislative record of the 89th Congress was an impressive one. In making their case for re-election, its members could say that they made a start, at least, in answering the needs of the old people, the young people, the sick people, the poor people, the black people, and the city people — and that adds up to a lot of voters.

Yet the members of “the Fighting 89th,” as the White House likes to call it in salute, seemed to share a general sense of apprehension rather than confidence as they finished their work in Washington and headed home for the campaigns.

It was as if one night early this fall all of them had awakened in a cold sweat from a common nightmare in which an angry constituent was shouting, “What a mess you’ve managed to get this country into in two short years. Our boys are getting killed in Vietnam. Prices have shot sky-high. And the Negroes are trying to move in and take over our neighborhoods.”

### **The politics of Vietnam**

The September primaries offered some evidence that congressional candidates who wanted to step up the war would get favorable voter response and those who advocated de-escalation and withdrawal would not. (In private conversation, President Johnson has scoffed at the idea that “peace” candidates might prove popular this fall.) But the primaries left unanswered the crucial question of whether or not the Administration’s present Vietnam policy remains as politically marketable as it once was.

Noticeably lacking in top Republican statements was any new, more strident demand for increased bombing in North Vietnam. The omission reflects the fact that only a small covey of congressional hawks really believes massive air strikes to the north would bring a quick and easy victory in the south. Congress did sense that many, many voters do believe this, however — perhaps enough to make a difference in some tight races.

Richard Goodwin, a former special assistant to President Johnson, also has concluded that this public pressure to get it over with is building, and proposed in an address to the executive council of the Americans for Democratic Action that a national committee against a wider war be formed to provide “a counterpressure against those who urge a more militant course.”

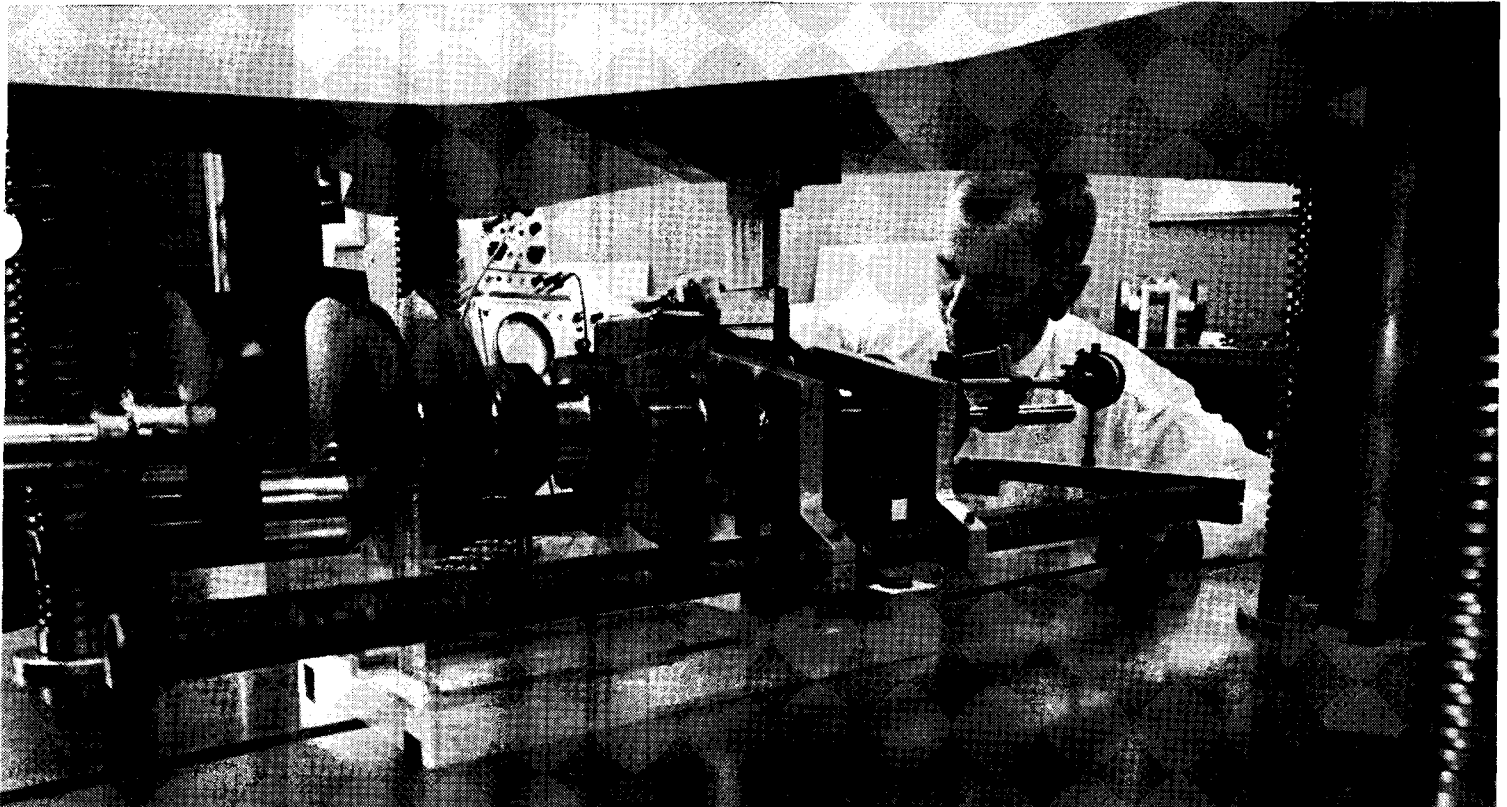
The President frequently has said he regards pressure from the hawks as potentially more dangerous than pressure from the doves, and thus, purely on paper, it might have been reasonable to expect him to welcome the Goodwin proposal. But such sweet reason fails to take account of how Johnson reacts when anyone in whom he has shown trust speaks his mind. He is reported to have said, “It’s like being bitten by your own dog.” His tendency to treat all criticism from anyone he has dealt with as that of an ingrate was further indicated by press reports of presidential displeasure with American Jews for criticizing Vietnam policy — the President’s attitude is that since we have backed Israel’s fight for survival, Jews ought to back our fight in South Vietnam.





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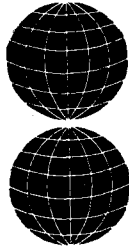
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## Report on Washington



Goodwin also pressed the charge that there is a difference between what the Administration is doing and what it says it is doing in Vietnam. "There has never been such intense and widespread dissension and confusion as that which surrounds this war . . . it has almost numbed the capacity to separate truth from conjecture or falsehood," he said. He explained that "only the strongest of feelings" compelled him to become the first former Johnson White House aide to speak the unspeakable.

To those who know him, his explanation was unnecessary, for Goodwin's recent history in American politics is far more complex than merely that of a spy who has come in from the cold. His ultimate loyalty always has been to Robert Kennedy. But as a special assistant to Johnson, he was the author of many of the policy statements he attacked in this address. He is a member in good standing of the East Coast political-intellectual jet set. Yet he is a man with a sophisticated appreciation of political reality who realized he was violating an unwritten White House rule — as have others in recent Administrations — which states that access to inside information imposes an unusual responsibility for interim silence, however agonizing, upon anyone who leaves such a unique position as that of Special Presidential Assistant. The decision must have posed a torturous dilemma for him, but Vietnam does that to people.

House Republican Leader Gerald Ford told Capitol Hill reporters before Congress adjourned that he believes the President realized that his present Vietnam policy would be a source of trouble for Democrats at the polls. In fact, he said he would be very much surprised if Mr. Johnson didn't "try to pull a rabbit out of the hat somewhere along the line." As possibilities he suggested "some dramatic new peace move, or a blockade of Haiphong harbor, or both."

About a week after Ford made that prediction, United Nations Ambassador Arthur Goldberg attracted world attention when he presented a new peace proposal to the General Assembly. The United States, he announced, was willing to stop bombing North Vietnam if "corresponding and appropriate" military de-escalation by the other side could be assured, and was also willing

to withdraw American troops from the south, "as others withdrew theirs" under UN supervision. He also promised the Viet Cong a role in any peace talks.

The proposal did not represent any new U.S. decision to give in to Communist demands that American raids be stopped and American troops withdrawn unilaterally as a prelude to any peace talks. Neither did it represent any concession which the Administration was not prepared to make months ago, given the chance. What it did represent was a dramatic new attempt by Washington to convince both Hanoi and Moscow of its sincere — indeed, almost desperate — wish for a negotiated settlement acceptable to both sides. Reportedly the move was made at the urging of Ambassador Goldberg, who pleaded for "something new" with which to counter increased criticism of existing U.S. policy by other UN delegates.

But whatever it accomplished, this latest probe served to illustrate a tragic irony: Hanoi steadfastly refuses to be convinced that the United States, after expending so much money and effort in this war, ever would make even miniscule concessions in a negotiation. North Vietnam apparently will never appreciate the President's dilemma: he wants out, but on his own terms, and what he would never allow to be taken away by force he well might willingly give away in diplomatic compromise.

The result is that there is no way to go but slowly upward if you don't want to keep on standing still; in other words a continuation of present policy. However, it was the President who formulated that policy in the first place, and as the fall progressed, he kept defending it as passionately as ever. Even his decision to meet in Manila with leaders of Asian nations allied with the United States appeared to be an attempt to redecorate the same old house, rather than move to some split-level in a new suburb.

Inflation is another matter. Everybody is against it, and everybody agrees something must be done about it, and soon. The Republicans charged that the Administration did too little too late, and whispered to voters that the White House would be calling for a tax increase first thing next year. But would the electorate accept an increase in taxes? By mid-fall it was clear that voters this November would not be given the chance to say.

### White backlash

Northern white reaction to Negro riots and housing marches caused almost as much worry among Democrats as Vietnam. The Northern



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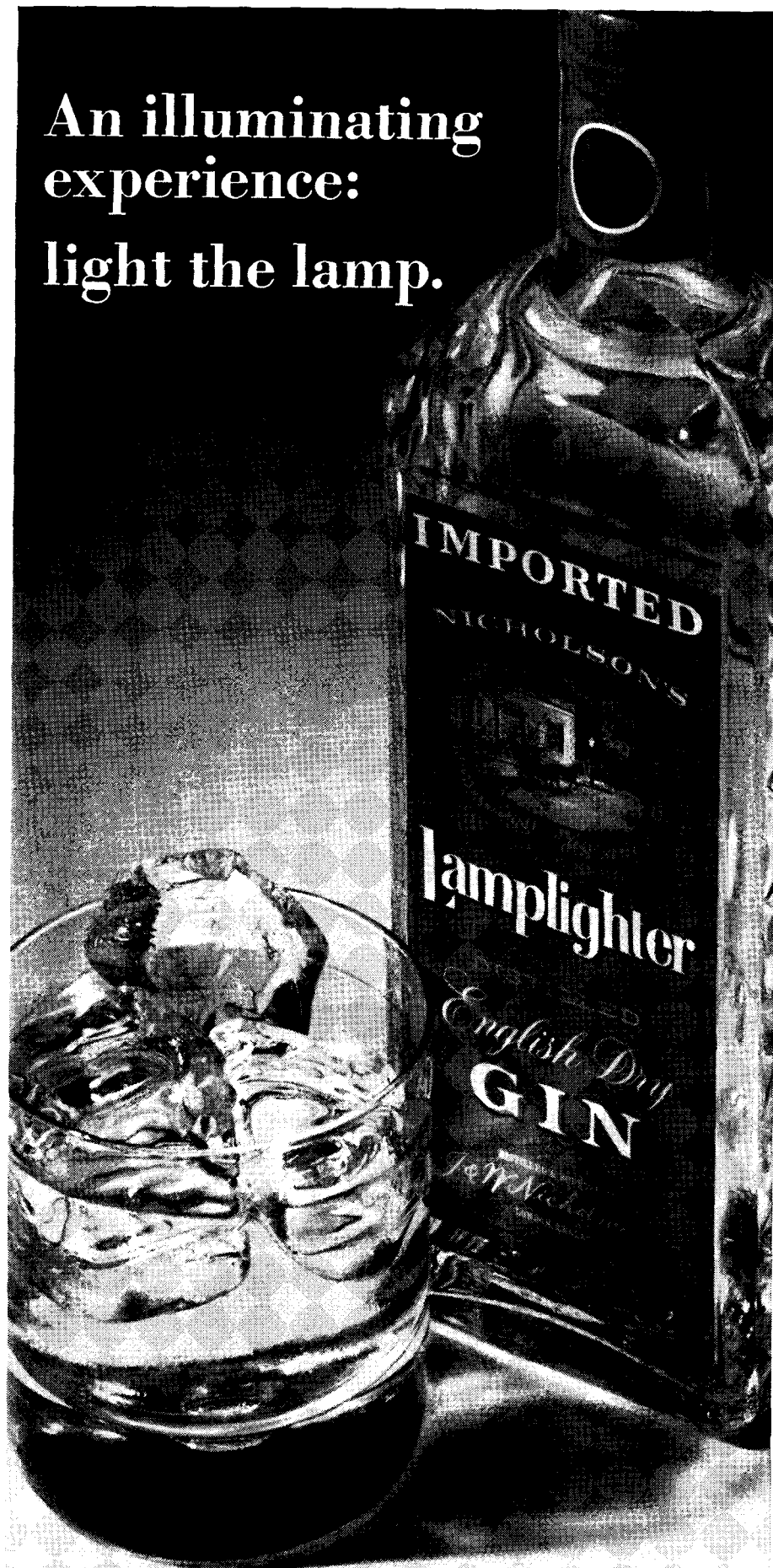
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## *Report on Washington*

white backlash exists as a fact of political life in Washington now. It killed the 1966 civil rights bill. It prompted Senate Minority Leader Everett Dirksen to predict that Republicans would gain seventy-five House seats. It gave birth this fall to a new and potentially powerful coalition of old-time Southern segregationists and nominally liberal Northern congressmen who represent minority districts in urban areas.

Congressmen, whose instinct is for self-survival, are sincerely frightened by the backlash, and if the November elections were to give strong evidence of its rising vitality, the legislative effects in the 90th Congress would be felt far beyond the area of civil rights. One only had to observe congressmen like Mississippi's John Bell Williams and Chicago's Roman Pucinski buddy-buddying during the House debate on the civil rights bill to realize this.

Congressional Republican leaders, to their great discredit, used the issue this fall for all its possible worth. Everyone in Washington is convinced that the GOP must pay its civil rights bill sooner or later if it ever is to regain its position as an equal in the nation's two-party system. But the Republicans, by their actions and by their words, were saying in the fall of 1966, "Not yet, not yet," and one sensed they would be saying the same thing two years from now, for the minority, lone-wolf party has sniffed the unexpected scent of possible national victory, and its tired blood is running hot.

It is an irresponsible but irresistible reaction. In its approach to the civil rights problem just now, the GOP is like a crazed, middle-aged, middle-class, small-town Ohio salesman out on a credit-card binge; he knows he will be apprehended eventually, but he hopes for a chance to spend a week in Rio first.

### **The integrity of LBJ**

By mid-fall it also became apparent that a fourth issue, in addition to Vietnam, inflation, and civil rights, would be a definite factor in the election, and that was the



# Here are 22 ways we could have skimped on this Bulova Watch.

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1. We could make fewer of our own parts, but then they might not fit together like clockwork.

5. We could have skipped polishing some of the parts you never see, but they wouldn't work as well.

2. We could make a single movement piece instead of this 3-piece top - but it would be much more difficult to repair or adjust.

4. We could stop covering many key surfaces with a corrosion-resistant layer of nickel.

6. We could have used oil that costs a lot less than \$7,000 a gallon.

3. We could stamp out gear teeth, instead of cutting them individually but they wouldn't work as smoothly.

7. We could stop processing our own alloy - Buloloy - for the mainspring, but we wanted to make it unbreakable.

8. We could stop cleaning movements ultrasonically.

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22. We could have skipped hand-polishing the numerals and hands, but why skimp now?

9. We could have used steel tools instead of expensive diamond tools to cut the bevel edge, but the edge wouldn't be as smooth.

21. We could have used embossed numerals instead of hand-applied numerals.

10. We could get rid of our metallurgists and get outsiders to specify alloys.

20. We could skip removing burrs from every part of the movement.

11. We could stop making our own precision hair spring and buy one of lesser quality.

19. We could have skipped hand-brushing the dial, but then the face wouldn't be as beautiful.

12. We could have parts exposed, instead of protectively encased.

18. We could test every 10th watch for waterproofness instead of every watch.

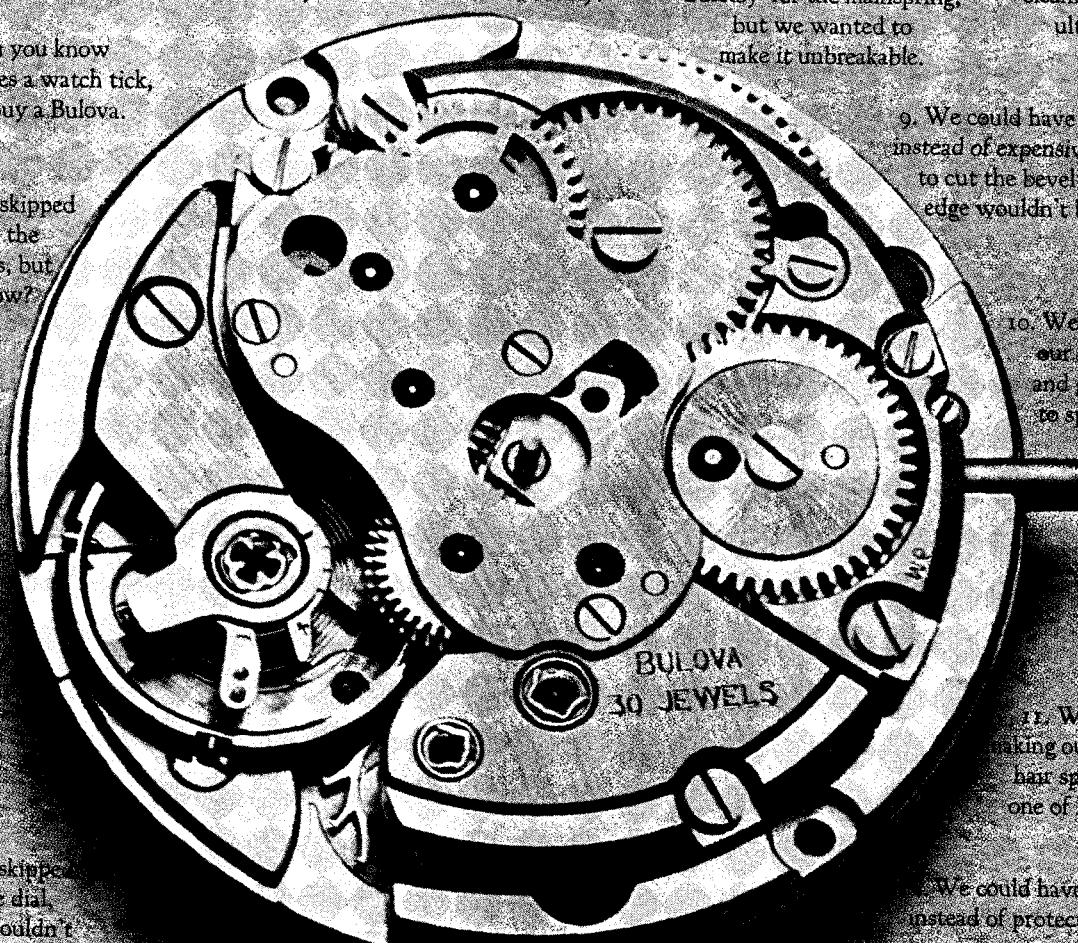
13. We could have used a guard pin that's easier to make but doesn't fit as well.

17. We could spend less on the shock-resistance unit, but it wouldn't take shocks as well as this one.

16. We could have used a lot fewer than 30 jewels, but the more jewels, the longer the wear at points of friction.

14. We could have made round holes instead of 10-sided holes in the foundation plate, but they wouldn't hold the jewels as securely.

15. We could have made crude, punched holes instead of smooth shaved holes.





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## Report on Washington

question of the personal integrity of Lyndon Johnson. This undoubtedly was the first off-year election in modern times when the sincerity of the President was a major issue.

Republican leaders readily admitted in private that this was the case, and publicly they played to it every way possible. They were playing to it when they charged that he already had decided to escalate the ground war in Vietnam and raise taxes but would wait until after the elections to announce it. They were playing to it when they said he was fiddling around with figures, juggling books, and withholding the truth about the real cost of the war. Denied the use of the war itself as a clear-cut issue, they chose instead to concentrate on the man who enlarged it—and the continuing decline of the President's national popularity appeared to justify the tactical decision. By October even the most conservative Republican leaders were genuinely jubilant over the chances for success, and House Minority Leader Ford was predicting a minimum gain of forty seats.

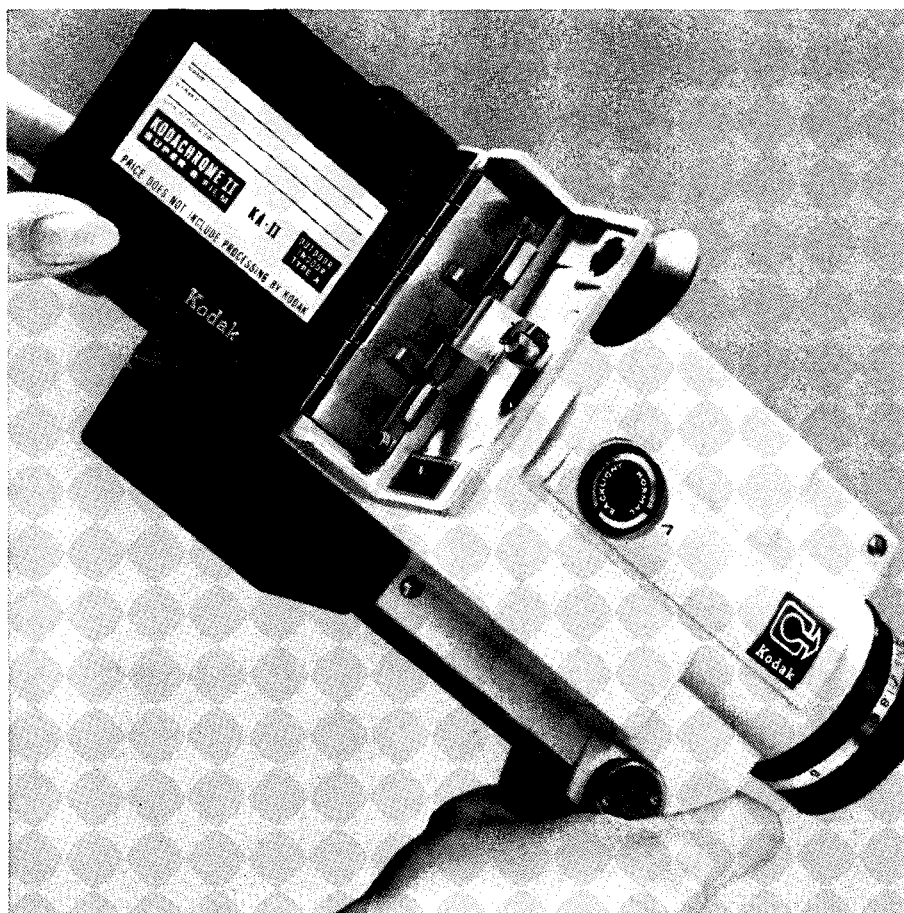
The Republicans sensed the existence of a wide need among liberals and conservatives alike to voice dissent in this election. They sensed that even some of Mr. Johnson's normally solid supporters thought he should be put down a bit. And they sensed that the President's biggest problem was that he was so easy to protest against; he was perfectly fitted for the role.

The Republicans were not the only ones to sense this national mood. Senator William Fulbright displayed an acute sense of timing when he ordered Senate Foreign Relations Committee hearings on the American commitment in Thailand, with the clear implication that the situation there could lead to another Vietnam.

### The Democratic danger

The Democratic danger was simple to define: fewer people vote in off-year elections, and thus an enlarged vote of protest would guarantee an enlarged loss for the party in power, and off-year elections are by nature protest votes.

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## ***Report on Washington***

Political sophisticates maintain that local issues frustrate the attempt to discover national trends in off-year election results. No one doubted, however, that the President would identify any reasonable result as a national mid-term vote of confidence, or that the Republicans would describe any gain as a repudiation of both the President and the Great Society.

Mr. Johnson told visitors this fall that he wasn't as interested in seeing Democrats elected as he was in seeing candidates elected — or, in the case of some Republicans, re-elected — who will provide him general support. As a result, he campaigned selectively and refrained from using his office as a forum to call for a national rally around Democrats.

On the other hand, the Democrats didn't seem to mind especially. If he chose to roam into their neck of the woods they welcomed him, but they did not besiege him with pleas for help. One could read into this almost anything he wished. But evidence indicates that it was more than just the drooping personal popularity of Mr. Johnson. Congressional Democrats were just as happy to go it alone this time because they didn't quite know what to expect from the folks at home. The one thing they seemed not to expect was any great public display of appreciation for the accomplishments of the 89th Congress. Voters appeared to be so concerned about the future that they had little time to look back at the legislative record of the immediate past.

Neither, with any certainty, did the White House know what to expect this November, despite all the polls which were commissioned. One of Mr. Johnson's special assistants clipped a newspaper article this fall in which Richard Nixon was quoted as saying it would be a calamity if the Republicans won back fewer than forty House seats. If the calamity occurred, the President's man planned to wave the clipping around for all to see. He was absolutely sure he would get the chance. But until the votes were in, he kept the clipping well hidden.

— *Douglas Kiker*



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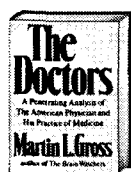
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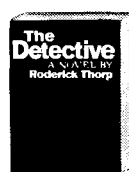
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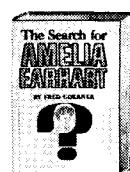
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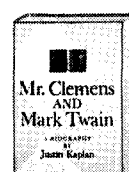
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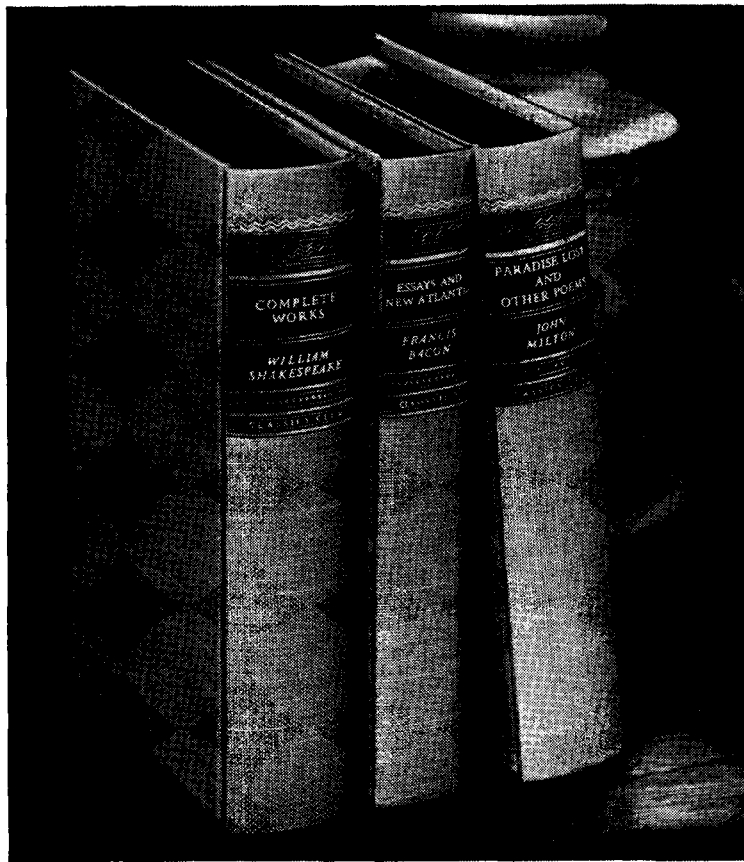
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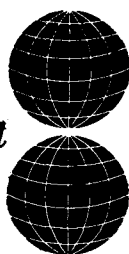
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**I**T is impolite, and impolitic, to poke fun at poverty; a lack of resources is a fact which tolerates no argument. But theories may legitimately develop when it comes to putting an end to such a state of affairs. Yugoslavia has earned the hostility of the Chinese and of the Albanians, and up to fairly recently, of the other members of the Eastern bloc, by its so-called policy of revisionism, which is no more and no less on a practical level than an adaptation of rigorous dialectical theorems to the needs of contemporary coexistence. There may well be things for Yugoslavs to criticize and to argue among themselves, but from the outside it seems that their particular brand of government is ideally suited to the present needs and rate of development of the country. At all events, its policies are flexible, and it is open to new thoughts.

Whereas the foreigner may enter Yugoslavia easily, and wander about at will, Albania may only be entered by groups of at least twenty, or else by day excursions from Yugoslavia within the cordon sanitaire of a bus. As the road worsens, so the Yugoslav guide briefs the traveler much as the White House might brief an American athlete on his way to some goodwill meet. We were warned not to ask too many questions, and not to expect too many answers to the questions we did ask. We were requested not to repeat the mistake of a previous group which had made inquiries about the fence of electrified barbed wire which runs away out of sight across the hills in the frontier region. Apparently the Albanian guide had explained on that occasion that this was a precaution to prevent Albanian cattle from straying into foreign territory, only to have his statement greeted with gales of good-natured, if ironical, laughter. This act of treachery threatened to put an end to conducted tours altogether. In the interests of international harmony, we were asked to keep our laughter to ourselves.

By the time the road had become really bad, it was evident that we were approaching the border. It appeared in the shape of a pink house by the banks of Lake Scutari, and the now notori-

ous line of barbed wire stretching to infinity to the north; while to the south lay the lake, with its carpet of water lilies and its reflection of arid mountains. A soldier saluted, entered the coach, saluted again, collected the passports, saluted again, and disappeared for half an hour. A muscular young man with a permanent smile and stern, abstract eyes bade us welcome to Albania, and said he was the English-speaking guide.

We were allowed to take pictures freely, he said, of everything save military objectives. The frontier, he pointed out, was a military objective. We could alight, stretch our legs, but cameras should be left in the coach. There were other soldiers around, and it became immediately obvious that in obedience to the Chinese initiative, badges of rank had been abolished. There was no telling the officers from the men. The man with the passports reappeared, saluted, saluted again with each passport returned to its owner, we got back in the bus, the soldiers saluted, and we were off.

### **Glory to Marx and Lenin**

The road, what there was of it, took us through ideal "Injun" territory, flecked with extraordinary volcanic boulders. We expected the inevitable redskin chief to be suddenly and terrifyingly present on the skyline with his cohort of braves. Instead, we saw the name of Enver Hoxha, the First Secretary of the Albanian Communist Party, embedded on one mountain face in white pebbles, while on the other was the slogan *Lavdi Marksizëm Leninizmit* ("Glory to Marxism and Leninism").

The older people by the roadside just stared at us, while the children waved enthusiastically. The faces in general had that static and fragile quality of those depicted on Roman murals. The Albanians tend to be small but well built in a spare and economical way, and when they are not dark, they can be very fair indeed. There is great national pride in belonging to that ancient Illyrian race which furnished Rome with a few emperors and many other notables; and the very



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## Report on Albania

word "*lavdi*" is obviously the Latin word "*laudi*."

As the countryside flattened out into wide tobacco crops, the guide explained that before the liberation, the country was so backward that it exported tobacco but imported cigarettes. Now cigarettes are manufactured, some of them with filters. In 1944, he went on, Albania had 8 tractors. Now it has 7500, of which none were visible in the particular complex of collective farms through which we passed. There were, however, a couple of threshing machines, which seemed to be partially dismantled. The new buildings looked as though they had been built by the Turks three centuries ago and neglected. And everywhere slogans, one of which looked suspiciously like "Glory to our Potato Crops!" Anyone who has once known penury must feel slightly exasperated that so much energy has gone into painting and erecting slogans and embossing hillsides with names and messages while there is still so much to be done on a more constructive level.

As the coach neared the town of Shkoder, the guide pointed out what he described as an industrial area, electrical cable factory, cigarette factory, and so on, and we noticed a couple of distant chimneys belching a thin stream of black smoke into the sky. He went on to explain the policy of his country toward the imperialists and revisionists and declared that now, unaided, it was building socialism.

Unfortunately he made his declaration on the worst patch of road, and had to be asked to repeat it, since the lurching of the coach had rendered him inaudible. He did so with bad grace, and the anxious look of the Yugoslav guide suggested that we were on the verge of another diplomatic incident. In this kind of country, inadvertent ironies keep coming out of left field. To utter is to criticize.

### Lunch at Scutari

The town of Shkoder is a collection of pale, low, dilapidated houses flanking a few powdery asphalt roads. Everywhere the dust has forced its way through, and little

stones lie all over the place, like confetti after a wedding. In the center, there is a relatively imposing theater, which was, of course, closed for the summer but did not look as though it did much work during the winter. A pleasant park surrounds it, spattered with wooden benches and busts of heroes. Lunch is taken in the tourist hotel, and here once again the garden is the most pleasant feature.

Four cars pulled up during our stay, the only four cars we saw. Two of them were old Russian Pobiedas, painted a venomous khaki, out of which a great many Albanian officers streamed, while the other two were brand-new Fiat 1800's in shining midnight blue with brilliant chrome, from which six Chinese officers emerged. There was a banquet indoors, with toasts and speeches, and a line of Chinese military headgear on the rack in the hallway.

The lunch was simple but excellent. The local wine is very good, the brandy ferocious but potable, and the cigarettes quite up to any made anywhere. However, the table napkins had dragons printed on them, while the toilet paper, rejecting such subtleties, had "Toilet Paper, Manufactured in the People's Republic of China" inscribed on the packet. In the gift shop, there were huge portraits of Mao and of Enver Hoxha, with many more slogans in evidence than gifts.

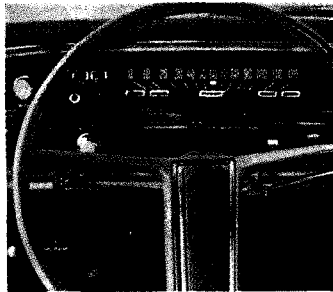
During the course of the lunch, a tall fellow in a red shirt with a corduroy cap on his head rose from a neighboring table to toast the foreigners. He looked very much like Raymond Massey in an inspired character performance. His shirt billowed over his belt on one side, and we could just see half a loaf of bread concealed next to his skin. He was slightly intoxicated. He sat down with us, and speaking in Serbo-Croat to the Yugoslav guide, began running down the Albanian government.

We all behaved with admirable restraint, but the Albanian guide became nervous and shifty. Speaking in rapid Albanian, he threatened the man discreetly, using a rational, calm tone of voice, but unfortunately for him the word for police is pronounced that way even

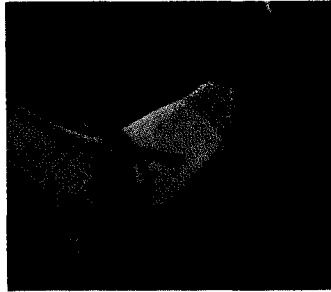




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And an energy-absorbing steering column — a General Motors development that's reassuring indeed. And the thickly padded visors and instrument panel. And, of course, famous Buick handling.



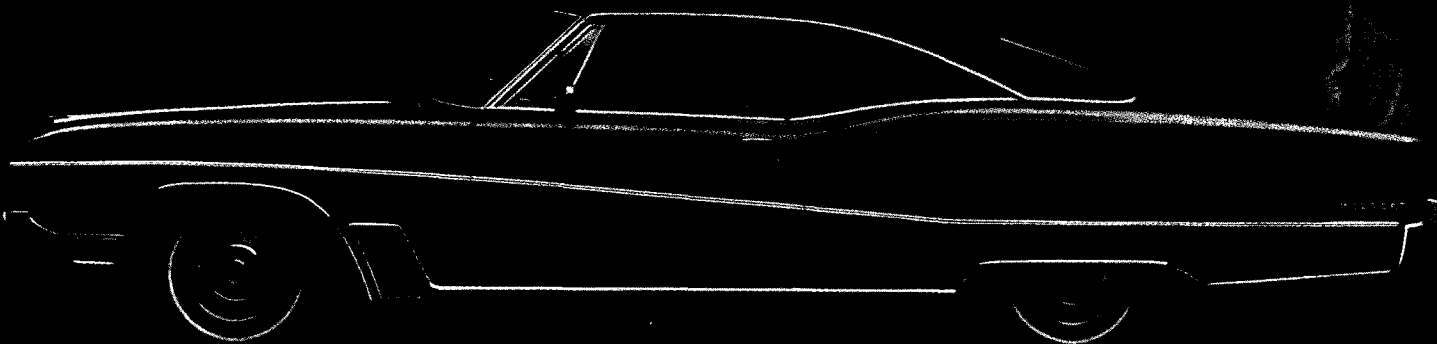
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# BUICK '67

THE TUNED CAR



*God's judgment*

and he maketh it a god: they  
fall down, yea, they worship.

7 They bear him upon the  
shoulder, they carry him, and  
set him in his place, and he  
standeth; from his place shall  
he not remove: yea, one shall  
cry unto him, yet can he not  
answer, nor save him out of his  
trouble.

8 Remember this, and shew  
yourselves men: bring it again  
to mind, O ye transgressors.

9 Remember the former things  
of old: for I am God, and there  
is none else; I am God, and  
there is none like me.

10 Declaring the end from the  
beginning, and from ancient  
times the things that are not yet  
done, saying, My counsel shall  
stand, and I will do all my  
pleasure:

11 Calling a ravenous bird  
from the east, the man that  
executeth my counsel from a  
far country: yea, I have spoken  
it, I will also bring it to pass;  
I have purposed it, I will also  
do it.

12 ¶ Hearken unto me, ye  
stouthearted, that are far from  
righteousness:

13 I bring near my righteous-  
ness; it shall not be far off, and  
my salvation shall not tarry:  
and I will place salvation in  
Zi-on for Is-ra-el my glory.

CHAPTER 47.

COME down, and sit in the  
dust, O virgin daughter of  
Bab'-y-lon, sit on the ground:  
there is no throne, O daughter  
of the Chalde'-ans: for thou  
shalt no more be called tender  
and delicate.

2 Take the millstones, and  
grind meal: uncover thy locks,  
make bare the leg, uncover the  
thigh, pass over the rivers.

3 Thy nakedness shall be un-  
covered, yea, thy shame shall  
be seen: I will take vengeance,  
and I will not meet thee as a  
man.

4 As for our redress, we  
are of hosts, O Is-ra-el, thy name  
is Holy One of Is-ra-el.

5 Sit thou silent, and get thee  
into darkness, O daughter of  
the Chalde'-ans: for thou shalt  
no more be called, O daughter of  
kingdoms.

6 ¶ I was wroth with thee, O  
people, I have wroth with thee,  
into thine inheritance, and  
polluted thy sanctuary, I have  
shew them no hand: given, mine  
ancient hast thou met, thou  
laid thy yoke.

7 ¶ And thou saidst, I will  
be a lady for ever: I didst  
not lay these things upon  
thy heart, neither didst thou  
hear the latter end of it: thou  
shalt not stand.

8 Therefore shall mine  
enemies hear thee, thou that art  
given to them, that dwellest  
sayest in thine heart, I shall  
not sit as a widow, neither  
shall I know the loss of chil-  
dren:

9 But these two things shall  
come to thee in a moment, in  
one day, the loss of children,  
and widowhood: and they shall  
come upon thee in their perfec-  
tion for the multitude of thy  
sorceries, and for the abundance  
of thine enchantments.

10 ¶ For thou hast trusted in  
thy wickedness: thou hast said,  
None seeth me. Thy wisdom  
and thy knowledge, thy wisdom  
hath perverted thee; and it hath  
said in thine heart, I shall  
none else beside me.

11 ¶ Therefore shall mine  
enemies upon thee; thou shalt  
be taken, and thou shalt be  
carried away, and thou shalt  
be destroyed, and thou shalt  
be no more.

The Good Book that Johnny



ISAIAH, 48.

*The intent*  
from whom it riseth; and  
mischief shall fall upon them;  
they shall not be able to put  
it off, and desolation shall come  
upon thee suddenly, which thou  
didst not know.

12 Stand now with thine en-  
chantments, and with the mul-  
titude of thy sorceries, wherein  
thou hast laboured from thy  
youth; if so be if so be thou  
able to profit.

13 Thou art wearied in the  
multitude of thy counsels. Let  
now the astrologers, the star-  
gazers, stand up, and save thee  
from these things that shall come  
upon thee.

14 Behold, they shall be as  
stubble; they shall be as  
them; even the power of  
the flame: there shall not be a  
coal to warm at, nor fire to sit  
before it.

15 Thus with whom thou hast  
laboured, even thy merchants,  
from thy youth: they shall  
wander every one to his quarter;  
none shall save thee.

CHAPTER 48.

**H**EAR ye this, O house of  
Jā'cob, which are called  
by the name of Is'-rā'-el, and  
are come forth out of the waters  
of Jā'-dah, which swear by the  
name of the God of Is'-rā'-el,  
mention in truth, nor in right-  
eousness.

2 For they call themselves of  
the holy city, and stay them-  
selves upon the God of Is'-rā'-el;  
The Lord declared the former  
things from the beginning; and  
they went forth out of my

mouth, and I shewed them; I  
did them suddenly, and they  
came to pass.

4 Because I know that thou  
art obstinate, and thy neck is  
brass;

5 I have even from the be-  
ginning declared it to thee;  
it thee: lest thou shouldest  
say, Mine idol hath done them,  
and my graven image, and my  
molten image, hath commanded  
them.

6 Thou hast heard, see all  
this; and will not ye declare  
things from this time, even  
hidden things, and thou didst  
not know them.

7 They are created now, and  
before the beginning; even  
heardest them not; when thou  
shouldest say, Behold, I knew  
them.

8 Yes, thou heardest not;  
yea, thou knewest not; yea,  
from that time that thine ear  
was not opened; for I knew  
that thou wouldest deal very  
treacherously, and wast called  
a transgressor from the womb.

9 ¶ For my name's sake will  
I defer mine anger, and for my  
that I cut thee not off.

10 Behold, I have refined thee,  
but not with silver; I have  
chosen thee in the furnace of  
affliction.

11 For mine own sake, even  
for mine own sake, will I do it:  
polluted? and I will not give  
my glory unto another.

12 ¶ Hearken unto me, O  
Jā'-cob and Is'-rā'-el, my called;  
I am he; I am the first, I also  
am the last.

*of prophecy.*

# is forbidden to read.

If anyone read this book, it would probably fall apart. And that wouldn't be nice, because it's an heirloom that's been handed down from generation to generation.

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Which is why you might want to try it before dinner. During dinner. After dinner. Chilled. Mixed. On-the-rocks. Anywhere. Any way.

## Meet misunderstanding #2

Offer Cherry Heering to some guys and they laugh. They figure: because women like Cherry Heering they won't. They don't realize that women like Cherry Heering because it's good. Not because they're women. And to any man who doubts that, we suggest he try a concoction that's gaining notoriety called a *Redhead*, which is one part Cherry Heering to two parts Courvoisier Cognac served on-the-rocks.

## How do you pronounce the words "Cherry Heering"?

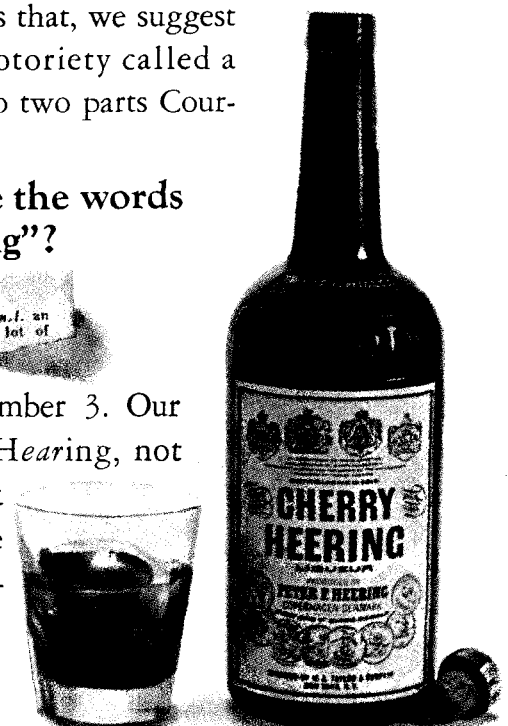
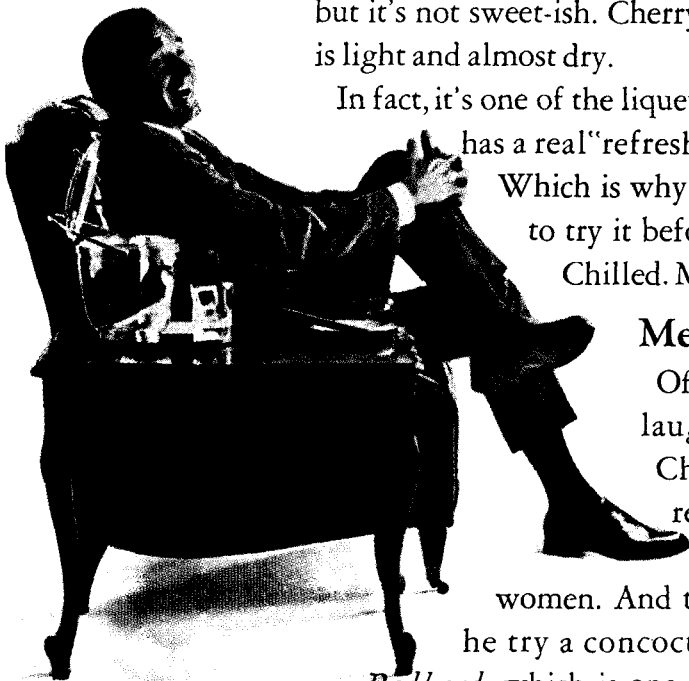
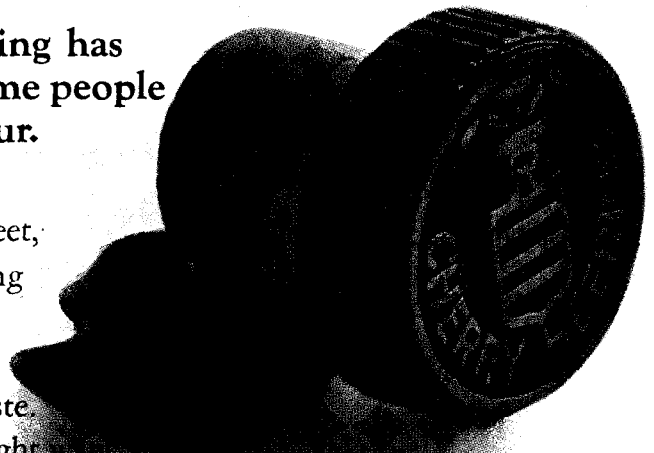
cher-ry heer-ing (chër/ī hēr/īng). n.f. an after-dinner drink that's gaining a lot of popularity in the

That's misunderstanding number 3. Our name is pronounced Cherry Hearing, not "herring." If we're not the most misunderstood drink in the world, we're surely the most mispronounced.

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## Report on Albania

in Albanian, so there was no disguising his intention by a casual manner. The man became more and more aggressive, and the guide went away with a menacing glance. Soon two policemen arrived at the garden gate, one dressed in white, the other in a dark tunic, and bent to study the scene through the foliage. At first they seemed the very epitome of what the movies have led us to expect from dictatorships, but all of a sudden they appeared to be smiling. The smiles were not particularly good-natured, but rather expressed satisfaction.

The drunk occasionally forgot to be quite as drunk as he had been before we had plied him with wine, and fixing his eyes on the Yugoslav guide, he asked off the cuff with a churlish kind of grin allied to a penetrating look whether the latter had been sent into Albania to do some spying, whether he was, in fact, a member of the UDBA, the Yugoslav secret police. We were able to ask him in Italian why he was so interested. Was that, by any chance, his line of work also? He remembered to be drunk again instantly, but then he hit us on the back, rose, stretched himself, and walked away without too much difficulty.

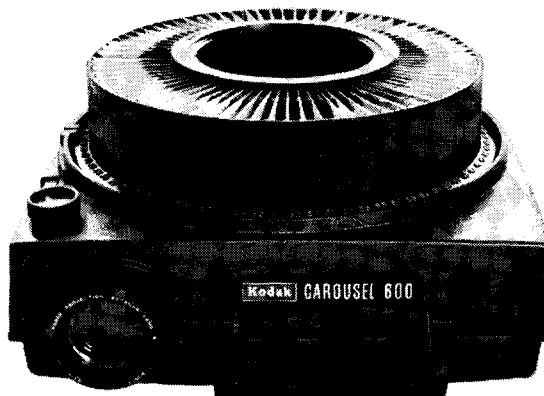
We will never know the truth about him, but a little while later, we saw him bicycling steadily down the street. There was no sign of any policemen.

### The pride of possession

After lunch we were bundled into the coach again and taken to see the Castle of Shkoder, built, according to the guide, in the tenth century B.C. Since he also said that the third Five-Year Plan had gone into operation as recently as 1975, it was necessary to take all his statistics with a pinch of salt.

He took us to the least photogenic side of the castle, which sits on its hill like a broken tooth on a swollen gum, and informed us we could take a photograph of it. We were then taken to see what was termed a typical lakeside village. The poor guide could not have foreseen that on this particular day about twenty

# Show a zillion slides and never jam one.



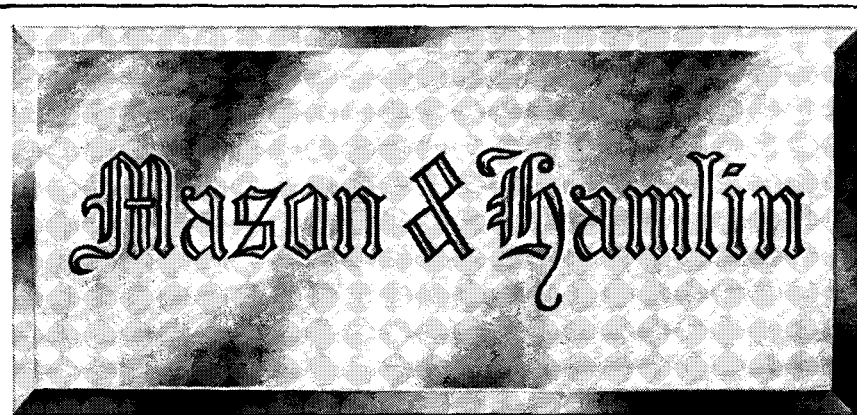
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## KODAK CAROUSEL Projector

**Kodak**



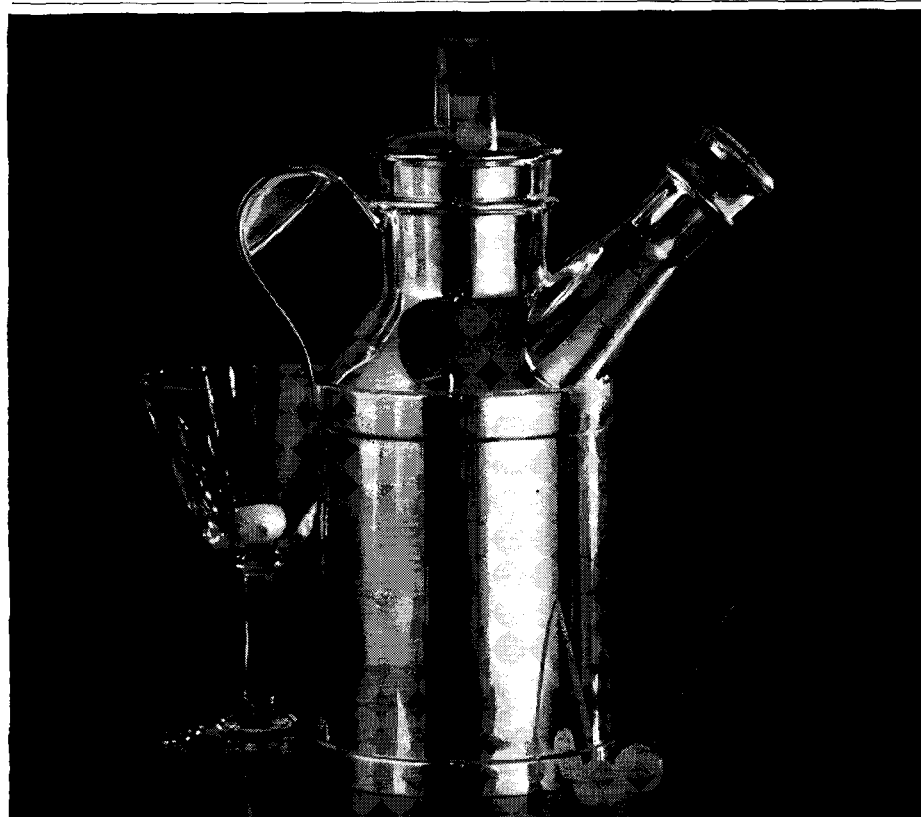
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## Report on Albania

people, some old peasant women, a few naked children, and regrettably, a handful of able-bodied men, would be lying down and dozing in the main road. He went over to them and furiously told them to get to their feet, since they evidently represented the new Albania, and *Lavdi Marksizm Leninizmit*, and the rest of it. We were able to photograph this patriotic operation.

Inside the shack, which went for a pub, the local elite were most hospitable, offering us drinks and toasting the eternal friendship between nations. "It's a pity," said one middle-aged enthusiast, in French, "that you can't go to Tirana. Tirana!" His eyes shot heavenward, and he blew the capital a kiss. "*Tirana, c'est comme Paris!*" The streetlights are lit all night!"

It was now time to visit the museum, a low building of yellow stucco, surrounded by an overgrown garden into which a few Turkish tombstones and bits of Roman bric-a-brac had been dumped. It is characteristic of impoverished and militant countries that they become possessive about everything which touches them even remotely. "*Our birds, our bees, our flies,*" the guide will insist, and here the tendency is pushed to lengths we have never encountered previously.

The historical interest of the museum is low, but there is a large glass case with a couple of very ordinary-looking stuffed ducks in it. "Our ducks," we were told. Another impressive showcase is filled with bits of wire and fuses. "The products of our cable factory." Some very peculiar ladies' shoes and some gentlemen's ties of tubular shape are other items which have found their way into the museum, together with still larger busts of political leaders and some quite awful socialist realistic paintings by local painters.

### Relics of resistance

In the section of the museum devoted to recent history, there are so many photographs of patriots that one is led to the irreverent conclusion that it is sufficient to help an old comrade across the road to



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*Photographed at Rome's Casina Valadier, a place to see—and be seen. Left to right are Prince Marcantonio Borghese, composer; Renata Balestra, fashion designer; Francesca Smargiassi, United Nations; Katharina Williams, actress; Pino Lancetti, fashion designer; Nato Palumbo, interior decorator; Rossella Como, actress; and Gaetano Savini Brioni, Brioni men's wear.*

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## Report on Albania

qualify as a hero oneself. Every face has the staring look which all Balkan museums specialize in. The patriots appear to have been caught at the moment of being hanged, even if they died in their beds of old age. The heads in these Balkan reproductions invariably seem to meet the necks in the wrong places, whereas the tidiest mustache man-ages to look like a nosebleed.

In another showcase, the visitor is solemnly shown a rusty typewriter, a pair of shoes without laces, a pencil, a bit of string, used by partisans on some undisclosed occasion. The *pièce de résistance* is a blood-stained shirt "belonging to a twelve-year-old comrade who was caught and tortured to death by the Yugoslavs."

As we emerged from the museum, a battalion of children (eight-year-old comrades?) marched past, singing a song about partisans. They had evidently been mobilized for the occasion, but we were such an exotic-looking crowd that the song died on the children's lips after having gone irredeemably out of tune. One small girl had the presence of mind to cry out "Fascists!" and then smile coyly when we looked at her.

Every effort was made to get us out of the town by four fifteen. The shops open their doors again just after that, and it is obviously essential to rid the place of foreign bandits before they discover there is nothing to buy. That is a slight exaggeration, since one shop foolishly opened a little earlier than the others on that day. There is Chinese toothpaste, Chinese plastic shopping bags, Chinese combs, Chinese cosmetics, Chinese pen nibs, Chinese writing pads — and Hungarian ink.

We went back the same way we came. At the frontier, there was another rash of saluting. Saluting costs nothing. As we left, the guide said, "Welcome to the People's Republic of Albania."

### The symbols of compliance

The local currency is the lek. The five-lek bill has a steamship on

one side, a steamship of 1940 vintage. On the other side a pre-war truck is happily racing with a steam train. These pictorial ideals of industrialization are symbolic of the desperately old-fashioned look not only to the country but to its aspirations.

The Chinese at lunch were like district commissioners in Africa some fifty years ago, humoring the local chiefs by partaking in their curious rites. Here is fertile ground for Chinese paternalism, and on this necessarily very brief and superficial visit we thought we could discern a certain Chinese revenge for years of patronizing attitudes from white races, now exacted on this proud but miserable people under the guise of fraternity. It is the fraternity of Big Brother.

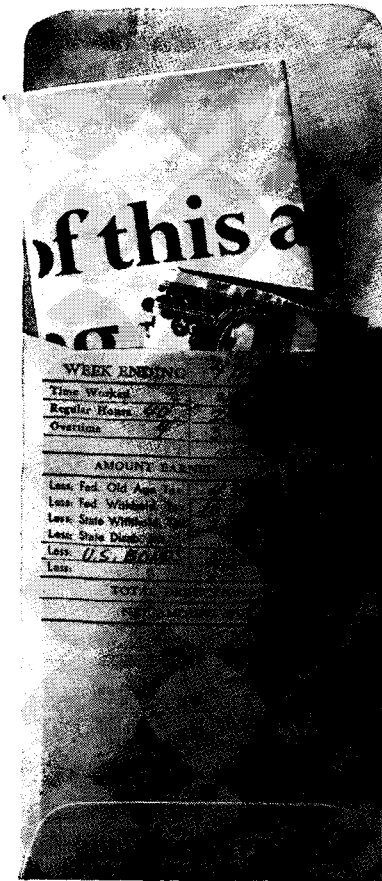
Poverty, as was said at the outset, is not a field for criticism. It is only when you realize that Albania is the world's sixth largest producer of copper that you begin to regard such a degree of abject misery as gratuitous and foolish. Americans, Greeks, and Yugoslavs (guides and chauffeurs excepted) are not allowed into the country. Albania has chosen its friends and its enemies. The initiative has always been with Albania, which leads one to believe that, Marx, Lenin, and Senator Joseph McCarthy notwithstanding, there is no real conflict between Communism and capitalism because there is no point of contact. In an affluent society Communism can no longer survive without changing its face so completely that it is unfaithful to itself, whereas by definition, capitalism is impossible without capital.

There is no alternative for Albania but such a system, for the time being. But it is sad to see that its hopes are so limited and so out of date. For Stalinism to survive, it is essential that the country should make no progress on a personal level, for with progress, Stalinism is superfluous, as most of the other socialist countries have proved. It is a bitter irony that all the vices the Albanians discern in colonialism turn to virtues when applied to themselves by their own hand. Never, apart from Haiti, have we sensed people more despised by their own leaders. Albania is Haiti with slogans.

— Peter Ustinov



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# The Atlantic Report CUBA



**I**T HAS now been over a year and a half since the mysterious Ernesto ("Che") Guevara disappeared from Havana, leaving only a letter saying that "other lands in the world demand my modest efforts." Exactly what happened to that wandering professional revolutionary may always remain a mystery, but to Cubans the symbolism of his departure grows clearer with every passing day.

Wide-eyed and self-assured, Che was the personification of the revolution in action. He was the key figure of the period of romantic visions, noble dreams, and childlike mistakes, when prophets and saviors swept down from the mountains and transformed an entire society of seven million persons in their images.

But this is a Cuba already past. Cuba today is deep in the earnest business of fertilizer plants and shoe factories, of training cadres that often lack either revolutionary fervor or common sense, of food lines and political prisons. Utopia has now been postponed to sometime beyond 1970. Even Prime Minister Fidel Castro has changed. He watches his diet and he exercises; he is almost a food faddist. In the early days he rarely slept. He roved about the country doing everything tirelessly—slaying ideological dragons, cheering on the revolution, delivering eight- and ten-hour speeches, and wiping tears from children's eyes. Today he still roves a good deal, but he says he also gets a normal amount of sleep. His speeches are generally down to two hours now, and are more likely to be peppered with talk of hog-raising and tomato fields than with ideology.

He no longer visualizes a rapprochement with the United States; nor does he seek one. "Kennedy was an intelligent bandit," he says, "but Johnson is just a bandit." And he still looks with surprise at countries where the leaders change every four, five, or six years. "This is difficult," he remarks seriously. "After all, they just begin to learn, and somebody else comes in."

The name given to this era of the Cuban experiment is "the institutionalization of the revolu-

tion," and Castro says this means that "no one man is that important anymore . . . the revolution would go on under its own power." But what is actually happening is an unusual blend of the old "*personalismo*"—in the name of Fidel, of course—and "*burocratismo*"—in the form of the new Party bureaucracy.

The bureaucrats are, by and large, former workers or peasants, and their loyalty to the revolution is cemented by their newfound dignity and privilege. "I have three children with scholarships and one studying to be a teacher," said Jesus Martinez, a wiry little worker and Party chief near the Bay of Pigs, who spoke of the changes the revolution had wrought in his life. "I never dreamed they would go to school. I was illiterate. Now I've reached the sixth grade, and I'll keep going." Later he walked into a tourist restaurant with some foreign guests and said, with a touching smile, "Before, I never dreamed I would go to a place like this in all my life."

Sometime after the beginning of 1967, the First Congress of the Communist Party of Cuba will be held. The Party is in fact still being put together, with about 90 percent of its members nominated at local factories, offices, and schools, and 10 percent nominated by top Party functionaries. These are to be the "cadres" of the Cuban state.

The cadres are supposed to be constituted of Cubans on whom the regime can rely for loyalty and incorruptibility, but like everything else in Cuba, they are susceptible to influence from outside. Last winter when the cadres were still being organized, the Chinese, whom the regime thought it could trust, began sending anti-Soviet propaganda over the heads of the Cuban state directly to the cadres. It was this, and not rice, that prompted Cuba's rupture with China.

## Castro and the people

Little by little, the Communist bureaucracy is sinking into Cuban life, organizing it at every level. But the bureaucracy frightens Castro, who says with wonderment, "Some people spend all their



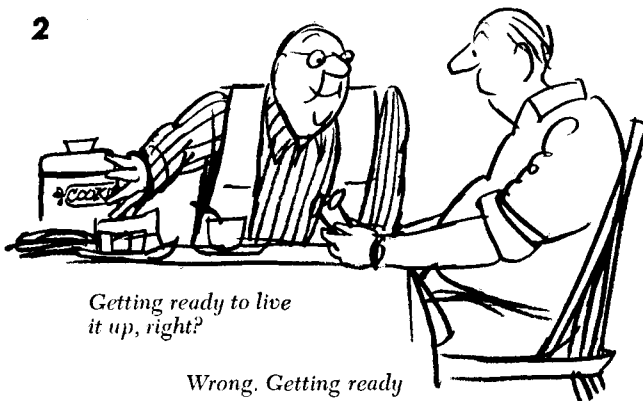
1



*Raiding the cookie jar?*

*No, checking my assets.  
I'm retiring next month.*

2



*Getting ready to live  
it up, right?*

*Wrong. Getting ready  
to worry.*

3



*How so?*

*I come from a long line of  
pessimistic octogenarians.*

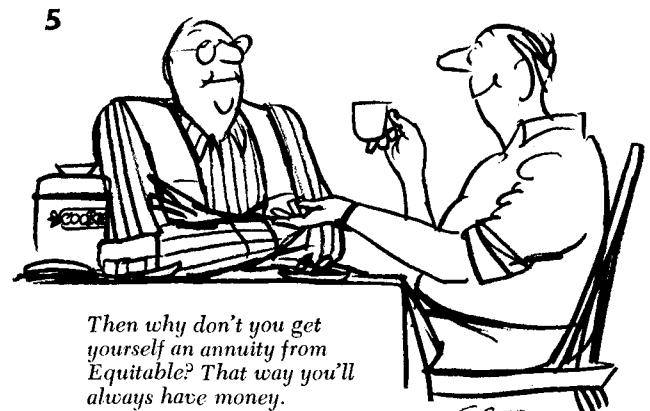
4



*What's to worry—you'll  
have more time to have fun.*

*Not if my money's used up  
before I am.*

5



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yourself an annuity from  
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income as long as you live.  
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## Report on Cuba

lives going to meetings.” Asked if he goes to the office, he wrinkled the substantial nose that juts out above his free-floating beard, and said with distaste, “Never! I think the office is a very unwholesome life. I learned that after the revolution, when I used to go into the office and receive everyone. Of every hundred who came, ten deserved to see me. I gave that up and went out among the people.”

Today he operates in a cluster of headquarters — including an apartment in downtown Havana, a beach house that stands behind a band of pine trees on Santa Maria beach, and several other hideouts — when he is not roaming about the countryside.

He scorns the faceless bureaucrats who make decisions based on rules and not on the sentiments of the moment. He heaps praise on a recent Cuban film, “The Death of a Bureaucrat,” which is an effective satire on bureaucracy. “See it,” he

tells everyone he meets; “this could happen to us.”

In 1960, Simone de Beauvoir and Jean-Paul Sartre visited Cuba, and with charming ingenuousness remarked that as there were no trained cadres, the revolution was some form of spontaneous new political expression. Today one observes enthusiasm among the people but also a well-trained, somewhat sinister cheering squad. The committees for the defense of the revolution, which in some towns comprise half the population, report everything that occurs on every block. The militia and the armed forces, kept in a psychopathic state of alert against real and imagined enemies, stand watch on the shores of “*la patria*.” “Why do we have guns?” a newsreel announcer asks. “Because we have an enemy.” The picture shifts and shows a Negro hanging from the Statue of Liberty.

### Old Communists fade away

As in all police-state mass movements, the absence of elections (let alone opinion polls) makes it impossible to determine where the

spontaneity ends and force begins. But one loose estimate is discussed: there are between 20,000 and 80,000 political prisoners.

Within the ranks of those who still see Castro as a heroic figure, there are factions which disagree on almost everything else. There are members of his original 26th of July Movement who fought in the revolution against Batista, despise the Communists, and are now living in quiet desperation. There are fanatical young “New Communists.” There are a number of opportunists, who are rabid Marxists now but fought the Marxists six years ago. And there are aging, plodding Communists, holding on because they managed to step adroitly out of Stalinism and into Fidelism.

The “Old Communists,” the handful of men who were Party members when Fidel was a boy and who looked at the whole business of fighting Batista as romantic nonsense, have proved to be good at bureaucracy. Yet they are in an equivocal, insecure position. There is at present not one Old Communist on the eight-man politburo, which is the most powerful entity in Cuba, not counting Castro himself. And there is the tangential but significant fact that after several years of undermining his 26th of July Movement, Castro is now upgrading it.

But none of this proves what some European diplomats in Cuba hope: that Cuba is arriving at “national socialism,” in the manner of Yugoslavia, and opening up. On the contrary, it is ideologically one of the tightest countries in the Communist bloc, right behind China and Albania. “We do not believe in fictions,” says Carlos Rafael Rodriguez, one of the few Old Communists still in office. “Fictions” in his terms are elections to soviets modeled on the U.S.S.R., and multiparty parliaments, as in Poland or Hungary.

The downgrading of the Old Communists and the rhetorical upgrading of the remnants of the 26th of July Movement sound less like an outburst of liberalism within the regime than like the rumble of solidification. Castro may still be trying to build, as he says, a “Cuban Communism,” but there is very little that is Yugoslav about it.



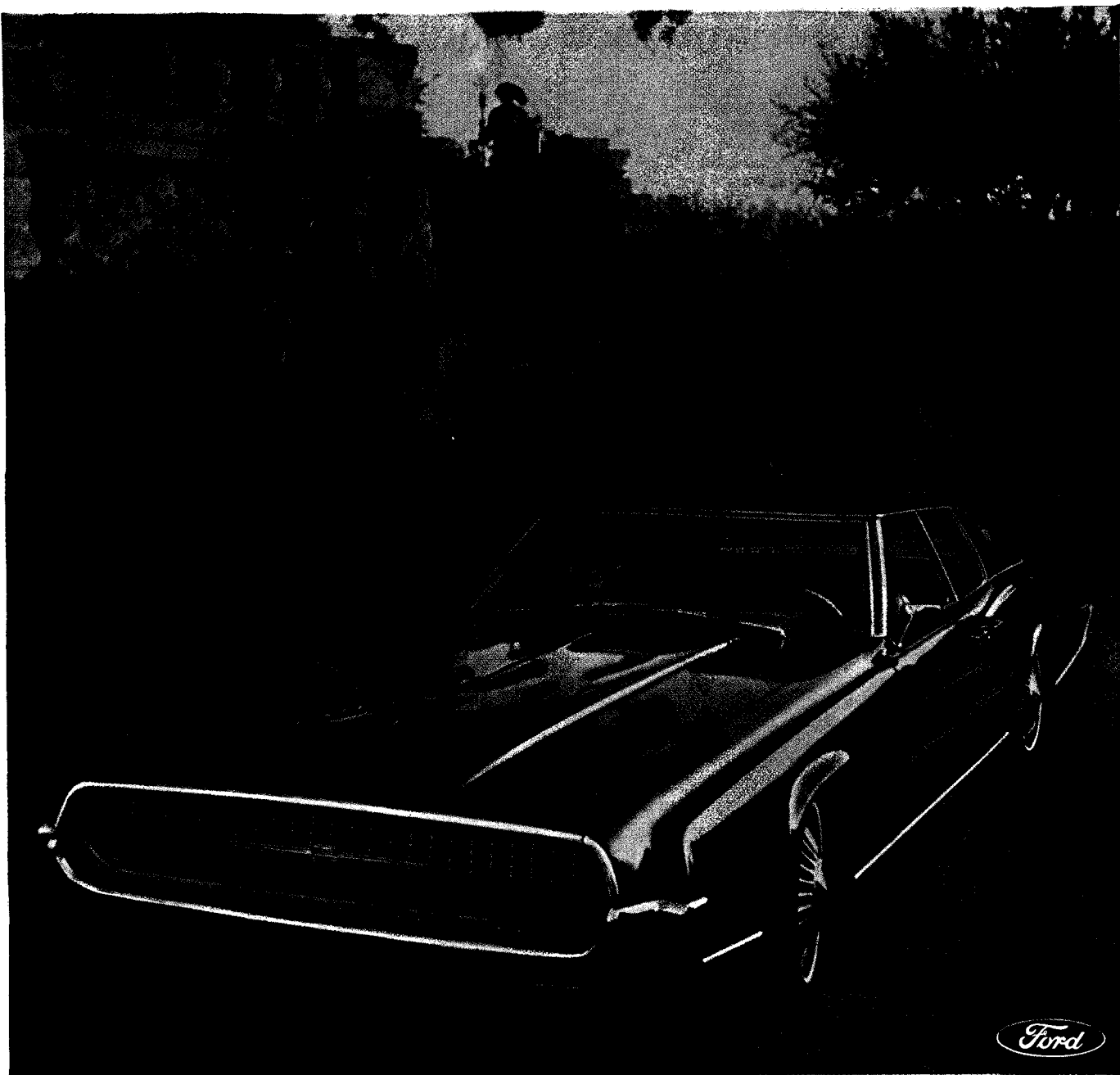
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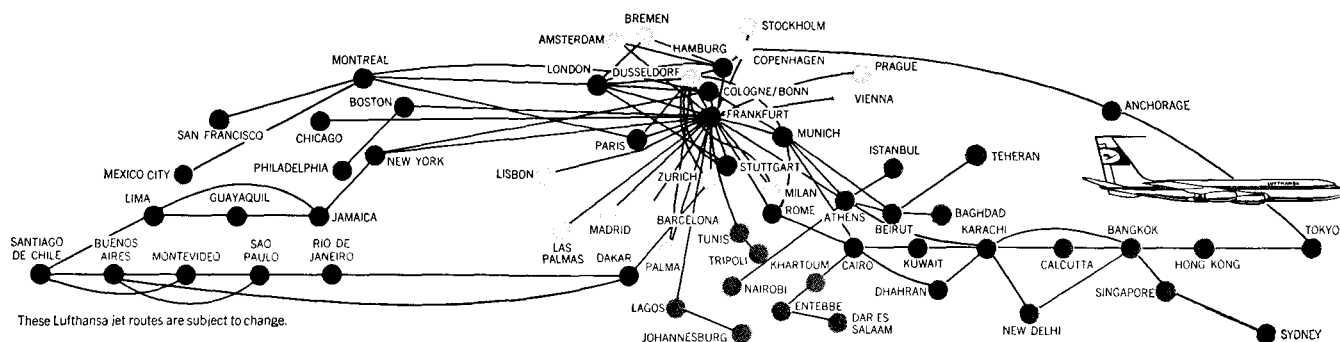


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## Report on Cuba

In fact, if the 26th of July Movement is back in style, it is because it has been communized to Castro's taste. He may feel that the Old Communists follow too closely Moscow's line that Cuba should spend more time on internal development and less time on fomenting revolutions in Latin America. But though Moscow's aid to Cuba has been estimated to be as much as \$1 million a day, the Kremlin's exact influence in Cuba is always an enigma. It is said that Cuban President Osvaldo Dorticos, very much a bureaucrat and reputed to be the Soviet's favorite, has gained in power, yet it has also been rumored that Foreign Minister Raúl Roa, from the original Castro group, may step into the presidency.

The Cubans have much the same sense of persecution as the Chinese; they see enemies without and within. Only last March Commandante (Major) Rolando Cubela, one of the highest-ranking officers in the rebel army, was sentenced to thirty years in prison on a charge of plotting to assassinate Castro. The government claimed it was a CIA plot, and Western diplomats in Havana said the evidence indicated this was true.

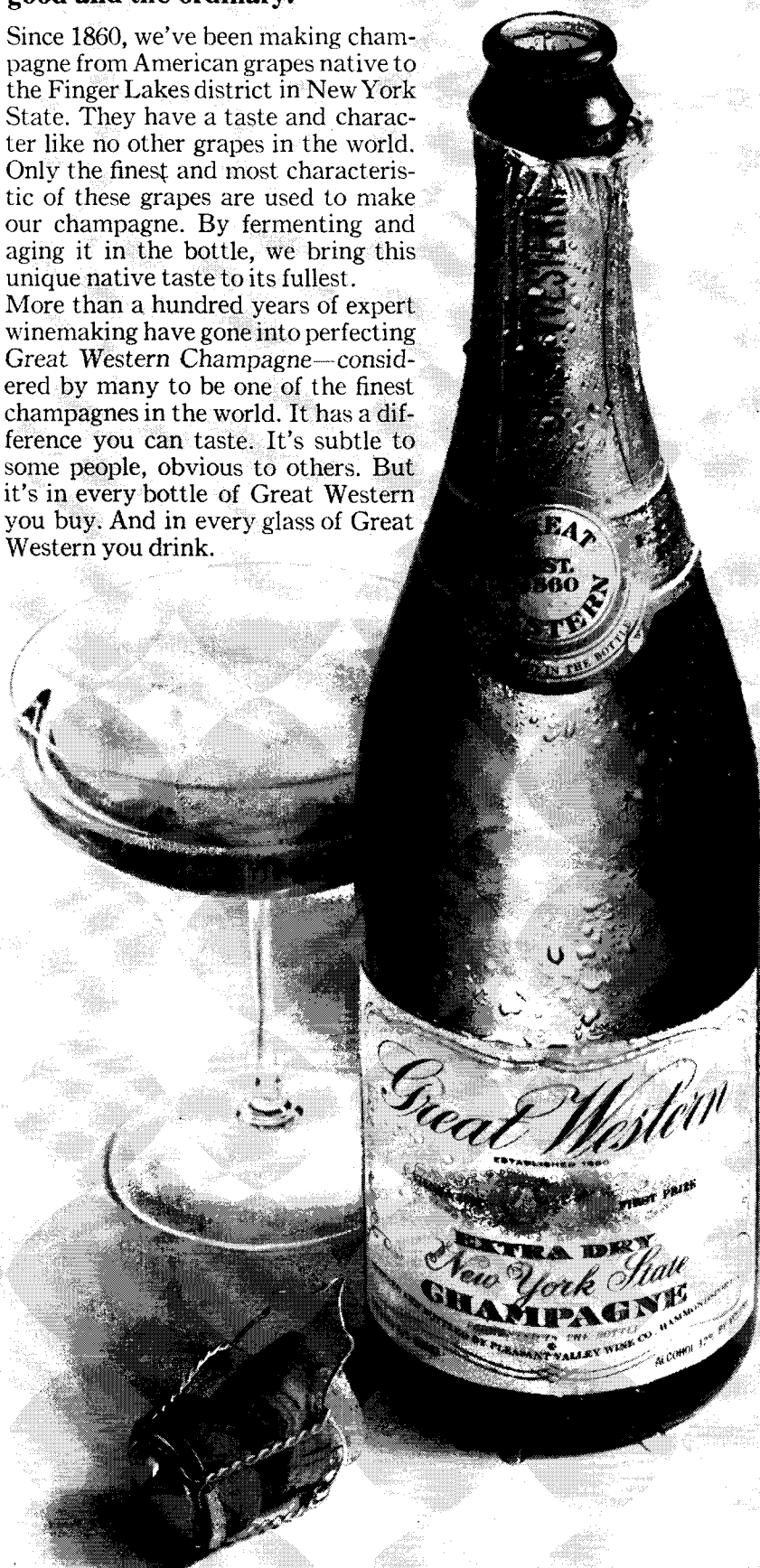
In the same month, one hundred top officials of the Ministries of Industries and Foreign Relations were sent to be "re-educated." They allegedly drank, told counterrevolutionary jokes, and whored too much. "It is not because we are puritans," says Castro; "but we just cannot have this sort of thing." Early in September, about half of the six hundred persons in the Foreign Ministry were replaced.

Castro needs desperately today to maintain enthusiasm, but if he cannot—and 800,000 are listed as wanting to leave—there is always compulsion: the armed forces, and the revolutionary tribunals, not to mention Military Units for the Aid of Production. These last are forced-labor camps where "unreliable elements," such as priests, homosexuals, and "lumpen," Castro's favorite word to describe teen-age loiterers, go to work for three years in the cane fields for \$7 a month.

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## Report on Cuba

Economically, the regime has emerged chastened from its first romantic outburst after independence. It was Che Guevara who perused lists of Cuban imports, and scouted Eastern Europe for means of financing factories to produce locally the products that Cuba imported. Cuba was to become industrialized in one fell swoop, and cease subsisting off the humbled sugar monoculture imposed by the United States. But Che, who was then industrial czar, went ahead with plans for industrialization without first looking into the matter of importing raw materials, and when he did, he found they cost more than the imported finished products. Then reality set in.

### Back to sugar

Today the country has returned to monoculture with a vengeance. The agricultural budget grew from \$190,752,000 in 1965 to \$310,822,000 in 1966, while the budget of the Ministry of Industries fell by 5 percent. Money is being put into beef, fisheries, the merchant marine, and agriculture-related industries.

Castro has promised that the sugar crop, which was at a low of 4,500,000 tons this year, will reach its pre-revolutionary level of 7,000,000 tons by 1967 and 10,000,000 by 1970, and that the economy will then explode into all sorts of other investments, such as nickel. But foreign observers, while agreeing that some of Castro's present plans can succeed, think that the sugar-crop goals are overly optimistic. Meanwhile, shortages are excruciating. Rationing is tight. In a country which used to export coffee, there is no coffee. There is no fruit in Fruti-Cuba stores.

But social advances continue, particularly in the fields of health and education. There are hospitals now all through the island, and the spread of education has been extraordinary. There are 100,000 students on full state scholarships, and soon there will be 200,000.

Still, the story has hardly ended on the note on which it began eight years ago. This year on July 26 Castro devoted his entire speech



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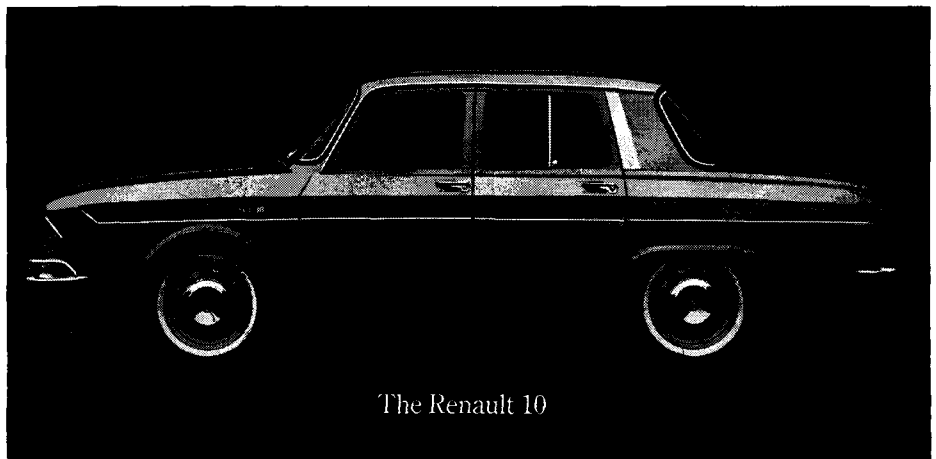
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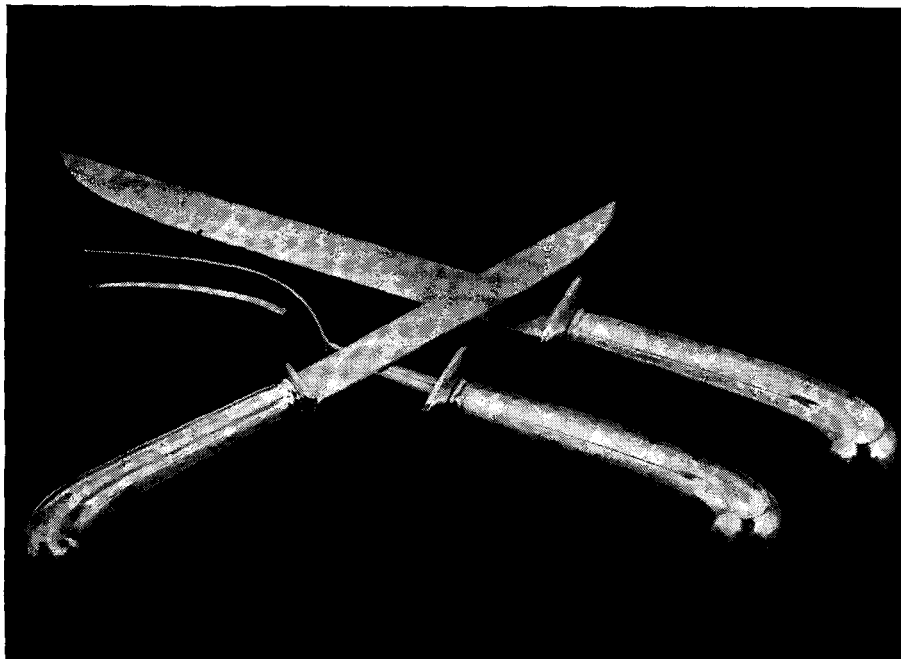
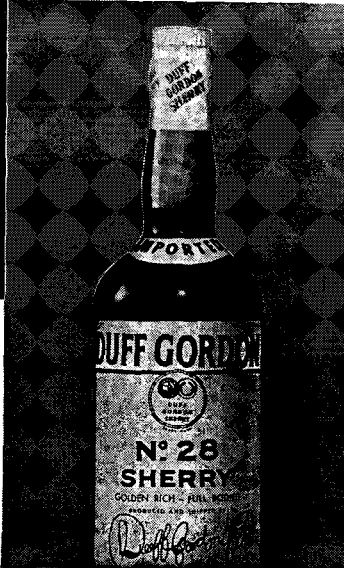
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## Report on Cuba

to the argument that the Cuban revolution was "the revolution" for Latin America. But it sounded a little desperate. "We are able to say that we are right," he cried. "We are sure the peoples of Latin America will say, 'Yes, this road was right. Yes, we are right.'"

### No love for guerrillas

But the Castroite Venezuelan guerrillas, fighting a representative, popular, and rich government, are not about to take Caracas. The traditional Communist parties in Latin America, who pre-date Castro's do-it-yourself socialism by thirty and forty years and are actually very stuffy and conservative, are horrified at Castro's guerrilla ideas, as is well known in Havana.

The continent even doubts that the Soviets encourage Castro's "revolution-spreading." The Tri-continental Conference, held in Havana in January to support guerrilla warfare in Latin America, now has semi-permanent headquarters in Havana's Hotel Riviera, with expenses paid by Cuba. But the Soviets, who signed the final pugnacious statement, immediately sent emissaries to Latin-American capitals to assure them that they wanted nothing to do with any guerrillas. It is probable that they supported the conference only to try and take the leadership of the underdeveloped world away from China. And meanwhile, for all their aid and comfort for Cuba, the Soviets are also giving technical aid to Chile's President Frei and his Christian Democratic government, Castro's hated competitor for leftist leadership in Latin America.

Cuba, then, is engaged in the depressing work of hanging on. Castro and the Cuban leaders know that if they cannot succeed economically and free Cuba from Russia, if they cannot undo the extraordinary miscalculations of the Guevara period, if they cannot train efficient administrative cadres, and if they cannot overcome the Soviet Union's determination to keep violent revolution peacefully confined to Cuba, the Cuban revolution will simply go down in Latin-American history as an isolated curiosity.



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# Atlantic Repartee

## LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



### Final Thoughts on Berkeley

SIR:

It is depressing that the *Atlantic* should have so lowered its standards as to accommodate an article like Lewis S. Feuer's ("The Decline of Freedom at Berkeley," September), totally lacking in objectivity and badly written besides. It is nearly impossible to come to grips with this tangled jungle of innuendo and half-truth. The writing is like tabloid prose and regrettably will be of use to those Californians who hate education and are already expert in writing such prose.

I cannot imagine leaving Berkeley now: intellectually it is one of the most exciting places in the world for all but the frustrated and the frightened.

MARK SCHORER  
*University of California  
Berkeley, Calif.*

SIR:

Feuer states that there is little opposition to the left on campus. He then implies that the tyranny of the left does not allow any other factions to exist. This is sheer nonsense. Any student group, pro- or anti-Administration, can reserve the microphone on Sproul Steps for any open lunch hour. This was one of the gains of the FSM. It is true that the anti-Administration, anti-war side has held more and better-attended rallies than the pro-war side. This is not the fault of the campus left. If Professor Feuer truly wishes to know the reason for the unpopularity of LBJ's war, he would do better to look at the causes of the war itself rather than pin the blame

on some imagined "tyranny" caused by the FSM.

PAUL GLUSMAN  
*Van Nuys, Calif.*

SIR:

The extraordinary thing about Professor Feuer's essay is that although it concerns political events, it contains not the slightest discussion of the *merits* of the political positions defended by the several participants. Feuer seems mesmerized by surfaces, by appearances, by the *style* in which people acted at Berkeley. It is obvious from his account that a great deal of rude and obstreperous behavior was exhibited by the "radicals"; and these bad manners were compounded by some adolescent silliness about dirty words and promiscuous sex. But beneath this unruly surface were two questions of the greatest substantive importance: first, is the United States government pursuing a wicked policy in Southeast Asia? and second, what relation ought the students in a large university to bear to their teachers, the administrators, and their own education? It is beyond me how Feuer can discuss the Berkeley incidents without raising these questions and confronting them openly.

The issue is deeper than Berkeley. In a morally sound society, the university can and should be a sanctuary of scholarship, a school for citizenship, and a validator of the dominant values of the political community. But no nation can be called morally sound that invades Cuba, occupies the Dominican Republic, and visits wanton destruc-

tion on a small nation thousands of miles from its borders. In America today, men of conscience desperately need independent institutional bases from which to oppose the evil policies of the government. With the moral collapse of the labor movement, the church and the university are the only major organized bodies with the authority to challenge the state. Professor Feuer may be right in labeling Berkeley America's first political university. I too deplore such a development. But it is a measure of the decline of American political morality that such an institution has become necessary.

ROBERT PAUL WOLFF  
*Columbia University  
New York City*

SIR:

Dr. Feuer is incisive in much of his analysis of the Berkeley situation. His own resignation, however, negates the plea for moderate academic commitment which he makes in his article.

Many people at Berkeley are working incredibly hard to re-establish the fundamental values which are held in common by the students, faculty, and administration of any sound university. Responsible pleas for mutual understanding and trust, sensitivity, and tolerance of the other fellows' points of view are being heard. These moderates at Berkeley are not working for their own pet causes, but are committed only to an academic atmosphere free from the coercion and intimidation referred to by Dr. Feuer.

As a student, I would only ask Dr. Feuer why he is resigning when so



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much of the work lies ahead. Moderate students view such resignations as acquiescence to the extremism and excesses of a radical challenge. A lack of resolve by the moderate faculty members to respond to the totally committed New Left lessens student determination to re-establish a truly academic climate. At least radical faculty members are willing to stand with their students until workable agreements can be wrought from a terribly complex situation.

How can Dr. Feuer clamor so ardently for moderate reaction when he and his resigned colleagues are leaving the task to others?

BARRY KINGMAN  
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR:

What Professor Feuer fails to recognize is that the University of California at Berkeley was already obsolete as an educational institution at the time the students drew this and other defects to public attention. The administrative rules, the attitude of the faculty, the entire university apparatus had, and still have, very little relation to the reality of student intellect and politics. The 1964 outburst of students brought a little life to a university whose educational purpose had been lost in a welter of multipurposes by a patriarchy of regents.

So far had Berkeley dropped behind the reality of cultural change that across the bay at San Francisco State, a college reckoned in the California educational hierarchy as a place for students of lower intellect and test scores, the rights of free speech and assembly, the right of student representation on faculty committees had already been granted during the previous years, and the college (with 17,000 students) had already made a home for an experimental college invented and administered by the students themselves.

After receiving a faculty report which made provision for modest shifts in administrative policy and which specifically excluded the students from educational policy-making, the faculty, as Dr. Feuer points out, once more relapsed into a state of nonattendance at educational meetings and nonattention to the students. If, in this vacuum of educational leadership and cultural concern, a minority of students with a

colony of non-students raise hell about sex and politics, janitors read professors' files, and students sneer at university professors, including Dr. Feuer, what should the university do? Close down? Shoot the students? Or reorganize the whole place to develop a countercommunity adequate to meet at least the minimal demands of a modern university?

HAROLD TAYLOR  
New York City

SIR:

The argument that by repression of opinion "right" will somehow prevail is antithetical to the idea of a free university and a free society. I disagree that the situation at Berkeley is a collective tragedy; I feel strongly that Professor Feuer's present stance represents a personal tragedy.

ERIC SOLOMON  
San Francisco State College

SIR:

As a graduate student who hopes one day to be a college professor, I read Dr. Feuer's account of Berkeley's street with grave concern. Essentially, the New Leftists are ideologues of the variety of William F. Buckley, Joseph Goebbels, and Karl Radek. Literate and often highly intelligent, the New Leftists, like their de facto kindred spirits on the far right, lack the essential qualities of intellectualism: the capacity for unbiased scholarship, the use of reason instead of emotion, the refusal to shape facts to fit conclusions, the avoidance of sophistry, the willingness to listen to all sides of an issue, and the recognition of the right of dissent. Since the New Leftists are ideologues, their intellectual totalitarianism, like that of such rightist counterparts as the Young Americans for Freedom and the John Birch Society, is readily understandable.

Equally understandable is the tendency to reject any source of information that is not ideologically pure. This is the reason that the New Leftist must use I. F. Stone as a source (to the detriment of truth) and shout down Robert Scalapino and William Bundy. Bundy and Scalapino are enlightened men, but they disrupt the cosmos of the New Left and are thus proscribed. Stone, although devoid of scholarship, is ideologically pure. Here again the members of the New Left are as one

with their counterparts of the radical right who are bound by their ideology to reject even the best of journalism and scholarship because of its "theological error" and to rely instead upon the *National Review*, *Human Events*, and the volumes they receive from the Conservative Book Club. Finally, the essential motivation for members of extremes is the same. What compels the leftist to burn his draft card compels the rightist to oppose the sale of Polish hams: a ritualistic smiting of the devil. The bogey that each tries to exorcise will not go away through their actions, but by warring on its manifestations, both demonstrate that their hearts are pure.

DAVID F. RUDGERS  
Arlington, Va.

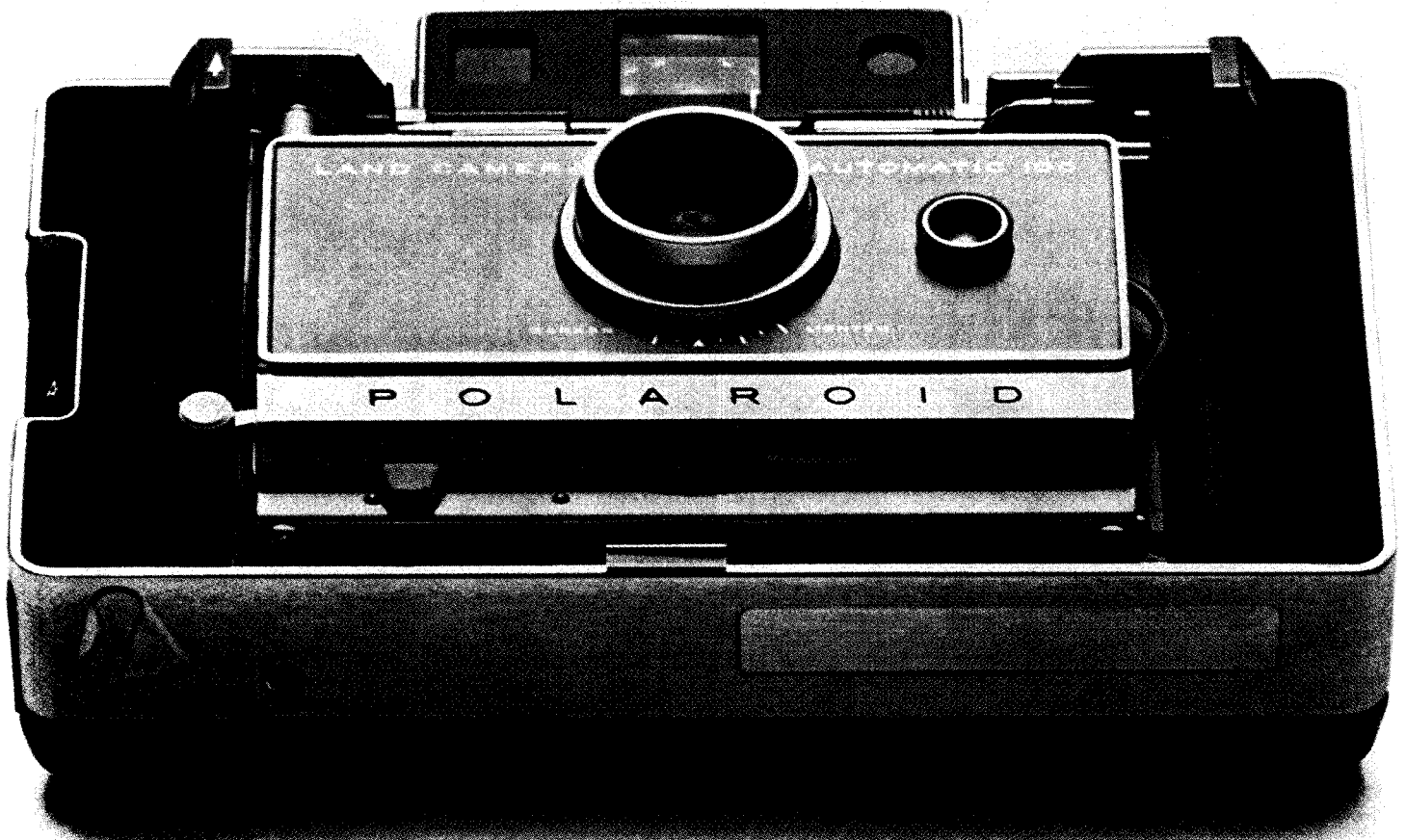
SIR:

Each descriptive paragraph of Lewis Feuer's article calls forth recollections of either the incidents he describes or similar ones that I have witnessed at Berkeley. His interpretation of events agrees closely with mine — an absence of moral principle at the top, a philosophy of accommodation with any group whose threats of direct action made it necessary either to accept temporary disruption in defense of morality and reason or to avoid it at the cost of complete loss of integrity. President Kerr and his assistants chose to yield rather than to fight for principle. The effort that should have been devoted to correcting the situation that ensued was turned instead to justifying it and parrying all criticism with skillful, and correspondingly costly, public relations schemes.

One of his oft reiterated themes is that in giving over the campus to political activists he is simply maintaining the "open forum." To the best of my knowledge and that of several associates who make diligent efforts to observe these activities, Clark Kerr has never been present when his "open forum" is in operation. If he were, he would see the outrageous consequences of arming the activists with a one-way communication device — a powerful public address system — that permits no discussion: a captive audience in the adjacent student center, restaurants, and benches intended for relaxation; and no process by which the rare speaker opposed to the left wing can protect himself



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from destructive heckling and physical interference. I cite to show that in reading of Berkeley affairs the cautious observer must remove the attractive label attached by public relations experts and examine the contents.

I have been discouraged at times but not hopelessly so. Honest and vigorous leadership, based on principle rather than adjustment, may still restore Berkeley's prestige.

HARDIN B. JONES  
University of California  
Berkeley, Calif.

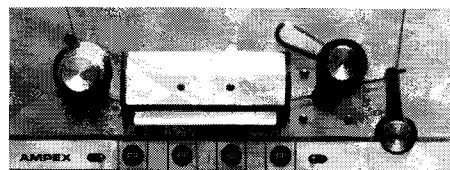
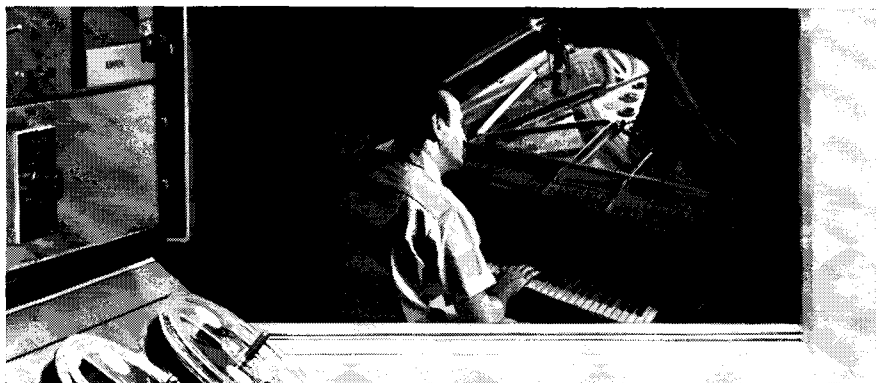
SIR:

May I add just one distressing and incredible feature of the mass hysteria that led to the 824 to 115 vote on December 8, 1964? A considerable number of faculty friends, whose views of overstructuring (academic jargon for "rigging") of the crucial meeting I knew, voted with the majority. When I queried them about their motives for so doing, they answered that they believed in the enunciated principles in general and hoped that we could start from their approval by the Senate and work out a viable set of regulations. This smacks of voting for peace in general, but in particular, of assuring a free hand to those who are undermining peace by their very act. Several who voted with the majority left here in even greater distress than those of us who have remained. We must remember that man is governed by particulars even more than by general, lofty statements loftily arrived at.

DENZEL CARR  
University of California  
Berkeley, Calif.

SIR:

We are not going to find it easy to untangle the mess created by our confusion over the limits of the university's competence, if one can judge by Berkeley's experience. Even the Muscatine Report, a serious effort to deal with the educational defects of Berkeley, seems to have been affected by it. Did these professors conclude on purely educational grounds that small sections are always the best teaching device? Did they seriously consider the possibility that the pass-fail option will encourage students — unless they are simply not human at all — to work less? The suggestion of these remedies seems to have been in-



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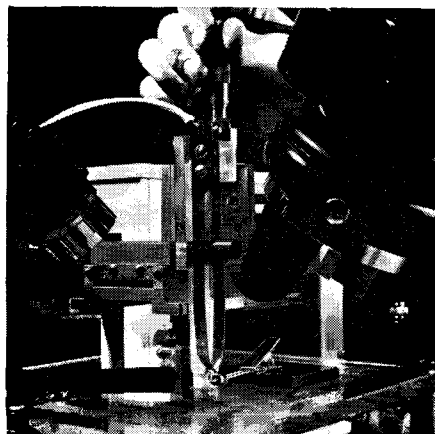
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fluenced by their appeal to people interested in kinds of learning quite different from the university's — such as the soul-searching now known as a search for identity or the therapy of assertive confession.

The rebels at Berkeley, discovering the pleasures of rebellion itself and the delights of feeling they were not as other men are, in effect challenged the faculty and administration at Berkeley to define the university's proper functions and indicate the point at which interruptions of these functions by extracurricular activities — however soul-satisfyingly righteous or deliciously orgiastic — must cease. And the authorities could not do it, because they could not make up their minds to define in a workable way the normal functions of the university.

ARTHUR MIZENER  
*Cornell University*  
*Ithaca, N. Y.*

SIR:

The decline in freedom on the Berkeley campus that Lewis Feuer so devastatingly documented can be illustrated by the reaction to the article itself. Long before it appeared, the chancellor's office was pressuring some of Professor Feuer's closest associates and friends to write rebuttals, and at least some of the replies sent in must be viewed as the manipulation of Vice President Sorenson, the university's new \$35,000-a-year expert in public relations. True to form even in small matters, the student newspaper deliberately ignored the release date, so that the campus read denunciatory replies before they had a chance to see Feuer's charges.

Freedom, as Feuer says, is an ethical category. Not freedom of speech nor academic freedom nor, in the long run, freedom of thought can be maintained in an institution deprived of its moral substance.

WILLIAM PETERSEN  
*Berkeley, Calif.*

SIR:

Professor Feuer has performed a real service by setting forth some of the little-understood facts about the extremist activities on the Berkeley campus.

No student has a constitutional right to a free education at the taxpayers' expense on his own terms. Students should be required to accept reasonable discipline so that



the university can serve its true purpose: education, not agitation.

SAM YORTY, MAYOR  
Los Angeles, Calif.

SIR:

Something is wrong at Berkeley, and strong, concerned leadership is needed to set it right. That leadership obviously is not now being provided.

Seeking to restore the university's reputation of greatness, seeking to make it impossible for a militant minority of students and non-students to disrupt the campus and classrooms, and demanding that instructors and professors adhere to ethical standards are neither interference nor politics. Instead they are what the people who support the university, the California taxpayers, have a right to expect. It is too bad that currently they are getting considerably less than what they are paying for.

RONALD REAGAN  
Pacific Palisades, Calif.

### Professor Feuer Replies

SIR:

As I have already expressed at length my views on the decline of freedom in Berkeley, I shall reply only to new questions raised by my critics.

Professor Searle says that I have quoted an "anonymous leaflet" which attributed certain statements to him. The leaflet was not anonymous. Its title was "What do they think about student rights?", and it was signed by "Bettina Aptheker, Wayne Collins, David Friedman, Marvin Garson, Hal Jacobs, Susan Stein and many others." This was a representative group of the Berkeley New Left, extending from a Communist student leader to the president of the graduate Sociology Club. I have neither read nor heard any explicit refutation of the students' assertions. When Mr. Searle at the public symposium was confronted with some of his more extreme remarks, he complained that the student leader provoked him: "Mike Lerner bugs me," he said.

My opponents deny that there has been a decline of freedom at Berkeley. Their colleague, Professor Martin Malia, of the Department of History, a careful observer at student meetings, reported otherwise in a published letter of May 18,

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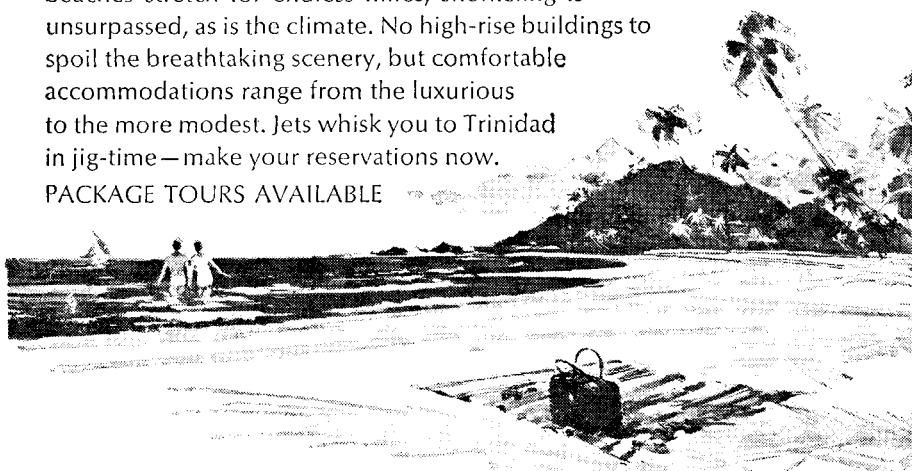
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1966. "Sproul Steps," he wrote, "has degenerated into a demagogic and anti-intellectual institution, inimical to rational discourse and geared essentially to the shock-effects of vituperation and vilification. . . . The style of the Plaza has become so firmly established as the image of 'free speech' at Berkeley that political figures who cannot adapt themselves to this style, or do not wish to be associated with it, often refrain from appearing on campus. Cases in point are Senator Clark, who refused to come at all even though he had ample free time while in the Bay Area, and the expert on foreign affairs, Professor Henry Kissinger, who spoke almost surreptitiously in a classroom, without publicity, since he did not wish it to be known that he had been here."

How serious the decline of freedom in Berkeley has been is indicated by the student leader, Stephan Weissman, now a non-student. He claims a great victory for "the Movement" in allegedly forcing the departure from Berkeley of Professor Seymour M. Lipset. Mr. Weissman calls it "one of the 'Movement's' major contributions to intellectual integrity." This claim of Mr. Weissman's is precisely an example of what Miss Aptheker calls "left fascism." When the New Left jubilates over the departure from its campus of America's most noted political sociologist, then it is time for the intellectual community to ask what has happened to freedom at Berkeley. The Movement indeed becomes "left fascist" when it rejects the procedures of liberal democracy and seeks to impose its will by continued force on the university, its classrooms and professors. Mr. Weissman's apology for storm troopers and force shows how student irrationalism can strike against the whole notion of a liberal university.

What are the "principles and goals" according to which Chancellor Heyns is trying to administer the university? Their ambiguity finally derives from the fact that the administration has been taking two contrary stands. On the one hand, it tells student activists that it completely accepts the December 8 resolution; on the other, it tells critics that it has never accepted the resolution, and doesn't feel bound by it. This procedure is defended on the grounds that it is the



technique for building a consensus. It seems to me, however, that a university community especially corrodes its foundations by confusing yea with nay, and that it cannot afford to set an example of moral and logical ambiguity.

It is scarcely sufficient to appeal to the general unrest in American society as an explanation for the behavior of the Berkeley student movement. Nor can the "rising crime rate" in Berkeley be dismissed in these terms. For the problem concerns the extent to which student extremists in Berkeley have condoned thievery and violence. Significantly, none of the student leaders has chosen to discuss this problem in the ethics of their movement.

Mr. Keating talks about the "nonviolent" spirit which pervades Mr. Scheer's political movement. Perhaps he would reread Mr. Scheer's speeches: "If the Viet Cong are the only alternative in Vietnam, then I'm for the Viet Cong." ("Watts rather than Ghetto — Scheer says," *Berkeley Barb*, February 4, 1965.)

Michael Lerner refers to my friendship with several of the student leaders during these last years. They have the same generosity that my fellow students had thirty years ago. But there is no law of learning from cumulative historical experience. What we can do is help the students to perceive and deal with the irrational component which undermines their own idealism. Are the teachers of Berkeley doing this job when they write essays of self-congratulation?

LEWIS S. FEUER  
University of Toronto  
Toronto, Ontario, Canada

Professor Feuer's final comments, intended as a reply to letters published as a group in the October ATLANTIC, end our discussion of his article.

— THE EDITOR

### In Defense of Hotchner

SIR:

In reference to Philip Young's article, "On Dismembering Hemingway," in the August issue, I'm surprised that the *Atlantic* did not check the facts of Mr. Young's allegations before running it.

Mr. Young accuses Mr. Hotchner of plagiarism in connection with an article that appeared in the Febru-



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ary, 1955, issue of *This Week* magazine. He cites exactly a passage from this article, which ran under the by-line of Marlene Dietrich, and he then finds in Mr. Hotchner's book that exact quote, which was allegedly spoken by Dietrich to Hotchner. Mr. Young gives this as proof positive of Mr. Hotchner's methods in writing his book. What Mr. Young failed to note was that the copyright page of *Papa Hemingway* carried a 1955 copyright notice in Hotchner's name for the Dietrich article, based on conversations which he had with her.

BROOKS ROBERTS  
Ardsley, N. Y.

SIR:

Philip Young's article, not content with a vitriolic attack on A. E. Hotchner as author of *Papa Hemingway* (Random House), also attempts to dismember the denial, by Justice Harry B. Frank of the New York Supreme Court, of Mrs. Mary Hemingway's appeal.

Mr. Young states: "It would be interesting, then, to learn why it is the judge assumes Mrs. Hemingway knew about this book through three years of silence, and downright fascinating to know how he would go about proving it." The fact is that Mr. Hotchner's affidavit before Justice Frank stated that Mrs. Hemingway knew about Mr. Hotchner's work on the book for three years (page 3). Mrs. Hemingway did not deny or contradict this statement in any papers before Justice Frank.

Furthermore, Mr. Young naïvely remarks: "And if all the burden of proof is on Mary, are we talking about justice or law?" He overlooks that it is Mrs. Hemingway who is the plaintiff in a lawsuit attempting suppression of a published book. As such it is both justice and the law that the burden of proof is upon her. Indeed, as Justice Frank pointed out, this burden should be even greater where what plaintiff seeks is an injunction against a book because of "its possible impingement upon fundamental, democratic and intellectual institutions."

Additionally, Mr. Young finds fault that "apparently there has been no place for testimony in this case." Mr. Young is obviously unaware that under New York law, preliminary injunctions are decided upon affidavits, not live testimony. When the trial of the action takes



place, there will be ample opportunity for the presentation of all relevant testimony.

HORACE S. MANGES  
*Counsel to Random House, Inc.  
New York City*

### The Trouble With Hospitals

SIR:

Dr. John H. Knowles, in his article, "The Emergency Ward," states that people have discovered that their needs are attended to quickly and with minimal inconvenience in emergency wards, and encourages the public to run to the nearest hospitals with any illness, acute or chronic.

In truth, most emergency rooms are training grounds for overworked students and interns, and many are hardly staffed at all. The average wait in Washington is two to six hours, and the cost to the hospital is approaching \$15 per patient visit. Dr. Knowles' hospital requires twelve doctors (8-15) present on all shifts working 80 hours per week to handle only 175 patients per day (65,000 per year). A middling family practice can handle this working 60 hours at one third the cost.

Medical educational distortions have created the "need" for emergency room services by actively discouraging general practice in medical schools. Dr. Knowles might urge the return of medical care to the community, instead of suggesting that the sick stumble to mecca to be seen by that very young, but eager Dr. Knowles of 1951 who couldn't yet diagnose German measles.

OLAV H. ALVIG, M.D.  
*Washington, D. C.*

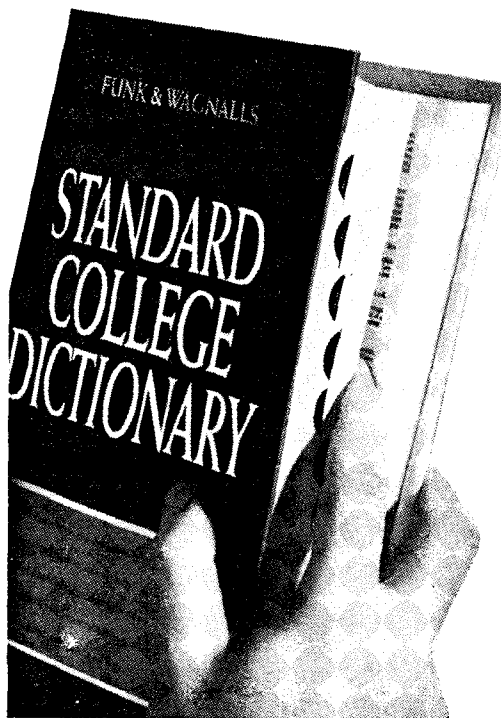
SIR:

As executive director of a non-profit membership association of proprietary hospitals throughout the United States, I would like to take umbrage at the unfair and biased reporting of Matt Clark ("Miracles and Mishaps," July *Atlantic*).

Your author's reliance on the outworn and outdated study done by Columbia University's School of Public Health and Administrative Medicine, commonly called the "Teamster Study," and based on data almost ten years old, is, in our opinion, a clear manifestation of irresponsibility and bias.

Mr. Clark must or should have been aware of the intense criticism leveled against this report by the

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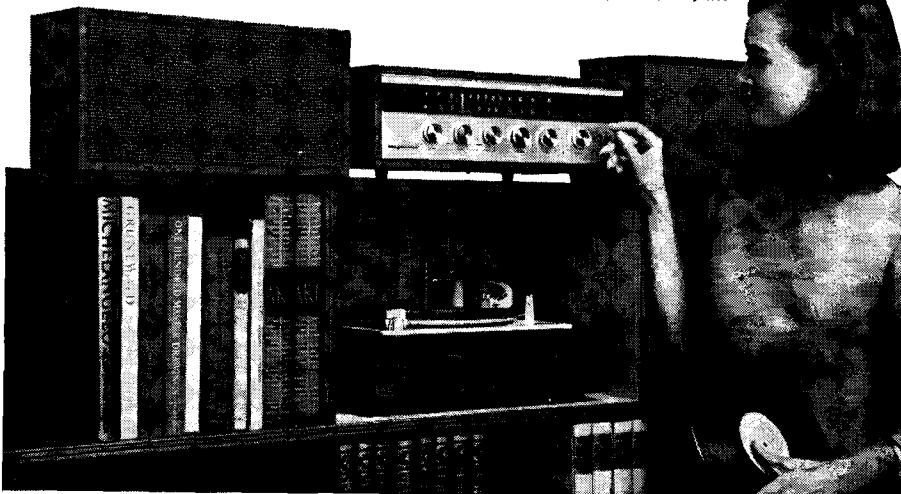
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I. LEON GOODMAN  
*Federation of American Hospitals, Inc.  
New York City*

SIR:

The gratuitous slap at proprietary hospitals by Matt Clark ignores the reasons why proprietary hospitals were built in the first place (one of the least of which was to make a profit) and the very real service which these private-enterprise tax-paying hospitals offer.

Hospitals today are facing a new challenge of providing care for the whole population as a right rather than as a privilege. We can ill afford to disregard or to condemn a segment of the hospital industry that is furnishing a significant portion of the available community and privately sponsored hospital care. We should rather applaud the efforts of proprietary hospitals to augment the total facilities and to upgrade their own standards through the formation of state and national associations of the private-enterprise tax-paying proprietary hospitals.

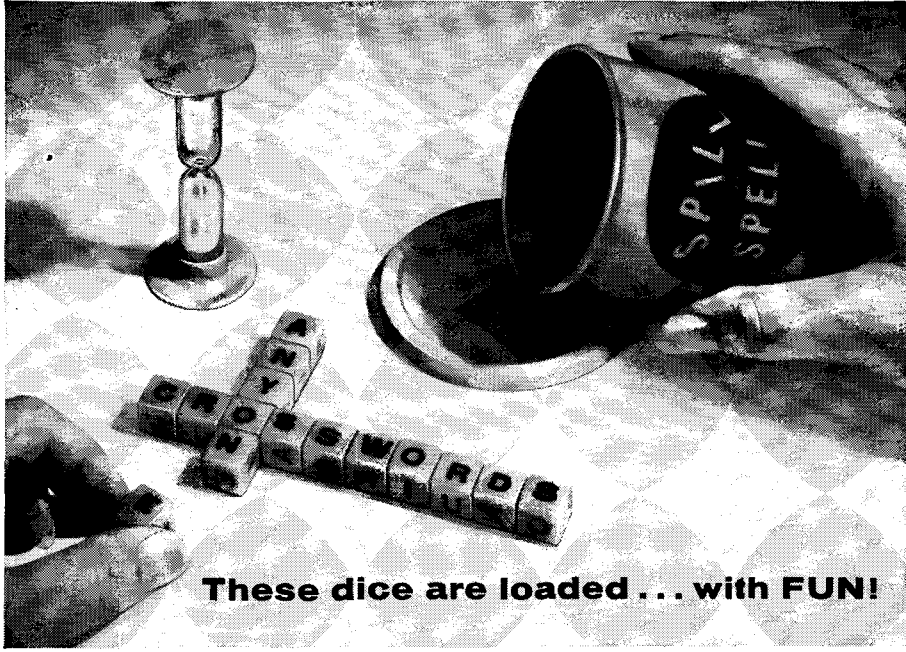
DONALD H. BRIGGS  
*President, United Hospital Association  
Los Angeles, Calif.*

### Mr. Clark Replies:

The Teamster study is not quite so outdated as Mr. Goodman suggests — it was begun in 1962 and published in 1964. The New York County Medical Society did, indeed, criticize the report but to date has failed to publish any data to refute its conclusions. Nor have any of the "other responsible organizations" mentioned by Mr. Goodman.

In reply to Mr. Briggs, I can only agree that proprietary hospitals in some areas of the country have filled a need where the communities themselves have failed to provide hospital beds. But this only underscores the major conclusion of my article, which was that sensible regional planning is essential to provide medical services of high quality throughout the United States.

MATT CLARK  
*New York City*



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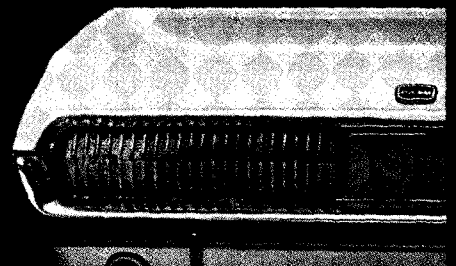
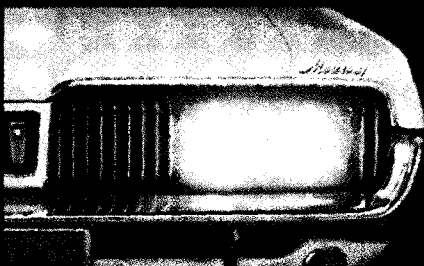
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## ROBERT FROST, MAN AND MYTH

BY JAMES DICKEY

*Already fortunate in having been able to publish some of the finest of James Dickey's prizewinning poems, the ATLANTIC is pleased to present here his searching essay on the real person behind the lore and sentiment that surround the figure of Robert Frost. Mr. Dickey has just assumed the post of Consultant in Poetry to the Library of Congress.*

**B**ELOVED" is a term that must always be mistrusted when applied to artists, and particularly to poets. Poets are likely to be beloved for only a few of the right reasons, and for almost all the wrong ones: for saying things we want to hear, for furnishing us with an image of ourselves that we enjoy believing in, even for living for a long time in the public eye and pronouncing sagely on current affairs. Robert Frost has been long admired for all these things, and is consequently one of the most misread writers in the whole of American literature.

In Frost's case the reputation has come, at least to some extent, from the powerful additive of the Robert Frost Story, a secular myth of surprising power and tenacity: an image that has eaten into the rock of the American psyche and engraved Frost's very engravable face as in a kind of Mount Rushmore of the nation's consciousness. The "Frost Story" would, in fact, make quite an acceptable film script, even allowing for the notorious difficulty Hollywood has in dealing with writers. We enjoy wandering off, mentally, into a scenario of this sort, partly because we know that the main facts of the Frost Story, leaving aside the interpretation that has been put upon them, *are* facts, and also because the Story is and has long been something we believe in with the conviction ac-

corded only to people and events in which we want to believe and will have no other way. Frost is unassailable, a national treasure, a remnant of the frontier and the Thoreauistic virtues of shrewd Yankeeedom, the hero of the dozing American day-dream of self-reliance and experience-won wisdom we feel guilty about betraying every time we eat a TV dinner or punch a computer. The Frost Story stands over against all that we have become, and hints with mysterious and canny authority that it all might have been otherwise — even that it might yet be so.

It is a dream, of course. To us a dream, surely, but also a kind of dream to Frost, and despite the authenticity of whatever settings the film might choose for its backgrounds, despite the rugged physical presence of Frost himself, any film made of such elements would have to partake of nostalgic visions. It might open, for example, with a sequence showing Frost moving among his Properties — apple trees, birch trees, stone fences, dark woods with snow falling into them, ax handles, shovels, woodpiles, ladders, New England brooks, taciturn neighbors — and then modulate into a conversation with Frost for that cryptic, homely, devious, *delightful* way of making sense out of life — any aspect of it — that the public so loved him for: his way of reducing all generalities to local fact

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so that they become not only understandable but controllable.

If one wanted to include chronology one might have a little difficulty in making Frost's life in England interesting, for aside from showing some of the places he lived in and visited and photographs of some of the people he knew, like Ezra Pound, Edward Thomas, and Lascelles Abercrombie, it would be hard to do much more than suggest his experiences there. Most of this part would probably have to be carried by voice-over narration, and might deal with Frost manfully being his Own Man, resisting being exploited and misinterpreted by Ezra Pound ("that great intellect abloom in hair"), and with his being a kind of literary Ben Franklin in Georgian England, uncorrupted and wary, delighting the jaded and oversophisticated with, well, his authenticity.

One might then work forward by easy stages into what everybody knows is coming: the great Recognitions of the final years, the readings, the lectures and interviews, the conferences with students and the press — thus affording more time for the Frost Talk — the voyage to Russia and the meeting with Khrushchev, and so on, all culminating in the Ultimate Reading, the Kennedy Inaugural and its little drama of the sunlight, Vice President Johnson's top hat, and the details familiar to those who watch great as well as small events on television. Another poet, Galway Kinnell, has written of this occasion:

And as the Presidents  
Also on the platform  
Began nervously flashing  
Their Presidential smiles  
For the harmless old guy  
And poets watching on the TV  
Started thinking, Well that's  
The end of *that* tradition,

And the managers of the event  
Said, Boys this is it,  
This sonofabitch poet  
Is gonna croak,  
Putting the paper aside  
You drew forth  
From your great faithful heart  
The poem.

That drawing forth of the poem from "the great faithful heart" would be the end — how could you top it? — and everyone could leave the theater surer than ever that he had inherited something, some way of responding and speaking as an American, that matters.

**T**O MOVE from this drama of public appearances to Lawrance Thompson's *Robert Frost: The Early*

*Years* is to move, if not wholly out of the myth — for Thompson is very much in its thrall, despite all that he knows of Frost's actual life and personality — then rather into the area of its making, and the reasons for its making. One cannot inhabit Dr. Thompson's book, even under the influence of the Story (or the film, for legends are probably all films of one kind or another), without ceasing to be comfortable in one's prior assumptions. As partial as it is, Dr. Thompson's account is yet the fully documented record of what Frost was like when he was not beloved: when he was, in fact, a fanatically selfish, egocentric, and at times dangerous man; was, from the evidence, one of the least lovable figures in American literature. What we get from Dr. Thompson is the much less cinematic narrative (and yet, what if someone tried to film *this* Frost Story?) of the construction of a complex mask, a *persona*, an invented personality that the world, following the man, was pleased, was overjoyed, finally, to take as an authentic identity, and whose main interest, biographically and humanly, comes from the fact that the mask is almost the diametrical opposite of the personality that lived in and motivated the man all his life.

Most of *Robert Frost: The Early Years*, which takes Frost up through his period in England, is concerned with the twined alternatives of fear and *hubris*: with Frost's desperate efforts to establish and maintain his self-image in the face of every conceivable discouragement, the period when he would quit any job — he quit a good many — go back on any commitment, throw over any trust or personal relationship which did not accord him the deference he persuaded himself he deserved. Dr. Thompson talks persuasively — though not, I think, conclusively — of Frost's need to protect his sensibility from crasser natures and desensitizing work, but one never really believes that this justified Frost's arrogance and callousness on the many occasions when they were the most observable things about him. These were the years of Frost's hating and turning on anyone who helped or cared for him, from his friends like Carl Burrell, who worked his poultry farm for him while he nursed his ego, to his grandfather, whose generous legacy Frost insisted on interpreting as a way of "writing off" the poet and "sending him out to die" on a farm that the grandfather actually purchased to give Frost a livelihood and a profession.

The fact that this is the "official" biography keeps coming back to one as one reads, and with this a recognition of the burden that must surely have been on Dr. Thompson's shoulders in writing it: the difficulty in dovetailing the author's bias in favor of his subject — for it is abundantly apparent that Thompson really does deeply care



for Frost's work and also for Frost himself — and the necessity to tell what did in reality occur on various occasions. Dr. Thompson has large numbers of facts, and the first task of the biographer is to make facts *seem* facts, stand up as facts before any interpretation is made from them. One of the ways to do this is to be pedestrian, for the world's facts are pedestrian, and most of the time simply sit there saying over and over again, "I am here, I am true, I happened, without any particular emphasis. Consequently there is a good deal of material like "at this stage the Frosts had an unexpected visitor, none other than Edmund J. Harwood, from whom Frost's grandfather had bought the Derry farm" and "another acquaintance was made that evening, a burley red-faced country squire named John C. Chase, the modestly well-to-do owner of a local wood-working factory, which turned out a variety of products including tongue-depressors and similarly shaped tags for marking trees and shrubs in nurseries." This makes for a certain monotony, but one is inclined to go along with it partly because it is the truth — the man's name *was* John C. Chase, and he *did* make tongue depressors — but mainly because it is a necessary background for the second and far more important of the biographer's tasks, that of interpretation. That part is primarily psychological, and if the protagonist has not chosen to tell either the biographer or someone else why he said or did something on a given occasion — and one must be constantly wary of taking him at his word — one must surmise. Dr. Thompson is very good at this, most of the time, but also at some points unconsciously funny.

During her sophomore year, Jeanie [Frost's sister] suffered through moods of depression much like those which had beset her, intermittently, since her childhood days in San Francisco. Her spells of tears, hysteria, ravings, which caused her to miss more and more days of school, puzzled her mother increasingly. In the midst of one spell Jeanie was making so much noise that Mrs. Frost turned desperately to her son for help. Enraged, he stormed into Jeanie's bedroom, found her lying face down on the bed, turned her over, and slapped her across the face with the flat of his hand. Just for a moment the one blow had the desired effect: Jeanie grew silent, stopped crying completely, and sat up. She stared at her brother and then said, scornfully, "You cad, you coward." That was not Rob's only use of violence when trying to help his sister.

When other incidents indicate clearly that brother and sister absolutely detested each other, one has a certain hesitation in identifying "Rob's" motive as helpfulness. Yet it seems to me that Dr. Thompson's deductions are right a great deal more than they are wrong, and that is really all we can ask of a mortal biographer.

Frost was born in San Francisco in 1874. We watch him live through the decline and death of his alcoholic, ambitious father, follow him as he is shunted around New England as a poor relation, supported by his gentle, mystical mother's pathetically inept attempts to be a teacher. We see him develop, as compensation, a fanatical and paranoid self-esteem with its attendant devils of humiliation, jealousy, and frustration. He considers suicide, tries poultry farming, loses a child, settles on poetry as a way of salvation — something, at last, that he *can* do, at least to some extent — borrows money and fails to pay it back, perseveres with a great deal of tenacity and courage but also with a sullen self-righteousness with which one can have but very little sympathy.

He wanted, and from his early days — Dr. Thompson makes much of his "idealism," learned from his mother — to be "great," distinctive, different, a law unto himself, admired but not restricted by those who admired him. He did well in high school when he found that good marks earned him a distinction he had never had before, but he was continually hampered by his arrogance and his jealousy of others, and after graduation seems to have been able to do little else but insult the people who tried to help him and accept and quit one humiliating job after another with as bad grace as possible.

During all this time, however, his writing developed, and in a remarkably straight line. He had, almost from the beginning, a flair for straightforward, uncomplicated versification of the traditional kind, and a stubborn belief that poetry should sound "like talk." He also apparently fastened very early on the notion that to hint is better than to say, and the idea that there are ways of saying, of seeming to say, both more and less than one seems to be saying.

Determining all questions of technique was his conception of the imaginative faculty as being essentially *protection*, self-protection, armor for the self-image. Looking back on Frost through the lens of Dr. Thompson's book, one finds it obvious that the mode, the manner in which a man lies, and what he lies about — these things, and the *form* of his lies — are the main things to investigate in a poet's life and work. The events of Frost's life, events similar to those experienced by a great many people, are not nearly so important as the interpretation he put upon them. The *persona* of the Frost Story was made year by year, poem by poem, of elements of the actual life Frost lived, reinterpreted by the exigencies of the *persona*. He had, for example, some knowledge of farming, though he was never a farmer by anything but default. Physically he was a lazy man, which is perhaps why images of work figure so strongly in

his poems. Through these figures in his most famous pieces, probably his best poems — haying, apple-picking, mowing, cleaning springs, and mending walls — he indulged in what with him was the only effective mode of self-defense he had been able to devise: the capacity to claim competence at the menial tasks he habitually shirked, and to assert, from that claim, authority, “earned truth,” and a wisdom elusive, personal, and yet final.

At his simplest, his most rhythmical and cryptic, Frost is a remarkable poet. In deceptively “straight” syntax and in rhymes that are like the first rhymes one thinks of when one thinks of rhymes, Frost found his particular way of making mysteries and moral judgments start up from the ground under the reader’s feet, come out of the work one did in order to survive and the environment in which both the work and the survival prolonged themselves, leap into the mind from a tuft of flowers, an ax handle suddenly become sin itself, as when “the snake stood up for evil in the garden.” This individualizing and localizing way of getting generalities to reveal themselves — original sin, universal Design, love, death, fate, large meanings of all kinds — is a major factor in Frost’s approach, and is his most original and valuable contribution to poetry. Like most procedures, it has both its triumphs and its self-belittlements, and there are both good Frost poems and awful ones, not as dissimilar as one might think, to bear this out.

The trouble, of course, is that Frost had but little idea of when he was in a position to make an effective (“earned”) judgment and when he was not. In the beginning he was cautious about this, but when the public spurred him on, he was perfectly willing to pronounce on anything and everything, in poems or out of them. This resulted in the odd mixture of buffoonery and common sense (but hardly ever more than that) of his last years.

And yet at his best, which we must do him the service of identifying as his most characteristic, he is perfectly amazing. We have all harbored at odd times a suspicion that the key to large Significances lay close at hand, could we but find it. Frost understood how this feeling could be made to serve as the backbone of a kind of poetry that was not only profound but humanly convincing as well, as most poetry, panting and sweating to be linguistically interesting, is not. One *believes* the Frost voice. That itself is a technical triumph, and of the highest kind. It enables the poems to come without being challenged into places in the consciousness of the

“average” reader that have been very little visited before, and almost never by poems.

Yet it is well to remember, for all the uplifting force that it has legitimately, and illegitimately, been in so many lives, for all the conclusion-drawing and generalizing that the public has esteemed and rewarded it for, that the emotions of pain, fear, and confusion are the roots of Frost’s poetry. Lionel Trilling, with his usual perceptiveness, has seen this, and seen it better than anyone else, perhaps even including Frost, ever saw it. Trilling’s Frost of darkness and terror is more nearly the real Frost, the Frost permanently valuable as a poet, than any other, and it is in poems where these emotions fuse with his methods — poems like “Design” — that he moves us most.

What he accomplished, in the end, was what he became. Not what he became as a public figure, forgotten as quickly as other public figures are, but what he became as a poet. He survives in what he made his own invented being say. His main achievement, it seems to me, is the creation of a particular kind of poetry-speaking voice. He, as much as any American poet, brought convincingness of tone into poetry, and made of it a gauge against which all poetry would inevitably have to be tried. This voice endures in a few powerful and utterly original poems: “After Applepicking,” “Provide, Provide,” “To Earthward.”

Dr. Thompson’s authoritative and loving book makes clear that Frost’s way was the only one open to him, and also the fact that, among other things, his poems were a tremendous *physical* feat, a lifelong muscular striving after survival. Though tragically hard on the people who loved him, put up with him, and suffered because of him, Frost’s courage and stubbornness are plain, and they are impressive. But no one who reads this book will ever again believe in the Frost Story, the Frost myth, which includes the premises that Frost the man was kindly, forbearing, energetic, hardworking, good-neighborly, or anything but the small-minded, vindictive, ill-tempered, egotistic, cruel, and unforgiving man he was until the world deigned to accept at face value his estimate of himself. What price art, indeed? Dr. Thompson’s biography has, or should have, the effect of leading us all into a private place — the grave of judgment, or the beginning of it — where we ponder long and long the nature “of life and art,” their connections and interconnections, and the appalling risk, the cost in lives and minds not only of putting rhythmical symbols of ink on a white page, but of encountering, of reading them as well.



## Marriage and Divorce

*The statistics are confusing, but it takes no sociologist to know that the failure of marriage in America is a growing phenomenon, especially among the young, and that the Sargasso Sea of divorce, separation, and child-custody procedures more often compounds misery, encourages deceit, and burnishes guilt. In three articles and a selection from Philip Roth's new novel, the ATLANTIC here essays a study of the causes of, the attitudes toward, and some of the possible antidotes to this unhappy trend. Christopher Lasch is professor of history at Northwestern University and has taught at Williams College, Roosevelt University, and the University of Iowa. He is the author of two books (THE AMERICAN LIBERALS AND THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION and THE NEW RADICALISM IN AMERICA), is married and the father of four.*

## DIVORCE AND THE FAMILY IN AMERICA

by Christopher Lasch

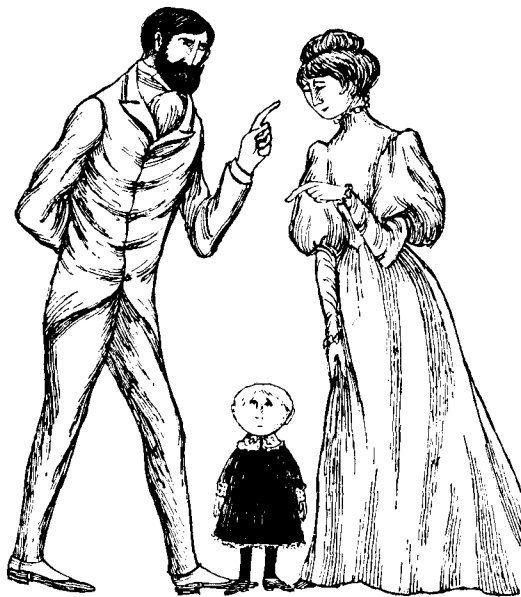
ALL ages imagine themselves more enlightened — and at the same time, no doubt, more depraved — than their predecessors. Accordingly, we tend to exaggerate the moral distance between ourselves and the Victorians. The nineteenth century seems particularly remote to us in matters relating to sex. Since the turn of the century, the Western world is supposed to have undergone a “sexual revolution” which, for better or worse, irreversibly altered the way in which the relations between men and women were perceived. The “puritanism” of our ancestors, we suppose, gave way to sexual freedom — depravity, if you like — and the evidence for this proposition seemingly lies all about us: bikinis on the beach and skirts above the knee; obscenity on stage and screen; increasing license among adolescents; and, inevitably, in such a list, the “rising tide of divorce,” as it used to be called. The fact that divorce is no longer novel or shocking merely testifies further, presumably, to the decay of the old order, the attitudes and institutions of an earlier time, which now evoke mingled nostalgia and contempt.

Divorce no longer shocks, but it is still a public issue, largely because the recent liberalization of the New York law (which previously limited grounds of divorce to adultery but which now makes a two-year separation additional grounds for divorce), together with the agitation preceding this change, focused attention once again on the absurdity of the divorce laws not only of New York but of most

of the other states. But if divorce remains a political and a legal issue, it has not yet become an issue for sustained historical reflection. Studies abound, but practically all of them take for granted that the growing divorce trend is part of the “sexual revolution”; a symptom, therefore, of the decay of the family and of the whole complex of assumptions with which the old-fashioned family was bound up. It is precisely this premise, however, that needs to be re-examined if we are to understand not only divorce and marriage but a whole series of related questions, which although they are not public questions in the conventional sense have an important bearing on the collective as well as the private lives of Americans. It is quite possible that easier divorce, far from threatening the family, has actually helped to preserve it as a dominant institution of modern society.

Only alarmists would argue that the family is literally becoming extinct. The question is whether or not it has radically changed its nature, partly as a result of the ease and frequency of divorce and partly as a result of other developments of which the frequency of divorce is a consequence. It is on this point that both scholars and laymen almost universally agree. The Victorian family, they believe, was patriarchal, based on a double standard of sexual morality according to which fidelity was demanded of the wife while the husband pursued his extramarital career of sexual escapades among prostitutes or expensive mistresses, depend-

ing on his social class. People did not marry for love so much as for the convenience of the families concerned; all marriages were in this sense "arranged." Divorce or annulment, when they rarely occurred, took place at the pleasure of the husband, the wife having no recourse in the face of her husband's indifference, infidelity, or brutality except the solace of religion and the sewing-circle society of women, fellow victims of a system which consigned them, it seemed, to perpetual subordination. Such is the picture of Victorian marriage to which the modern family is held up in striking contrast. Nowadays, even a President's daughter marries for love, a fact of which it is one of the functions of journalism ritually to remind us. The affectional basis of marriage presumably works to make the partners equals. The growing divorce trend, whether one attributes it to romantic illusions surrounding marriage or to sexual difficulties or to any number of other explanations, must therefore reflect, in one way or another, the new equality of the sexes. The fact that most divorce proceedings are now instituted by women would seem to confirm the suspicion that the relaxation of old taboos against divorce represents still another victory for women's rights.



*The family became an agency for building character, for consciously and deliberately forming the child*

Given these assumptions, the principal objection to the present laws is that they are an anachronism, a last refuge of Victorian prudery and superstition. The authors of a recent study of American divorce complain that "while a real social revolution has

been going on affecting in a thousand ways the importance and relative permanence of marriage, the divorce laws have remained the same with only few minor exceptions." The law of divorce, in short, is seen as a notable instance of "cultural lag," and the most impressive argument for reform, accordingly, is that law should not be allowed to diverge so far from practice. Most Americans apparently believe that an unhappy marriage is worse than no marriage at all and that the best way of ending an unhappy marriage is divorce by mutual consent. Yet the laws compel them to undergo the distress and humiliation of an adversary proceeding in which one party has to file charges against the other, even to fabricate them, with disastrous moral and emotional consequences for everyone concerned.

BEHIND all this speculation lies an understandable concern about a set of laws which degrade what they purport to dignify: the ties of marriage. But there also lies a certain amount of confusion about the history of the family, the nature of the sexual revolution, and the relation to these developments of feminism and the "emancipation" of women. In the first place, the history of the family needs to be seen in much broader perspective than we are accustomed to see it. There are good reasons to believe that the decisive moment in the history of the Western family came not at the beginning of the twentieth century but at the end of the eighteenth, and that the Victorian family, therefore, which we imagine as the antithesis of our own, should be seen instead as the beginning of something new — the prototype, in many ways, of the modern household.

If we forget for a moment the picture of the Victorian patriarch surrounded by his submissive wife, his dutiful children, and his houseful of servants — images that have come to be automatically associated with the subject — we can see that the nineteenth-century conception of the family departed in critical respects from earlier conceptions. Over a period of several centuries, the family had gradually come to be seen as pre-eminently a private place, a sanctuary from the rough world outside. If we find it difficult to appreciate the novelty of this idea, it is because we ourselves take the privacy of family life for granted. Yet as recently as the eighteenth century, before the new ideas of domesticity were widely accepted, families were more likely to be seen "not as refuges from the invasion of the world," in the words of the French historian Philippe Ariès, "but as the centers of a populous society, the focal points of a crowded social life." Ariès has shown how closely



the modern family is bound up with the idea of privacy and with the idea of childhood. Before these ideas were securely established, masters, servants, and children mingled indiscriminately, without regard for distinctions of age or rank.

The absence of a clearly distinguishable concept of childhood is particularly important. The family by its very nature is a means of raising children, but this fact should not blind us to the important change that occurred when child-rearing ceased to be simply one of many activities and became the central concern — one is tempted to say the central obsession — of family life. This development had to wait for the recognition of the child as a distinctive kind of person, more impressionable and hence more vulnerable than adults, to be treated in a special manner befitting his peculiar requirements. Again, we take these things for granted and find it hard to imagine anything else. Earlier, children had been clothed, fed, spoken to, and educated as little adults; more specifically, as servants, the difference between childhood and servitude having been remarkably obscure throughout much of Western history (and servitude retaining, until fairly recently, an honorific character which it subsequently lost). It was only in the seventeenth century in certain classes — and in society as a whole, only in the nineteenth century — that childhood came to be seen as a special category of experience. When that happened, people recognized the enormous formative influence of family life, and the family became above all an agency for building character, for consciously and deliberately forming the child from birth to adulthood.

These changes dictated not merely a new regard for children but, what is more to the point here, a new regard for women: if children were in some sense sacred, then motherhood was nothing short of a holy office. The sentimentalization of women later became an effective means of arguing against their equality, but the first appearance of this attitude seems to have been associated with a new sense of the dignity of women; even of their equality, in a limited sense, as partners in the work of bringing up the young. The recognition of "women's rights" initially sprang not from a revulsion against domestic life but from the cult of domesticity itself; and the first "rights" won by modern women were the rights of married women to control their own property, to retain their own earnings, and, not least, to divorce their husbands.

UNTIL the middle of the nineteenth century in England and the United States, grounds for divorce were pretty much confined to adultery and cruelty. Divorces, moreover, had to be granted by legis-

lative enactment. These provisions, making money and political influence requisite to divorce, effectively limited divorce to members of the upper classes; and except in rare cases, to upper-class men, eager for one reason or another to get rid of their wives. The new laws, still in effect today in most places, substituted judicial for legislative divorce and broadened grounds of divorce to include desertion. Both of these provisions, particularly the second, show that women were intended to be the principal beneficiaries of the change. That was certainly the result. Ever since the liberalization of the laws in the mid-nineteenth century, divorces have been easier and easier to obtain, and more and more of them have been granted to women.

But those who see in these statistics a general dissolution of morals and a threat to the family misunderstand the dynamics of the process. The movement for earlier divorce owed its success to the very idea which it is supposed to have undermined, the idea of the sanctity of the family. Indeed, it is somewhat misleading to see divorce-law reform as a triumph even for women's rights, for the feminists could hardly have carried the day if their attack on the arbitrary authority of husbands had not coincided with current conceptions of the family — conceptions of the family which, in the long run, tended to subvert the movement for sexual equality. It was not the image of women as equals that inspired the reform of the divorce laws, but the image of women as victims. The Victorians associated the disruption of domesticity, especially when they thought of the "lower classes," with the victimization of women and children: the wife and mother abused by her drunken husband, deserted and left with children to raise and support, or forced to submit to sexual demands which no man had a right to impose on virtuous women. These images of oppression wrung ready tears from our ancestors. The rhetoric survives, somewhat diluted, in the form of patriotic appeals to home and motherhood, and notably in the divorce courts, where it is perfectly attuned, in fact, to the adversary proceeding.

Judicial divorce, as we have seen — a civil suit brought by one partner against the other — was itself a nineteenth-century innovation, a fact which suggests that the idea of marriage as a combat made a natural counterpoint to the idea of marriage as a partnership. The combat, however, like the partnership itself, has never firmly established itself, either in legal practice or in the household itself, as an affair of equals, because the achievement of legal equality for the married woman depended on a sentimentalization of womanhood which eroded the idea of equality as easily as it promoted it. In divorce suits, the sensitivity of judges to the



*Forced to submit to sexual demands which no man had a right to impose on a virtuous woman*

appeal of suffering womanhood, particularly in fixing alimony payments, points to the ambiguity of women's "emancipation." Sexual equality, in divorce as in other matters, does not rest on a growing sense of the irrelevance, for many purposes, of culturally defined sexual distinctions. It represents, if anything, a heightened awareness of these distinctions, an insistence that women, as the weaker sex, be given special protection in law.

From this point of view, our present divorce laws can be seen as faithfully reflecting ideas about women which, having persisted into the mid-twentieth century, have shown themselves to be not "Victorian" so much as simply modern, ideas which are dependent, in turn, on the modern obsession with the sanctity of the home, and beyond that, with the sanctity of privacy. Indeed, one can argue that easier divorce, far from threatening the home, is one of the measures — given the obsession with domesticity — that has been necessary to preserve it. Easy divorce is a form of social insurance that has to be paid by a culture which holds up domesticity as a universally desirable condition: the cost of failure in the pursuit of domestic bliss — especially for women, who are discouraged in the first place from other pursuits — must not be permitted to become too outrageously high.

We get a better perspective on modern marriage and divorce, and on the way in which these institutions have been affected by the "emancipation"

*Drawings by Edward Gorey.*

of women and by the "sexual revolution," if we remember that nineteenth-century feminism, at its most radical, passed beyond a demand for "women's rights" to a critique of marriage itself. The most original and striking — and for most people the least acceptable — of the feminists' assertions was that marriage itself, in Western society, could be considered a higher form of prostitution, in which respectable women sold their sexual favors not for immediate financial rewards but for long-term economic security. There was "no sharp, clear, sudden-drawn line," they insisted, between the "kept wife," living "by the exercise of her sex functions alone," in Olive Schreiner's words, and the prostitute. The difference between prostitution and respectability reduced itself to a question not of motives but of money. The virtuous woman's fee was incomparably higher, but the process itself was essentially the same; that is, the virtuous woman of the leisure class had come to be valued, like the prostitute, chiefly as a sexual object: beautiful, expensive, and useless — in Veblen's phrase, a means of vicarious display. She was trained from girlhood to bring all her energies to the intricate art of pleasing men: showing off her person to best advantage, mastering the accomplishments and refinements appropriate to the drawing room, perfecting the art of discreet flirtation, all the while withholding the ultimate prize until the time should come when she might bestow it, with the impressive sanction of state and church, on the most eligible bidder for her "hand." Even then, the prize remained more promise than fact. It could be repeatedly withdrawn or withheld as the occasion arose, and became, therefore, the means by which women learned to manage their husbands. If, in the end, it drove husbands to seek satisfactions elsewhere, that merely testified to the degree to which women had come to be valued, not simply as sexual objects, but precisely in proportion to their success in withholding the sexual favors which, nevertheless, all of their activities were intended to proclaim.

The defenders of the conventional types of prostitution, meanwhile, did not fail to see the connection between prostitution and respectability; in the words of William Lecky, the historian of European morals, the prostitute was "ultimately the most efficient guardian of virtue" because she enabled virtuous women to remain virtuous. "But for her the unchallenged purity of countless happy homes would be polluted, and not a few who with the pride of their unttempted chastity think of her with an indignant shudder, would have known the agony of remorse and despair." The same reasoning, as we have seen, led to the nineteenth-century reform of the divorce laws. The purity of the home demanded just such outlets as prostitution and divorce if it was to survive intact and "untempted."

The central features of this system of sexual relationships persist into the twentieth century essentially unchanged. Courtship is more than ever a "sex tease," in Albert Ellis' words, and marriage remains something to be managed — among other ways, by the simultaneous blandishment and withdrawal, on the part of the wife, of her sexual favors. Let anyone who doubts the continuing vigor of this morality consult the columns of advice which daily litter the newspapers. "Dear Abby" urges her readers, before marriage, to learn the difficult art of going far enough to meet the demands of "popularity" without "cheapening" themselves (a revealing phrase); while her advice to married women takes for granted that husbands have to be kept in their place, sexually and otherwise, by the full use of what used to be called "feminine wiles." These are prescriptions, of course, which are not invariably acted upon; and part of the "sexual revolution" of the twentieth century lies in the increased publicity which violations of the official morality receive, a condition which is then taken as evidence that they are necessarily more frequent than before. Another development, widely mistaken for a "revolution in morals," is a growing literal-mindedness about sex, an inability to recognize as sexual anything other than gross display of the genitals. The sexual advances of the respectable woman, accordingly, have come to be more blatant than they used to be, a fact predictably deplored by alarmists, themselves victims of the progressive impoverishment of the sexual imagination, who erroneously confuse respectability with the concealment, rather than the withholding, of sexuality. We should not allow ourselves to be misled by the openness of sexual display in contemporary society. The important thing is the use to which sexuality is put. For the woman, it remains, as it was in the nineteenth century, principally a means of domination; for the man, a means of vicarious display.

CURRENT concern about divorce springs from two different kinds of considerations. On the one hand, the prevalence of divorce seems to reflect a "breakdown" of marriage. Traditionalists demand, in the face of this condition, a tightening of the divorce laws; reformers, a more "mature" approach to marriage. On the other hand, a second group of reformers is alarmed not by the breakdown of marriage but by the hypocrisy surrounding divorce. They would make marriage a completely private matter, terminable, in effect, by mutual consent — a change which might or might not accelerate the "decline of the family," but which, they argue,

would better accord with our pretensions to humanity than the present laws.

The plea for more stringent legislation encounters the objection that laws governing morals tend to break down in the face of large-scale noncompliance. In New York, the old divorce law did not prevent people from getting divorces elsewhere or from obtaining annulments on the slightest suspicion of "fraud." The argument that there would be fewer divorces if there were fewer romantic illusions about marriage expresses an undoubted truth; but it is not clear, as the argument seems to assume, that there is something intrinsically undesirable about a high rate of divorce. Most reformers, when confronted with particular cases, admit that divorce is better than trying to save a bad marriage. Yet many of them shy away from the conclusion toward which these sentiments seem to point, that one way of promoting more mature marriages might be to make marriage as voluntary an arrangement, both as to its inception and as to its termination, as possible. The definition of marriage as a contract, enforceable at law, probably helps to promote the conception of marriage as a combat, a tangle of debts and obligations, which figures so prominently in American folklore. Revision of the law, particularly the divorce law, would not by itself change popular ideas of marriage, but it would at least deprive them of legal sanction.

Even now, living apart is grounds for divorce in eighteen states and in Puerto Rico and the District of Columbia, the period of time varying from eighteen months in Maryland to ten years in Rhode Island. Barring a general wave of reaction, a possibility which should not by any means be discounted, other states can be expected to follow their example. In every case, reform will be accompanied by dire predictions of the disintegration of domestic values, but the family has outlived such predictions before. Far from being a survival of some earlier historical period, the idea of the family as sacred and inviolate, the cornerstone of society and the seat of virtue, is a characteristically modern idea bound up with the "privatization" of experience and with the tendency of the middle class, in Ariès's words, "to organize itself separately, in a homogeneous environment, among its families, in homes designed for privacy, in new districts kept free from all lower-class contamination." This self-segregation of the middle class may have been, in the long run, a disaster; on the other hand, it may turn out to have been, precisely because it fostered a new respect for the family, an important counterbalancing influence to the growth of the state. In either case, the family, desirable or deplorable, is hardly threatened by the increase in divorce.



# MARRIAGE AS A WRETCHED INSTITUTION

by Mervyn Cadwallader

*The author of this disturbing reflection on the mores and mishaps that increasingly afflict love and marriage among young Americans is a professor of sociology and the humanities at San Jose State College and director of its Experimental Program in Humanities and Science. He is forty, "has been happily married three times," and is the father of one child. He is at work on CHRIST, CROMWELL AND CASTRO, a comparative study of mass movements.*

OUR society expects us all to get married. With only rare exceptions we all do just that. Getting married is a rather complicated business. It involves mastering certain complex hustling and courtship games, the rituals and the ceremonies that celebrate the act of marriage, and finally the difficult requirements of domestic life with a husband or wife. It is an enormously elaborate round of activity, much more so than finding a job, and yet while many resolutely remain unemployed, few remain unmarried.

Now all this would not be particularly remarkable if there were no question about the advantages, the joys, and the rewards of married life, but most Americans, even young Americans, know or have heard that marriage is a hazardous affair. Of course, for all the increase in divorce, there are still young marriages that work, unions made by young men and women intelligent or fortunate enough to find the kind of mates they want, who know that they want children and how to love them when they come, or who find the artful blend between giving and receiving. It is not these marriages that concern us here, and that is not the trend in America today. We are concerned with the increasing number of others who, with mixed intentions and varied illusions, grope or fling themselves into marital disaster. They talk solemnly and sincerely about working to make their marriage succeed, but they are very aware of the countless marriages they have seen fail. But young people in particular do not seem to be able to relate the awesome divorce statistics to the probability of failure of their own marriage. And they rush into it, in increasing

numbers, without any clear idea of the reality that underlies the myth.

Parents, teachers, and concerned adults all counsel against premature marriage. But they rarely speak the truth about marriage as it really is in modern middle-class America. The truth as I see it is that contemporary marriage is a wretched institution. It spells the end of voluntary affection, of love freely given and joyously received. Beautiful romances are transmuted into dull marriages, and eventually the relationship becomes constricting, corrosive, grinding, and destructive. The beautiful love affair becomes a bitter contract.

The basic reason for this sad state of affairs is that marriage was not designed to bear the burdens now being asked of it by the urban American middle class. It is an institution that evolved over centuries to meet some very specific functional needs of a nonindustrial society. Romantic love was viewed as tragic, or merely irrelevant. Today it is the titillating prelude to domestic tragedy, or, perhaps more frequently, to domestic grotesqueries that are only pathetic.

Marriage was not designed as a mechanism for providing friendship, erotic experience, romantic love, personal fulfillment, continuous lay psychotherapy, or recreation. The Western European family was not designed to carry a lifelong load of highly emotional romantic freight. Given its present structure, it simply has to fail when asked to do so. The very idea of an irrevocable contract obligating the parties concerned to a lifetime of romantic effort is utterly absurd.

Other pressures of the present era have tended



to overburden marriage with expectations it cannot fulfill. Industrialized, urbanized America is a society which has lost the sense of community. Our ties to our society, to the bustling multitudes that make up this dazzling kaleidoscope of contemporary America, are as formal and superficial as they are numerous. We all search for community, and yet we know that the search is futile. Cut off from the support and satisfactions that flow from community, the confused and searching young American can do little but place all of his bets on creating a community in microcosm, his own marriage.

And so the ideal we struggle to reach in our love relationship is that of complete candor, total honesty. Out there all is phony, but within the romantic family there are to be no dishonest games, no hypocrisy, no misunderstanding. Here we have a painful paradox, for I submit that total exposure is probably always mutually destructive in the long run. What starts out as a tender coming together to share one's whole person with the beloved is transmuted by too much togetherness into attack and counterattack, doubt, disillusionment, and ambivalence. The moment the once-upon-a-time lover catches a glimpse of his own hatred, something precious and fragile is shattered. And soon another brave marriage will end.

The purposes of marriage have changed radically, yet we cling desperately to the outmoded structures of the past. Adult Americans behave as though the more obvious the contradiction between the old and the new, the more sentimental and irrational should be their advice to young people who are going steady or are engaged. Our schools, both high

schools and colleges, teach sentimental rubbish in their marriage and family courses. The texts make much of a posture of hard-nosed objectivity that is neither objective nor hard-nosed. The basic structure of Western marriage is never questioned, alternatives are not proposed or discussed. Instead, the prospective young bride and bridegroom are offered housekeeping advice and told to work hard at making their marriage succeed. The chapter on sex, complete with ugly diagrams of the male and female genitals, is probably wedged in between a chapter on budgets and life insurance. The message is that if your marriage fails, you have been weighed in the domestic balance and found wanting. Perhaps you did not master the fifth position for sexual intercourse, or maybe you bought cheap term life rather than a preferred policy with income protection and retirement benefits. If taught honestly, these courses would alert the teenager and young adult to the realities of matrimonial life in the United States and try to advise them on how to survive marriage if they insist on that hazardous venture.

But teen-agers and young adults do insist upon it in greater and greater numbers with each passing year. And one of the reasons they do get married with such astonishing certainty is because they find themselves immersed in a culture that is preoccupied with and schizophrenic about sex. Advertising, entertainment, and fashion are all designed to produce and then to exploit sexual tension. Sexually aroused at an early age and asked to postpone marriage until they become adults, they have no recourse but to fill the intervening

*Drawings by Edward Gorey.*

### Fred and Mabel: A Textbook Case

*Married love, which we have called conjugal love, finds expression in many day-by-day experiences. None of these is more effective as a unifying force than regular, satisfying sexual intercourse. . . . The regular release of tension in coitus is extremely satisfying in the purely physical sense, and in addition it serves as an expression of fulfillment for the entire relationship. . . .*

*Take a really satisfying day from the life of Fred and Mabel, who have been married long enough to have achieved a satisfactory sex adjustment. Fred comes home from a busy day at the plant full of the doings of his day. He tells Mabel about how grouchy the boss is, how green his new assistant is . . . what a funny duck he got to talking to on the way home on the bus. This conversation takes up most of the dinner hour; it leaves Fred relaxed at having spilled his day's experiences and gives Mabel the feeling that she has been a part of Fred's day.*

*Mabel too has things to relate. She wants to share excerpts of the letter she has just received from her folks. She is eager to discuss with Fred what they will do with her mother when her father goes (this last letter tells of another heart attack, and both Fred and Mabel know that some day soon there will be one too many). . . . Mabel senses that Fred is back of her, whatever happens, and she feels a sudden burst of affection . . . right there while they are finishing dessert. . . .*

*After supper they do the dishes together. Fred drops and breaks the jelly dish. Mabel starts to fuss and then admits that she hated the thing anyway. They got it last Christmas from Aunt Harriet, whom she has always disliked. Fred grins and says he can't stand her either, as he kisses the back of Mabel's neck. . . .*

*By bedtime there has developed a strong sense of belonging to each other, a feeling of true unity. Sex intercourse then becomes not just a physical release, but a symbol of the whole relationship. Into it flow the meanings and the feeling tones of the broken jelly dish and the music and Fred's boss and Mabel's mother and all the security that has come from working it all through together. . . .*

From *Being Married*, a college marriage manual by Evelyn M. Duvall and Reuben Hill. Copyright © 1960. D. C. Heath and Company.

years with courtship rituals and games that are supposed to be sexy but sexless. Dating is expected to culminate in going steady, and that is the beginning of the end. The dating game hinges on an important exchange. The male wants sexual intimacy, and the female wants social commitment. The game involves bartering sex for security amid the sweet and heady agitations of a romantic entanglement. Once the game reaches the going-steady stage, marriage is virtually inevitable. The teen-ager finds himself driven into a corner, and the one way to legitimize his sex play and assuage the guilt is to plan marriage.

Another reason for the upsurge in young marriages is the real cultural break between teen-agers and adults in our society. This is a recent phenomenon. In my generation there was no teen culture. Adolescents wanted to become adults as soon as possible. The teen-age years were a time of impatient waiting, as teen-age boys tried to dress and act like little men. Adolescents sang the adults' songs ("South of the Border," "The Music Goes Round and Round," "Mairzy Doats" — notice I didn't say anything about the quality of the music), saw their movies, listened to their radios, and waited confidently to be allowed in. We had no money, and so there was no teen-age market. There was nothing to do then but get it over with. The boundary line was sharp, and you crossed it when you took your first serious job, when you passed the employment test.

Now there is a very definite adolescent culture, which is in many ways hostile to the dreary culture of the adult world. In its most extreme form it borrows from the beats and turns the middle-class value system inside out. The hip teen-ager on Macdougal Street or Telegraph Avenue can buy a costume and go to a freak show. It's fun to be an Indian, a prankster, a beat, or a swinging troubadour. He can get stoned. That particular trip leads to instant mysticism.

Even in less extreme forms, teen culture is weighted against the adult world of responsibility. I recently asked a roomful of eighteen-year-olds to tell me what an adult is. Their deliberate answer, after hours of discussion, was that an adult is someone who no longer plays, who is no longer playful. Is Bob Dylan an adult? No, never! Of course they did not want to remain children, or teens, or adolescents; but they did want to remain youthful, playful, free of squares, and free of responsibility. The teen-ager wants to be old enough to drive, drink, screw, and travel. He does not want to get pushed into square maturity. He wants to drag the main, be a surf bum, a ski bum, or dream of being a bum. He doesn't want to go to Vietnam, or to IBM, or to buy a split-level house in Knotty Pines Estates.

This swing away from responsibility quite predictably produces frictions between the adolescent and his parents. The clash of cultures is likely to drive the adolescent from the home, to persuade him to leave the dead world of his parents and strike out on his own. And here we find the central paradox of young marriages. For the only way the young person can escape from his parents is to assume many of the responsibilities that he so reviles in the life-style of his parents. He needs a job and an apartment. And he needs some kind of emotional substitute, some means of filling the emotional vacuum that leaving home has caused.



And so he goes steady, and sooner rather than later, gets married to a girl with similar inclinations.

When he does this, he crosses the dividing line between the cultures. Though he seldom realizes it at the time, he has taken the first step to adulthood. Our society does not have a conventional "rite of passage." In Africa the Masai adolescent takes a lion test. He becomes an adult the first time he kills a lion with a spear. Our adolescents take the domesticity test. When they get married they have to come to terms with the system in one way or another. Some brave individuals continue to fight it. But most simply capitulate.

The cool adolescent finishing high school or starting college has a skeptical view of virtually every institutional sector of his society. He knows that government is corrupt, the military dehumanizing, the corporations rapacious, the churches organized hypocrisy, and the schools dishonest. But the one area that seems to be exempt from his cynicism is romantic love and marriage. When I talk to teen-agers about marriage, that cool skepticism turns to sentimental dreams right out of *Ladies' Home Journal* or the hard-hitting pages of *Reader's Digest*. They all mouth the same vapid platitudes about finding happiness through sharing and personal fulfillment through giving (each is to give 51 percent). They have all heard about divorce, and most of them have been touched by it in some way or another. Yet they insist that their marriage will be different.

So, clutching their illusions, young girls with ecstatic screams of joy lead their awkward brooding boys through the portals of the church into the land of the Mustang, Apartment 24, Macy's, Sears, and the ubiquitous drive-in. They have become members in good standing of the adult world.

The end of most of these sentimental marriages is quite predictable. They progress, in most cases, to varying stages of marital ennui, depending on the ability of the couple to adjust to reality; most common are (1) a lackluster standoff, (2) a bitter business carried on for the children, church, or neighbors, or (3) separation and divorce, followed by another search to find the right person.

Divorce rates have been rising in all Western countries. In many countries the rates are rising even faster than in the United States. In 1910 the divorce rate for the United States was 87 per 1000 marriages. In 1965 the rate had risen to an estimated figure of well over 300 per 1000 in many parts of the country. At the present time some 40 percent of all brides are between the ages of fifteen and eighteen; half of these marriages break up within five years. As our population becomes younger and the age of marriage continues to drop, the divorce rate will rise to significantly higher levels.

What do we do, what can we do, about this

wretched and disappointing institution? In terms of the immediate generation, the answer probably is, not much. Even when subjected to the enormous strains I have described, the habits, customs, traditions, and taboos that make up our courtship and marriage cycle are uncommonly resistant to change. Here and there creative and courageous individuals can and do work out their own unique solutions to the problem of marriage. Most of us simply suffer without understanding and thrash around blindly in an attempt to reduce the acute pain of a romance gone sour. In time, all of these individual actions will show up as a trend away from the old and toward the new, and the bulk of sluggish moderates in the population will slowly come to accept this trend as part of social evolution. Clearly, in middle-class America, the trend is ever toward more romantic courtship and marriage, earlier premarital sexual intercourse, earlier first marriages, more extramarital affairs, earlier first divorces, more frequent divorces and remarriages. The trend is away from stable lifelong monogamous relationships toward some form of polygamous male-female relationship. Perhaps we should identify it as serial or consecutive polygamy, simply because Americans in significant numbers are going to have more than one husband or more than one wife. Attitudes and laws that make multiple marriages (in sequence, of course) difficult for the romantic and sentimental among us are archaic obstacles that one learns to circumvent with the aid of weary judges and clever attorneys.

Now, the absurdity of much of this lies in the fact that we pretend that marriages of short duration must be contracted for life. Why not permit a flexible contract perhaps for one to two or more years, with periodic options to renew? If a couple grew disenchanted with their life together, they would not feel trapped for life. They would not have to anticipate and then go through the destructive agonies of divorce. They would not have to carry about the stigma of marital failure, like the mark of Cain on their foreheads. Instead of a declaration of war, they could simply let their contract lapse, and while still friendly, be free to continue their romantic quest. Sexualized romanticism is now so fundamental to American life — and is bound to become even more so — that marriage will simply have to accommodate itself to it in one way or another. For a great proportion of us it already has.

What of the children in a society that is moving inexorably toward consecutive plural marriages? Under present arrangements in which marriages are ostensibly lifetime contracts and then are dissolved through hypocritical collusions or messy battles in court, the children do suffer. Marriage and divorce turn lovers into enemies, and the child is left to thread his way through the emotional

wreckage of his parents' lives. Financial support of the children, mere subsistence, is not really a problem in a society as affluent as ours. Enduring emotional support of children by loving, healthy, and friendly adults is a serious problem in America, and it is a desperately urgent problem in many families where divorce is unthinkable. If the bitter and poisonous denouement of divorce could be avoided by a frank acceptance of short-term marriages, both adults and children would benefit. Any time husbands and wives and ex-husbands and ex-wives treat each other decently, generously, and respectfully, their children will benefit.

The braver and more critical among our teenagers and youthful adults will still ask, But if the

institution is so bad, why get married at all? This is a tough one to deal with. The social pressures pushing any couple who live together into marriage are difficult to ignore even by the most resolute rebel. It can be done, and many should be encouraged to carry out their own creative experiments in living together in a relationship that is wholly voluntary. If the demands of society to conform seem overwhelming, the couple should know that simply to be defined by others as married will elicit married-like behavior in themselves, and that is precisely what they want to avoid.

How do you marry and yet live like gentle lovers, or at least like friendly roommates? Quite frankly, I do not know the answer to that question.

## LINES

### FOR A PRIVATE CELEBRATION

BY GERALD JONAS

This iron bed on which we lie,  
heavy as magnets, eye to eye  
and pole to pole, is world enough  
for you and me to prove our love.  
Let every move we make become  
a play of forces, but the sum  
of push-and-pull remain unchanged;  
and let the odds be so arranged  
that should the strength of one abate  
the other's strength will compensate.

What if, my lady, all our lust  
decay in time, as iron must?  
Beyond the half-life of this night  
no after-life looms half as bright —  
So charged with high felicity,  
like static electricity  
that leaps between us at a glance,  
our thoughts like iron filings dance  
and, rampant on the star-struck air,  
define the timeless field we share.

# THE RIGHT OF DIVORCE

by Donald J. Cantor

*A desire to reform procedures that result in harmful child-custody settlements and encourage widespread perjury and deceit inspired this article by Mr. Cantor, a Hartford attorney who has contributed articles on narcotics and homosexuality to legal publications. The cases cited are composites and do not represent the experiences of actual clients.*

OVER 800,000 Americans have their marriages dissolved each year. For every four marriages made per year there is one broken. When one realizes that these 400,000 divorces per year involve not only the parties themselves, but witnesses, children, two sets of family, and others incidentally involved, it is clear that our divorce procedures affect to varying degrees a very large segment of our population.

Yet in few areas of American law does there exist a body of precepts less logical, less reflective of actual mores, and less respected and observed than our divorce laws. This is partially because divorce involves the broad question of human sexuality, and we have not learned how to discuss sexuality, let alone deal with it intelligently. And it also can be explained by the fact that divorce and marriage are matters of concern to religious pressure groups. The recent debate in the New York State legislature has illustrated, for example, the opposition of the Roman Catholic Church to liberalization of divorce laws, even in the state with the least liberal legislation.

To grasp the farcical nature of modern divorce, one must understand how marriage is regarded by the law. Marriage is not only a legal contract between spouses, but also the mutual adoption by both parties of a status which is defined, not by the partners, but by the state, because of the importance of marriage to society. Therefore persons may divorce only for certain prescribed reasons

which the legislatures in their wisdom consider adequate. These reasons are called "grounds." Though many different grounds have been enacted in our fifty states, only one of these, adultery, is universally applicable. The others most commonly found are desertion (forty-nine states), cruelty, either physical or mental (forty-four states), conviction of crime or imprisonment (forty-three states), alcoholism (forty-three states), impotence (thirty-two states), nonsupport (twenty-eight states), and insanity (twenty-eight states). Curiously, less than one third of our states allow divorces on all of these grounds.

The grounds have one characteristic in common. They provide a basis for establishing that a spouse has transgressed against traditional marital ethics, but they bear no necessary relation to the success or failure of a marriage. Adultery, for instance, may exist without breaking a marriage apart. There is so much adultery in our society that it would be naïve to suppose spouses cannot live with it. The case of Mrs. T is illustrative in this regard. Her husband, in his early fifties, had a position with a large corporation which required him to travel extensively. She knew he had been having affairs for at least ten years during these jaunts, but she had no thought of divorce until her husband actually began housekeeping with a paramour and lived more with her than with his family. Only after she felt she had ceased to be the



primary woman in her husband's life did she seek divorce. The simple truth is that many marriages are maintained successfully with knowledge of a partner's adultery, and even with mutual knowledge of mutual adultery.

Despite our romantic propaganda about the nature of true love and marriages made in heaven, no one can really prescribe the elements of a good marriage in a formula all will accept. Some marry for money, some for position, and some to have babies and to stay out of uniform. A few choose marriage as a means of masking homosexual proclivity and are often happiest when they have very little to do with their legal spouses. To some, desertion perfects a marriage; to others, impotence is nirvana. Still others find that an afflicted spouse satisfies a need to be protective.



*An unbridgeable gap  
of interest*

The point is that the assertion of grounds for divorce is simply a manifestation of incompatibility between the partners. The sources of the incompatibility that lead to adultery, cruelty, or any of the other legally sanctioned grounds are varied and numerous. It may be a loss of respect, unclean personal habits, a great intellectual gulf, sexual maladjustment, an unbridgeable gap of interest. Not infrequently the difficulty may be at least partially ascribable to financial disagreements and in-laws. Many persons marry before their essential attitudes and values are formed, and when they eventually do mature, they find their standards unshared by their spouses. (The median age for brides is 19.9;

for grooms 22.9 in first marriages.) Inevitably they are then attracted by more suitable personalities.

The simple but apparently unappreciated fact that marriages succeed or fail on the question of compatibility should make it clear that incompatibility is the only logical legal ground for divorce. Why should adulterous, cruel, or other types of presently required acts be proved in court in order to establish sufficient legal incompatibility? The fact that a spouse may not have committed adultery, or been cruel to his mate, does not mean that his marriage is viable and should not be dissolved. The only real judge of that is the individual, who knows whether or not he can bear living with his spouse any longer. If he says he cannot, that in itself is better proof that the marriage has outlived its usefulness than any "evidence" — genuine or manufactured — such as adultery or cruel behavior. For no list of virtues can make A love or even like B, if B, for whatever reason, irritates A. And if the law forces A to stay married to B, certainly their marriage is a marriage only by legal definition. None of the usual amenities of marriage are present.

In short, it only takes one person's dislike to break up a marriage. If one spouse wishes to divorce another, how can the marriage possibly be compatible? How can it be maintained in rebuttal that the claimant is wrong, that a person really enjoys a marriage he or she is trying to dissolve?

To state the question is to illustrate the answer. And the answer leads to the further question, why should it be necessary to prove a foregone conclusion in a court of law? The trial procedure over the question of the divorce itself is superfluous. This does not mean that all legal process can be eliminated in a divorce case. Naturally, hearings over custody, alimony, and so forth would still be necessary. But the divorce trial itself serves no purpose as a means of determining whether or not the spouse who initiates the divorce proceeding has a substantial claim, because no one can judge the substantial quality of another person's subjective reactions.

The implications of the above reasoning point quite firmly to four proposals that would overhaul our outmoded procedures and put divorce on a sensible legal basis:

1. Divorce should be made a right to be granted automatically after a fixed period of time by a court, upon the filing of a notice of intention to procure a divorce by a person who wishes to obtain one. No explanation for why the divorce is desired should be required by this notice.

2. Allied matters concerning the custody and support of children should be determined, as is now done, by a hearing, the welfare of the children being the prime consideration.

3. Questions of alimony and the division of estate should be determined, as now, by a hearing. Here acts during the marriage which were contrary to the marriage contract could be used as evidence in determining the amount of any award.

4. Allied questions such as custody and alimony should be decided after the decree of divorce has been granted.

Certain objections to this change of procedure can be immediately anticipated. First, it would be claimed that marriage should not be easily dissolved because of resulting social instability. To disagree with this point of view is not to question the proposition that marriage is a basic social institution or to deny that divorce causes instability. It is to argue, however, that forcing two antagonistic people to stay together, if even only in legal terms, produces more instability than to allow them freedom from each other. Few human relationships are more corrosive to the persons directly and indirectly affected than a marriage of acrimonious partners. The social order can derive no benefit from the perpetuation of such relationships.

Second, what of the rights of those partners who are divorced against their wills? Should they not be able to seek to preserve their marriage? The answer to these questions must be simply that no one should have the right to deny another person the opportunity either to marry or to divorce. The party who wishes to maintain a marriage that his partner wants to dissolve is acting either from spite, self-interest, or delusion. Even if the legal form is preserved, the spouse cannot force his or her partner to stay under the same roof. In fact, the legally successful spouse gains little more in victory than the perpetuation of his or her own unhappiness; certainly the chance to hurt oneself and another person does not qualify as a right worthy of legal protection.

But, it would be argued, such an easy method of divorce would increase the divorce rate, encourage frivolous marriage, and thus should be opposed.

This is an objection with a large degree of surface plausibility, but it cannot withstand careful scrutiny. It grossly misassesses the mood in which the great majority of people approach divorce. What is truly amazing about divorce is how much people will undergo before they will seek it. The victimized spouse often exhibits a most surprising capacity for self-delusion in trying to convince himself that things will change for the better. Mr. F did not consult me until eighteen months after his wife, he thought, tried to burn him to death; Mrs. M did not consider a divorce when her husband, during her ninth month of pregnancy, locked her in a closet and left their apartment with no one else home. Only when he deserted her did she seek to divorce him. Mr. D for years lived with the hope of

saving his marriage despite constant fights and his wife's refusal to sleep with him, and did so even after finding out that she had had continuous extra-marital relations during this period. Only when he discovered that these affairs had involved eight other men, including the milkman and the laundryman, did he seek divorce. These are but a few examples. I have never seen, nor have I ever heard of, a spouse who seriously sought and eventually obtained a divorce without first enduring a lengthy period of tribulation.

This general hesitancy to seek divorce is not hard to understand. Some social stigma still attaches to it, though admittedly not much. More important, it is the disruption of one's life, both emotionally and physically. It means living alone; it means dating again with thicker waist or balding head; it means separation from children for at least one parent; it means large financial expense; it means many forms of great and small inconvenience. It is not a very attractive prospect, and it is little wonder that people do not generally rush into it.

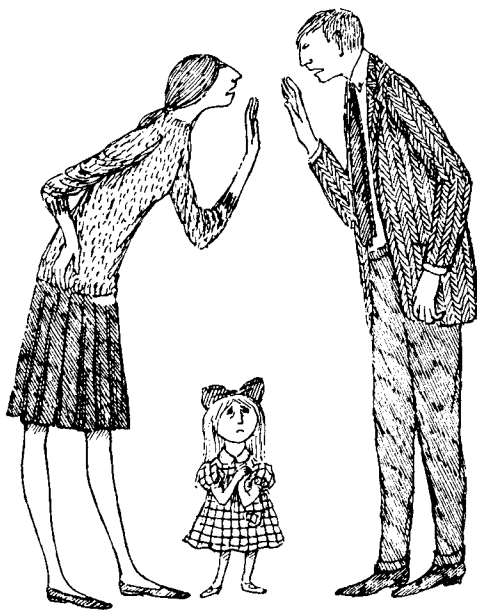
Of course, some people would, and do, take marriage frivolously. But these people are not deterred from doing so by our present laws. For now, if they have money, they simply establish residence in a state like Nevada, where it is easy to get a divorce, or go to Mexico and obtain quick divorces. If the divorce is not contested, they generally encounter little difficulty in their own states, though they will wait longer. The only people who are really inhibited at all by our present divorce laws are those who lack funds and those whose spouses will not agree to a divorce; for if agreement exists, divorce is presently always available if it can be financed. Sometimes this may require staged raids for "catching" a husband with a paramour, or a little perjury, but where the need is great the means are usually found.

Finally, frivolous marriages entered into with the thought of easy divorce can be deterred at least as well as present statutes deter them by not making divorce effective for a period of time after the decree is entered, or by not entering a decree until a fixed period has elapsed.

THE primary objection to granting divorce as a right would be voiced by those concerned with the effects of divorce upon children. Undoubtedly, the worst effects of divorces are visited upon the innocent offspring, not only because they are deprived of growing up under the same roof with both natural parents, but also because too often the parents fight over and through their children. Any alteration in our divorce laws which would complicate or burden the lives of the children would

properly stand condemned for that reason alone. But children have no stake worth protecting in a bad marriage. Nothing is worse for children than the atmosphere of a home without love, for such a home invariably is filled with rancor and tension.

Allowing divorce as a right would benefit the children in a number of important ways. By eliminating the need for a trial in order to get a divorce, the terrible spectacle of a child being called as a witness against a parent would be eliminated in most cases. Also, with no trial necessary, no ground for divorce would have to be revealed, and children could thus be spared in many instances the knowledge they now acquire of the misdeeds of one or both parents.



*An unhappy household  
is a bad nursery*

But more important, the questions of support payments, custody, and visitation rights which directly relate to children can be better dealt with if divorce is available as a right. Under our present procedures approximately 90 percent of divorce decrees are granted in uncontested cases, and these decrees usually are merely ratifications of agreements between the spouses. But these agreements are the product of bargaining, and it is the rule rather than the exception that the spouse who most wants the divorce will somewhere have to make concessions. These concessions, unfortunately, are usually made with regard to those matters which affect the children and which should be determined solely on the basis of what is best for the welfare of the children.

Sometimes, where a spouse is desperate enough,

custody of the children will be surrendered to the other spouse as the price of the divorce. The case of Mrs. W illustrates this. Mrs. W was extremely intelligent and capable, not only as a wife and mother but also as a professional artist. Her earning potential and her intellectual capacities far outstripped her husband's. She married young, and as the years elapsed, her husband, once a hero, came into true focus as a man of limited abilities who had chosen the easy path into a family business he detested but lacked the courage to leave. The marriage deteriorated but lasted until she fell genuinely in love with an engineer who was her intellectual peer. Her husband refused to allow her to divorce him unless she agreed to give him custody of their child. She could not have divorced him if he had contested it, and consequently she surrendered custody. She did this partly because she felt the worst thing for the child would be to grow up in such an obviously unhappy atmosphere and partly because she would not pass up the chance to marry the man she loved. The morality of her behavior and decision is irrelevant here; what is relevant is that the child is being reared by a combination of an inept, neurotic father and an unloving housekeeper instead of by its clearly more competent and loving mother. Without question, the court would have granted custody to the mother had custody been heard on its merits.

These extorted concessions also arise in the context of property settlements and alimony and support payments. Mr. X, for example, agreed to give Mrs. X the following to purchase his freedom: their \$30,000 house; one-half interest in their \$80,000 investment properties; his \$100,000 life insurance policy; a \$25,000 lump sum alimony payment; his automobile; weekly support payments for each minor child of \$35.00. Mr. X also agreed to remain solely responsible for paying the mortgages on the real estate he conveyed, to maintain hospitalization and medical insurance for the benefit of his children, to pay all college expenses the children might incur, and sell without unreasonable delay his valuable stamp collection to apply toward his wife's attorney's fee. The net result was to ensure his future impoverishment and her comfort to an utterly inequitable extent. But since the parties "agreed" to these terms, they were accepted by the court and thus became the judgment of the court. Making divorce a matter of right would eliminate these pressures and blackmail tactics and raise the probability that decisions concerning custody, support, and so forth would be made free of extraneous considerations.

It must be conceded, however, that the elimination of the divorce trial will not abolish all of the objectionable features which now accompany such trials. This is unfortunately true because hearings

*Drawings by Edward Gorey.*



regarding child custody, support payments, division of assets, and alimony will still provide opportunities for the parties to vilify each other, punish their children, and embarrass third parties. But the elimination of the divorce trial would sharply reduce such bitter encounters since they would then occur only when hearings on these ancillary matters were held. No longer would a spouse's fault have to be established in each case to satisfy the requirements of a ground for divorce. A party's misconduct would become relevant only, for example, as it might bear on that party's capacity to be a suitable parent, and not for the purpose of establishing misconduct *per se*. In such a context, misconduct would be but one factor pertaining to the determination of the best interests of the children. In determining who should have custody of the children, a court will seldom give conclusive weight to adultery, unless it is so flagrant or censurable that incompetence may be inferred.

Since at least 90 percent of all divorces in the United States are uncontested, it seems reasonable to suppose that the withdrawal of the divorce itself from the area of contention would lead to agreement in an even larger percentage of cases.

With elimination of the divorce trial it would no longer always be necessary to expend large sums for attorneys' fees, and, so often, fees for private investigators to gather evidence of spousal misconduct. No longer would persons always be required to endure the embarrassment and occasionally the trauma of testifying publicly about their marriage and its failure, and, in effect, their failure.

Moreover, if divorce were granted as a right, the law would be freed from the farce of uncontested divorce "trials" where the defendants don't appear, the testimony falls into patterns, the outcome is known before the show begins, and court personnel, however conscientious, have to struggle to stay awake.

The injury done to the law by this silly yet cruel charade is no less great because impossible to measure, and is all the more injurious because it corrupts not only the law but all the participants. Collusion and perjury are presumed and condoned.

Two ironic inconsistencies pervade present divorce procedure. The first is that our law attempts to regulate divorce, yet imposes almost no controls over marriage. If marriage is such a crucial concern of the state, should not a law regulate not only its dissolution but its birth? The answer, of course, is that we would not stand for such regulation. It would be an intolerable invasion of personal freedom. The second inconsistency is that while men debate whether grounds for divorce should be

liberalized, whether parties should be allowed to plan their divorce ahead of time under grounds such as the two-year voluntary separation recently passed by the New York legislature, divorce has already largely become a matter of planning and collusion where uncontested. Practically every uncontested divorce is already a joint venture of the parties. So the real question is, why maintain the divorce trial procedure when it is clearly a sham, not a trial, when its only real use is by spouses who fight legal dissolution of broken marriages for their own selfish purposes, and when the only other persons it affects are those too poor to gain access to easy jurisdictions?

The divorce trial is not a socially useful instrument but a repressive obstacle course inflicted as a punishment. In a political entity founded upon belief in the worth and judgment of man this is intolerable.

### 84% of Poor Who Get Legal Aid In Wisconsin File Divorce Suits

*Madison, Wis. Early experience with a Federal experiment in legal aid shows that poor people want divorces far more than protection from loansharks and landlords.*

*Under Judicare, a new program that allows poor people in 26 Northern Wisconsin counties to litigate civil cases at the Government's expense, 84 per cent of the cases so far have involved divorce actions. . . .*

*The one-year experiment [Judicare] is financed by a \$240,000 grant from the Office of Economic Opportunity, under a program initiated last year by the poverty agency to give the poor legal protection against unfair housing, welfare, credit and consumer practices.*

*But the first six weeks of Judicare have brought instead a rush to the divorce courts, where the poor are suing each other at a furious rate, while largely ignoring the legal issues that moved the poverty agency to enter the legal aid field.*

*According to statistics released today by the Judicare office here, the first 86 cases include 72 divorce matters — 63 divorce suits and nine custody and support actions growing out of earlier divorces. Of the 63 suits, 58 were brought by wives with Judicare cards and involved husbands who needed representation as defendants. . . .*

*According to Joseph F. Preluznik, the Judicare director, many people who have wanted divorces for years, but who could not afford them, are now filing suits.*

*He said in an interview today that in Britain, where a Judicare-type system was instituted in 1950, 80 per cent of the Government-subsidized cases in the first year were suits for divorce.*

*— From the New York Times, September 2, 1966*

# IN TROUBLE

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*An excerpt from a new novel by PHILIP ROTH*

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*Here, in fiction of a quality that brings perspective to truth, the distinguished author of GOODBYE COLUMBUS and LETTING GO depicts the making of a young marriage. This is drawn from Mr. Roth's new novel, WHEN SHE WAS GOOD, to be published in March by Random House.*

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THAT morning when the alarm rang at six thirty, she went off to the bathroom to stick a finger down her throat before the other girls started coming in to brush their teeth. This made her feel herself again, provided she skipped breakfast afterward, and avoided the corridor back of the dining hall, and forced soda crackers down her throat from time to time during the morning. Then she could get through the day's classes pretending that she was the same girl in the same body, and in the same way too — alone.

But what about last night? What about Roy saying he was willing to do his duty by her? The fainting spells had ended two weeks back, and the nausea she could starve to death every morning, but now that Roy's body seemed to be inhabited by some new person — by a man, a responsible, upright, decent man, what she had been pleading with that coward to be for weeks! — the truth came in upon her as it never had before. *A new person was inhabiting hers as well.*

She was stunned. Her predicament was real. It was no plot she had invented to bring them all to their senses. It was no scheme to force them to treat her like flesh and blood, like a human being, like a girl! And it was not going to disappear either, just because somebody besides herself was at long last taking it seriously. It was real! Some-

thing was happening which she was helpless to stop! Something was growing inside her body, and without her permission!

*And I don't want to marry him! He only said yes because he's afraid — of his family, of me, of everything! He's a weak, frightened, hopeless, childish idiot who if he lives to be a hundred will never be a proper husband or a proper father or even half of a whole human being!*

The sun wasn't even above the trees as she ran across Pendleton Park to downtown Fort Kean.

She had to wait an hour in the station for the first bus to the north. Her books were in her lap; she had some idea that she could study on the way up and be back for her two thirty, but then she had not yet a clear idea of why she was suddenly rushing home to Liberty Center, or what would happen there. On the bench in the empty station she tried to calm herself by reading the English assignment she had planned to do in her free hour before lunch; and during lunch, which she didn't eat anyway. "Here you will have a chance to examine, and then practice, several skills used in writing effective sentences. The skills presented are those —"

She didn't want to marry him! He was the last person in the world she would ever want to marry!

She began gagging only a little way beyond Fort Kean. When he heard her, the driver pulled to the

side of the road. She dropped out the back door and threw her soiled handkerchief into a puddle. Aboard again, she sat in the rear corner praying that she would not be ill, or faint, or begin to sob. She must not think of food; she must not even think of the crackers she had forgotten in her flight from the dorm; she must not think of what she was going to say, or to whom.

What *was* she going to say?

"Here you will have a chance to examine, and then practice, several skills used in writing effective sentences. The skills presented are those used by writers of the models in the Description Section —" Years ago there was a farm girl at L.C. High who took so large a dose of castor oil to try to make the baby come out that she blew a hole in her stomach. She contracted a terrible case of peritonitis, and lost the baby, but afterward, because she had come so close to dying, everyone forgave her, and kids who hadn't even noticed her before — "Here you will have a chance to examine, and then practice, several skills used in writing —" Curt Bonham, the basketball star . . . He had been a year ahead of her. In March of his last term he and a friend had tried to walk home across the river one night while the ice was breaking up, and Curt had drowned. His whole class voted unanimously to dedicate the yearbook to him, and his graduation photograph appeared all by itself on the opening page of "The Liberty Bell." And beneath the black-bordered picture was written:

Smart lad, to slip betimes away  
From fields where glory does not stay . . .  
ELLIOT CURTIS BONHAM  
1930-1947

WHAT is it?" her mother asked when she came through the front door. "Lucy, what are you doing here? What's the matter?"

"I got here by bus, Mother. That's how people get from Fort Kean to Liberty Center. Bus."

"But what is it? Lucy, you're so pale."

"Is anyone else home?" she asked. "Where is everyone?"

"Daddy Will took Grandma over to the market in Winnisaw."

"And he went to work? Your husband?"

"Lucy, what is it? Why aren't you in school?"

"I'm getting married Christmas Day," she said, moving into the parlor.

Sadly her mother spoke. "We heard. We know."

"How did you hear?"

"Lucy, weren't you going to tell us?"

"We only decided last night. How did you hear, Mother?"

"Roy's father spoke to Daddy."

"Daddy Will?"

"To your father."

"Oh? And what came of that, may I ask?"

"Well, he took your side. Well, that's what came of it. Lucy, I'm answering your question. He took your side, and without a moment's hesitation. Despite our not having been properly told by our own daughter the day of her own wedding —"

"What did he say, Mother? Exactly."

"He told Mr. Bassart he couldn't speak for Roy, of course — He told Mr. Bassart we feel you are mature enough to know your own mind —"

"Well, maybe I'm not!"

"Lucy, you can't think everything he does is wrong just because he does it! He *believes* in you."

"Tell him not to then!"

"Dear —"

"I'm going to have a baby, Mother. So please tell him not to!"

"Lucy — you are?"

"Yes! Of course I am! Why else would I marry that idiot! I hate him, Mother! I can't stand his guts!"

She ran off to the kitchen just in time to be sick in the sink.

She was put to bed in her room. "Here you will have a chance —" The book slid off the bed onto the floor. What was there to do now but wait?

The mail fell through the slot in the hallway and onto the welcome mat. The vacuum cleaner started up. The car pulled into the driveway. She heard her grandmother's voice down on the front porch. She slept.

Her mother brought her tea and toast. "I told Grandma it was the grippe," she whispered to her daughter. "Is that all right?"

Would her grandmother believe that she had come home because of the grippe? Where was Daddy Will? What had she told *him*?

"He didn't even come inside, Lucy. He'll be back this afternoon."

"Does he know I'm home?"

"Not yet."

*Home.* But why not? For years they had complained that she acted contemptuous of everything they said or did; for years they complained that she refused to let them give her a single word of advice; she lived among them like a stranger, like an enemy even, unfriendly, uncommunicative, nearly unapproachable. Well, could they say she was behaving like their enemy today? She had come home. So what were they going to do?

She drank some of the tea. She sank back into the pillow her mother had fluffed up for her and drew one finger lightly round and round her lips. Lemon. It smelled so nice. Forget everything else. Just wait. Time will pass. Eventually something will have to be done.



She fell asleep with her face on her fingers.

Her grandmother came up the stairs carrying a wet mustard plaster. The patient let her nightgown be unbuttoned. "That'll loosen it up," said Grandma Berta, pressing it down. "The two important things, rest and heat. Plenty of heat. Much as you can possibly stand," and she piled two blankets more onto the patient.

Lucy closed her eyes. Why hadn't she done this at the start instead of suffering all these weeks while Roy Bassart made up his mind whether or not to do his duty and be a man? Why hadn't she just gotten into bed and left it all to them? Wasn't that what they were always wanting to be, her family?

She was awakened by the piano. Her mother's students had begun to arrive for their lessons. She thought, "*But I don't have the grippe.*" But then she drove the thought, and the panic that accompanied it, right from her mind.

It must have begun snowing while she was asleep. She pulled a blanket off the bed, wrapped it around her, and at the window put her mouth on the cold glass and watched the cars sliding down the street. The window began to grow warm where her mouth was pressed against it. Breathing in and out, she could make the circle of steam on the glass expand and contract. What would happen when her grandmother found out what really was wrong with her? And her grandfather, when he got home? And her father!

She had forgotten to tell her mother not to tell him. Maybe she wouldn't anyway. But then would anything happen?

She scuffed with her slippers across the old worn rug and got back into her bed. She thought to pick her English book up from the floor and work a little on those sentences; instead she got way down under the blankets, and with her faintly lemony fingers under her nose, slept for the sixth or seventh time.

**B**YOND the window it was dark, though from where she sat propped up in bed the snow could be seen floating through the light of the streetlamp across the street. Her father knocked on her door and asked if he could come in.

"It's not locked" was her response.

"Well," he said, stepping into the room, "so this is how the rich spend their days. Not bad."

She could tell that his words had been prepared. She did not look up from the blanket, but began to smooth it out with her hand. "I have the grippe."

"Smells to me," he said, "like you've been eating hot dogs."

She did not smile or speak.

"I tell you what it smells like. Smells like Comiskey Park, down in Chicago."

"Mustard plaster," she finally said.

"Well," he said, giving the door a push so that it closed, "that's one of your grandmother's real pleasures in life. That's one," he said, lowering his voice, "and the other is — no, I think that about covers it."

She only shrugged, as though she had no opinions on people's habits one way or the other. Was he clowning because he knew, or because he didn't know? She saw from the corner of her eye that the pale hairs on the back of his hands were wet; he had washed up before coming into her room.

The smell of dinner cooking below caused her to begin to feel ill.

"Mind if I sit at the foot here?" he said.

"If you want to."

She mustn't be sick, not again. She mustn't arouse in him a single suspicion. Oh, she did not want him to know, ever!

"Let's see," he was saying. "Do I want to or don't I want to? I want to."

She yawned; he sat.

"Well," he said, "nice and cozy up here."

She stared straight ahead into the snowy evening.

"Winter's coming in with a rush this time," he said.

He was so close to her, how could she not? She glanced quickly over at him. "I suppose." She turned back to the window instantly and was able to collect herself in that way. She could not remember the last time she had looked directly into his eyes.

"Did I ever tell you," he said, "about the time I sprained my ankle when I was working at McConnell's? It swelled way up, and I came home, and your grandmother just lit up all over. Hot compresses, she said. So I sat down in the kitchen and rolled up my trouser leg. You should have seen her boiling up the water on the stove. Somehow it reminded me of all those cannibals over in Africa. She can't see how it can be good for you, unless it hurts or smells bad."

Suppose she just blurted out the truth to him?

"A lot of people like that," he said. "So," and gave her foot a squeeze where it stuck up at the end of the bed, "how's school going, Goosie?"

"All right."

"I hear you're learning French. *Parlez-vous?*"

"French is one of my subjects, yes."

"And let's see — what else? You and me haven't had a good conversation in a long time now, have we?"

She did not answer.

"Oh, and how's Roy doing?"

Instantly she said, "Fine."

Her father took his hand off her foot at last.

"Well," he said, "we heard, you know, about the wedding."

"Where's Daddy Will?"

"I'm talking to you right now, Lucy. What do you want him for while I'm talking to you?"

"I didn't say I wanted him. I only asked where he was."

"Out," her father said. "Your grandfather is out!"

"Isn't he even going to have dinner?"

"He went out!" He rose from the bed. "I don't ask where he goes, or when he eats. How do I know where he is? He's out!" And he left the room.

In a matter of seconds, her mother appeared.

"What happened now?"

"I asked where Daddy Will is, that's all," Lucy answered. "What's wrong with that?"

"But is Daddy Will your father or is your father your father?"

"But you told him," she burst out.

"Lucy," said her mother, shutting the door, "lower your voice."

"But you did. You told him! And I didn't say you should!"

"Lucy, you came home; dear, you said —"

"I don't want him to know! It's not his business!"

"Now you must stop, unless you want others to know too."

"But I don't care who knows! I'm not ashamed! And don't start crying, Mother!"

"Then let him talk to you, *please*. He wants to."

"Oh, does he?"

"Lucy, you have to listen to him. You have to give him a chance."

She turned and hid her face in the pillow. "I didn't want him to *know*, Mother."

Her mother sat on the bed and put her hand on the girl's hair.

"And," said Lucy, moving back, "what was he going to say, anyway? Why didn't he just say it out, if he had anything to say?"

"Because," her mother pleaded, "you didn't give him the chance."

"Well, I'm giving *you* a chance, Mother."

There was a silence.

"Tell me!"

"Lucy — dear, what would you think — what would you say — what would you think, I mean — of going for a visit —"

"Oh, no."

"Please let me finish. Of going to visit your father's cousin Vera. In Florida."

"And is that his idea of what to do with me?"

"Lucy, till this is over. For a little while."

"Nine months is no little while, Mother —"

"But it would be warm there, and pleasant —"

"Oh," she said, beginning to cry into the pillow,

"very pleasant. Why doesn't he ship me off to a home for wayward girls; wouldn't that be even easier?"

"Don't say that. He doesn't want to send you anywhere, you know that."

"He wishes I'd never been born, Mother. He thinks I'm why everything is so wrong with *him*."

"That's not *so*."

"Then," she said, sobbing, "he'd have one less responsibility to feel guilty about. If he even felt guilty to begin with."

"But he does, terribly."

"Well, he should!" she said. "He is!"

Some twenty minutes after her mother had run from the room, her grandfather knocked. Daddy Will was wearing his lumber jacket and held his cap in his hands. The brim was dark where the snow had dampened it.

"Hey, I hear somebody's been asking for me."

"Hullo."

"You sound like death-warmed-over, my friend. You ought to be outside and feel that wind. Then you'd really appreciate being sick in bed."

She did not answer.

"Stomach settle down?" he asked.

"Yes."

He pulled a chair over to the side of the bed. "How's about another mustard plaster? Berta called me at the Erwins, and on the way home I stopped and bought a whole fresh packet. So just say when."

She turned and looked at the wall.

"What is it, Lucy? Maybe you want Dr. Eglund. That's what I told Myra —"

He pulled the chair right up close. "Lucy, I never saw anything like the change in your father this time," he said softly. "Not a drop — not a single solitary drop, Lucy. He is taking this whole decision of yours right in his stride. You set a date, and it was just fine with him. Fine with all of us, Lucy — whatever you think is going to make you and Roy happy."

"I want my mother."

"Don't you feel good again? Maybe the doctor —"

"I want my mother! My mother, and not him!"

She was still looking at the wall when her door opened.

"Myra," her father said, "sit over there. Sit, I said."

"Yes."

"All right, Lucy. Turn over." He was standing by the side of the bed. "Roll over, I said."

"Lucy," her mother begged, "look at us, please."

"I don't have to see that his shoes are shined and his jaw is set and what a new man he is. I don't have to see his necktie, or him either!"

"Lucy —"

"Myra, be quiet. If she wants to act like a two-year-old at a time like this, let her."

She whispered, "Look who's talking about two-year-olds."

"Listen, young lady. Your back talk doesn't faze me one way or the other. There have always been smart-aleck teen-agers, and there always will be, especially this generation. You just listen to me, that's all, and if you're too ashamed to look me in the eye —"

"Ashamed!" she cried, but she did not move.

"Are you or are you not going to visit Cousin Vera?"

"I don't even *know* Cousin Vera."

"That isn't what I'm asking."

"I can't go off alone to someone I don't even know — and what? Make up filthy lies for the neighbors —?"

"But they wouldn't be lies," said her mother.

"What would they be, Mother. The truth?"

"They would be *stories*," her father said. "That you have a husband overseas — in the Army."

"Oh, you know all about stories, I'm sure; but I tell the truth!"

"Then," he said, "just what do you intend to do about getting into trouble with somebody you say you can't even stand?"

She turned violently from the wall as though she intended to hurl herself at him. "Don't you take such a tone with me! Don't you dare!"

"I am not taking any tone!"

"Because I am not ashamed — not in front of you I'm not!"

"Now watch it, you, just watch it. Because I can still give you a licking, smart as you think you are."

"Oh," she said bitterly, "can you?"

"Yes!"

"Go ahead then."

"Oh, wonderful," he said, and walked to the window, where he stood as though looking outside. "Just wonderful."

"Lucy," said her mother, "if you don't want to go to Cousin Vera's, then what do you want to do? Just tell us."

"You're the parents. You were always *dying* to be the parents."

"Now look," said her father, turning to face her once again. "First, Myra, you sit down. And stay down. And you," he said, waving a finger at his daughter, "you give me your attention, do you hear? Now there is a crisis here, you understand that? There is a crisis here involving my daughter, and I am going to deal with it, and it's going to be dealt with."

"Fine," said Lucy. "Deal."

"Then be *still*," her mother pleaded, "and let him talk." But when she made a move to the bed her husband looked at her and she retreated.

"Now either I'm going to do it," he said, speaking between his teeth to his wife, "or I'm not. Now which is it?"

She lowered her eyes.

"Unless, of course, you want to call your daddy in," he said.

"I'm sorry."

"Now," said her father, "if you wanted to marry that Roy Bassart — such as we understood you did, Lucy — that would be one thing. But this is something else entirely. Who he is I see pretty clear now, and the less said about him the better. I understand the whole picture, so there is just no need for raising voices. He was older, back from the service, and just thought to himself he could come back here last year and take advantage of a young seventeen-year-old high school girl. And that's what he did. But he is his father's business, Lucy, and we will have to leave it to his high and mighty father, the big schoolteacher, to teach something into that boy's hide. Oh, his father thinks he is very superior and all in his ways, but I guess he is going to have another guess coming now. But my concern is with you, Lucy, and what is uppermost to you. Do you understand that? My concern is your going to college, which has always been your dream, right? Now, the question is this, do you still want your dream, or don't you?"

She did not favor him with a reply.

"OK," he said, "I am going to go ahead on my assumption that you do, just as you always did. Now, next — to give you your dream I am going to do anything I can — Are you listening to me? Anything that is going to give it to you, do you follow me? Because what that so-called ex-G.I. has done to you, which I would like to put my hands around his throat for, well, that is not going to just take away your dream, lock, stock, and barrel . . . Now, anything," he went on, "even something that isn't usual and ordinary, and that might to some folks seem very — out of the question." He came close to the bed so that he could speak without being heard outside the room. "Now, do you know what *anything* means, before I go to the next step?"

"Giving up whiskey?"

"I want you to go to college, it means! I have given up whiskey, for your information!"

"Really?" she asked. "Again?"

"Lucy, since Thanksgiving," her mother began.

"Myra, you be still."

"I was only telling her —"

"But *I* will tell her," he said. "*I* will do the telling!"

"Yes," his wife said softly.

"Now," he said, turning back to Lucy, "drink is neither here or there. Drink is not the issue."

"Oh, no?"

"No! A baby is!"



And that made her look away.

"An illegitimate baby is," he said again, "And if you don't *want* that illegitimate baby," his voice had fallen almost to a whisper now, "then maybe we will have to arrange that you don't have it. If Cousin Vera's is still something you are going to consider out of the question."

"It absolutely is! I will not spend nine months lying! I will not get big and pregnant and lie!"

"Shhh!"

"Well, I won't," she muttered.

"OK." He wiped his mouth with his hand. "Then let's do this in order. And without voice-raising, as there are other people who live in this house."

"We're the other people who live here."

"Be still!" he said. "Everybody knows that without your back talk!"

"Then just what are you proposing to me? Say it!"

Her mother rushed to the bed at last. "Lucy," she said, taking hold of her hand, "Lucy, it's only to help *you* —"

And then her father took hold of the other hand, and it was as though some current were about to pass through the three of them. She closed her eyes, waited — and her father spoke. And she let him. And she saw the future. She saw herself seated between her two parents as her father drove them across the bridge to Winnisaw. It would be early morning. The doctor would only just have finished with his breakfast. He would come to the door to greet them, and her father would shake his hand. In his office the doctor would seat himself behind a big dark desk, and she would sit in a chair, and her parents would be together on a sofa, while the doctor explained to them exactly what he was going to do. He would have all his medical degrees right up on the wall, in frames. When she went off with him into the little white operating room, her mother and father would smile at her from the sofa. And they would wait there until it was time to bundle her up and take her home.

When her father had finished, she said, "But it must cost a fortune."

"The object isn't the money, honey," he said.

"The object is you," said her mother.

How nice that sounded. Like a poem. She was just beginning to study poetry, too. Her last English composition had been an interpretation of "Ozymandias." She had only received the paper back on Monday morning, a B plus for the very first interpretation she had ever written of a poem in college. Only on Monday she had thought it was going to be her last. Before Roy had finally returned to Fort Kean with his big brave decision made, her recurring thought had been to run away. And now she didn't have to; and she didn't have to

marry him either. Now she could concentrate on one thing and one thing only, on school, on French, history, poetry . . .

The object isn't money,  
The object is you.

"But where," she asked softly, "will you get it all?"

"Let me worry about that," her father said. "OK?"

"Will you work?"

"Wow," he said to Myra. "She sure don't pull her punches, your daughter here." The red that had risen into his cheeks remained, even as he tried to maintain a soft joking tone. "Come on, Goosie, what do you say? Give me a break, huh? Where do you think I've been all day today, anyway? Taking a stroll on the boulevard? Playing a tennis game? What do you think I've been doing all my life since I was eighteen years old, and part-time before that? Work, Lucy, just plain old work, day in and day out."

"Not at one job," she said.

"Well, so I moved around — that's true —"

She was going to cry; they were talking!

"Look," he said, "why don't you think of it this way. You have a daddy who is a jack of all trades. You should be proud. Come on, Goosie-pie, how about a smile like I used to get back in prehistoric times?"

She felt her mother squeeze her hand.

"Look," he said, "why do you think people always hire Duane Nelson no matter what? Because he sits around twiddling his thumbs, or because he knows every kind of machine there is, inside out? Now which? That's not a hard question, is it, for a smart college girl?"

Afterward she would read in bed. She would have her assignments mailed up to her while she recuperated in her bed. Yes, a college girl. And without Roy. He wasn't so bad, he just wasn't for her, that was all. He would just disappear, and she could begin to make friends at school, friends to bring home with her when she came to visit on the weekend. For things would have changed.

Could that be? At long last those terrible days of hatred and solitude, over? To think — she could begin again to talk to her family, to tell them about all the things she was studying, to show them her papers. Stuck into her English book right there on the floor was the essay she had written on "Ozymandias." B plus, and across the front the professor had written, "Excellent paragraph development; good understanding of meaning; good use of quotation; but please don't stuff your sentences so." And maybe she *had* overdone the main topic sentence somewhat, but her intention had been to state at the outset all those ideas that she would

later take up in the body of the essay. "Even a great king," her paper began, "such as Ozymandias apparently had been, could not predict or control what the future, or Fate, held in store for him and his kingdom; that, I think, is the message that Percy Bysshe Shelley, the poet, means for us to come away with from his romantic poem 'Ozymandias,' which not only reveals the theme of the vanity of human wishes — even a king's — but deals also with the concept of the immensity of 'boundless and bare' life and the inevitability of the 'colossal wreck' of everything, as compared to the 'sneer of cold command,' which is all many mere mortals have at their command, unfortunately."

"But is he clean?" she asked.

"A hundred percent," her father said. "Spotless, Lucy. Like a hospital."

"And how old is he?" she asked.

"Oh," her father said, "middle-aged, I'd say."

A moment passed. Then: "That's the catch, isn't it?"

"What kind of catch?"

"He's too old."

"Now what do you mean 'too old'? If anything, he's real experienced."

"But is this all he does?"

"Lucy, he's a regular doctor who does this as a special favor, that's all."

"But he charges, you said."

"Well, sure, he charges."

"Then it's not a special favor. He does it for money."

"Well, everybody has got bills to meet. Everybody has got to be paid for what they do."

But she saw herself dead. The doctor would be no good, and she would die.

"How do you know about him?"

"Because," and here he stood and hitched up his trousers. "Through a friend," he finally said.

"Who?"

"Lucy, I'm afraid maybe that's got to be a secret."

"But where did you hear about him?" Where *would* he hear about such a doctor? "At Earl's famous Dugout of Buddies? At a *saloon*?"

"Lucy, that's not necessary," said her mother.

Her father walked to the window again. He cleared a pane with the palm of his hand. "Well," he said, "it's stopped snowing. It's stopped snowing, if anybody cares."

"All I meant —" Lucy began.

"*Is what?*" He had turned back to her.

"Is — do you know anybody who he's ever done it to, that's all?"

"Yes, I happen to, for your information!"

"And they're alive?"

"For your information, yes!"

"Well, it's my life. I have a right to know."

"Why don't you just trust me! I'm not going to kill you!"

"Oh, Duane," her mother said, "she *does*!"

"Don't speak for me, Mother!"

"Hear that?" he cried to his wife.

"Well, he might just be some quack drinking friend, who says he's a doctor or something. Well, how do I know, Mother? Maybe it's even Earl himself in his red suspenders!"

"Yeah, that's who it is," her father shouted.

"Earl Duval! Sure! What's the matter with you? You think I don't mean it when I say I want you to finish college?"

"Dear, he does. You're his daughter."

"That doesn't mean he knows whether a doctor is good or not, Mother. Suppose I die!"

"But I just told you," he cried, shaking a fist at her, "you won't!"

"But how do you know?"

"Because she didn't, did she!"

"Who?"

No one had to speak for her to understand.

"Oh, no." She dropped slowly back against the headboard.

Her mother covered her face with her hands.

"When?" said Lucy.

"But she's alive, isn't she?" He was pulling at his shirt with his hands. "Answer the point I'm making! I am speaking! She did not die! She did not get hurt in any way at all!"

"Mother," she said, turning to her, "when?"

But her mother only shook her head. Lucy got up out of the bed. "Mother, when did he make you do that?"

"He didn't make me."

"Oh, Mother," she said, standing before her. "You're my *mother*."

"Lucy, you were a little girl. It was in the Depression times. It was long ago. Oh, it's all forgotten. Daddy Will, Grandma, they don't know," she whispered, "don't have to —"

"But the Depression was over when I was three, when I was four."

"What?" her father cried. "Are you kidding?" To his wife he said, "Is she kidding?"

"Lucy," her mother said, "we did it for you."

"Oh, yes," she said, moving backward onto her bed, "for me, everything was for me."

"Lucy, we couldn't have another baby. Not when we were so far behind and trying so to fight back —"

"But if only he did his job! If he only stopped being a coward!"

"Look," he said, coming angrily at her, "you don't even know when the Depression was, or what it was, either — *so watch what you say!*"

"I do too know!"

"The whole country was behind the eight ball,

not just me! If you want to call names, you call the whole United States of America names!"

"Oh, sure, the whole *world*."

"Don't you know history?" he cried. "Don't you know anything?" he demanded.

"I know what you made her do, you!"

"But," her mother cried, "I *wanted* to."

"Did you hear that?" he shouted. "Did you hear what your mother just said to you?"

"But you're the man!"

"I am also a human being!"

"That's no excuse!"

"Oh, what am I arguing with you for? You don't know *a* from *z* as far as life is concerned, and you never will! You wouldn't know a man's job if I did it!"

Silence.

"Hear, Mother? Hear your husband?" said Lucy. "Did you hear what he just said, right out in the open?"

"Hear what I *mean*," he cried.

"But what you *said* —"

"I don't care! Stop trapping me! I came in here to solve a crisis, but how can I do it when nobody lets me even begin? Or end! You'd rather trap me — throw me in jail like you did already! That's what you'd rather do! You'd rather humiliate me in this whole town, and make me looked down on as the town joke!"

"Town drunk!"

"Drunk?" he said. "Town drunk? You ought to see the town drunk. You think I'm the town drunk? Well, you ought to just see a town drunk, and then think what you're saying twice before you say it. You don't know what a town drunk is. You don't know what anything is! You — you just want me behind bars — that's your big wish in life, and always has been!"

"It's not."

"It is."

"But that's *over*," cried Myra.

"Sure it's over," said her father. "Sure, people just forget how a daughter threw her own father in jail. Called up the police at the age of fifteen because her own father had one lousy beer too many! Sure, people don't talk about that behind your back. People don't like to tell stories on a person, oh, no. People are always giving other people a chance to change and get their strength back. Sure, that's what this little scene is all about too. You bet it is. Oh, she's got me fixed, boy — and that's the way it's going to be. That's how brilliant she is,

your so-called college girl scholarship daughter. Well, go ahead, so-called daughter who knows all the answers, solve your own life. Because I'm not good enough for a person like you, and never have been. What am I anyway? The town drunk to you."

He pulled open the door and went loudly down the stairs. They could hear him in the parlor, bel-lowing at Daddy Will. "Go ahead, Mr. Carroll. You're the only one can solve things around here. Go ahead, it's Daddy Will everyone wants around here anyway. I'm just extra anyway. I'm just along for the ride, we all know that."

"Shouting won't help anything, Duane —"

"Right, right you are, Berta. Nothing will help anything around here."

"Willard," said Berta, "tell this person —"

"What's the trouble, Duane? What's the fuss?"

"Oh, nothing you can't fix, Willard. Because you're the big daddy, and me, I'm just along for the ride."

"Willard, where is he going? Dinner is all ready."

"Duane, where are you going?"

"I don't know. Maybe I'll go down and see old Tom Whipper."

"Who's he?"

"The town drunk, Willard! That's **who** the town drunk is, damn it — Tom Whipper!"

The door slammed, and then the house was silent except for the whispering that began downstairs.

Lucy lay without moving on the bed.

Her mother was crying.

"Mother, why, *why* did you let him make you do that?"

"I did what I had to," said her mother mourn-fully.

"You didn't! You let him trample on your dig-nity, Mother! You were his doormat! His slave!"

"Lucy, I did what was necessary," she said, sobbing.

"That's not always right, though! You have to do what's *right*!"

"It was." She spoke as in a trance. "It was. It was."

"It wasn't! Not for you! He degrades you, Mother, and you let him! Always! All our lives!"

"Oh, Lucy, whatever we say, our suggestions, you refuse."

"I refuse — I refuse to live your life again, Mother, that's what I refuse!" And so she was married to Roy Bassart on Christmas Day.



# WRITTEN AT VIVIAN COURT

*HONG KONG 1966*

BY SANDRA HOCHMAN

Shadows  
Forget  
Who I  
Am.  
I have bathed  
For the second time  
Today and I feel  
New. Terry-cloth  
Bathrobes  
Bloom  
In hooked  
Corners, curling  
Fans and brushes  
Sleep in the living room,  
Flowers  
Burn  
Holes in the air  
With nude  
Colors. And rain  
Strikes like  
Pebbles  
All day  
Forming wide circles  
On the window.  
All morning

I have been  
Thinking  
Of the Organization  
Of Paradise — the  
Wide circles of planets  
Forming curls  
In the sky — the  
Rings stars and heavens  
Ending —  
In the eye of a rose.  
I see myself  
Tremble in  
A glass of water. I  
No longer know  
Who I am — or who  
I will be and no  
Longer care. I am changed  
By thoughts  
Of this morning  
And changed by the  
Strong  
Calm of my life. Green  
Whiskered birds  
Fly under my  
Fingers — all urgent

Messengers  
Telling what I  
Know. Now kingfishers  
Fly through  
Trees seeing  
Me through the windows —  
Their wings tough  
As fish scales —  
Their beaks  
Harder than dry  
Yellow fruit. This  
Is not all. How  
Can this be all  
And be so true? I  
Breathe my whole life  
In one morning. My room  
Is balanced on a cloud,  
Houses below. Mad white  
Pagodas tilted in brick. Long  
Walks that end in  
Palms. I tremble  
  
All day  
In a glass  
Of water.

# MY FATHER

by Hubert H. Humphrey



1948 Photograph by Wide World Photos.

*"Before the fact is the dream," a small-town South Dakota druggist used to remind his two sons and two daughters. One of the sons went on to become mayor of Minneapolis, senator from Minnesota, and Vice President of the United States. Hubert H. Humphrey's memoir of his father tells much about both men, and about a vanishing kind of America.*

THE first time I ever saw my father weep, I was sixteen years old and he was forty-five. It was something I never forgot, not just because it moved me deeply, though it surely did, but because what followed was so typical of my father's approach to life.

I was coming home from high school in Doland, South Dakota, the town we had resided in since I was four years old. It was our town, heart and soul; and the wonderful house we lived in was the kind of home every lucky child has in his life — a warm nest for all the excitement and love of the formative years.

It wasn't a building that would be a showplace in a big city, but it was a pretty good house, as good as any in Doland. It was a large squarish place with white siding and a porch, beautiful shade trees on the front lawn, and a plum and apple orchard in the back. Mother loved that house — it had hardwood floors, a big basement, and two bathrooms. Dad loved it. And for the children — my older brother, Ralph, my two younger sisters, Frances and Fern, and me — it was as taken for granted and as beautiful as the sky or trees.

When I came home that day back in 1927, there was Mother standing under a big cottonwood on the front lawn, and she was crying. She was standing next to Dad and a stranger. Both men looked very solemn, and it was obvious that something was wrong. Mother said, "Dad has to sell the house." There were bills that had to be paid. My father and the man talked for a short time. Then Dad signed a paper. The man went away, and afterward Dad wept.

Seeing my father's tears shook me. He was a broad-shouldered man almost six feet tall, with big strong hands, a jutting chin, and that high forehead which his children inherited from him. His rimless glasses sometimes gave him a professorial look, but he was so jolly and vigorous that the most noticeable thing about him was seemingly inexhaustible zest. He just couldn't be passive about anything.

This event was probably the most profound experience of my early years. It was the moment

I ceased being a child, when I began to have an adult's awareness of the pain and tragedy in life. It was sharpened because about the same time other people in town began suffering similar losses of home and happiness. One neighbor committed suicide over the same kind of trouble.

But through the years, I carried with me from that scene not just the picture of this masterful man in tears, but the fact that after this terrible loss he carried not an ounce of bitterness, of apology or defeatism. He continued to do what he had always done — to plunge into life without protecting himself with suspicion, reserve, or emotional caution. People like that enjoy the sunshine of life to the full. But many of them are unprepared for the storms, and when they are shocked or hurt, they withdraw and cover up. Not Dad. The same sensitivity to things he cared for that made him weep carried him beyond this wound into the future. Right up to the time he died, in November of 1949, he had an undiminished appetite for life, the bitter and the sweet, with nothing held back.

Dad was a man in love his whole life. It just never occurred to him to hold back his feelings, to question honest emotion, or to hesitate about the things he valued. What he felt, he felt wholeheartedly. But he was no simple pleasure-seeker. He loved a good time, but for him a good time was something that touched the spirit and had a good purpose. He was a born teacher, a missionary with a sense of humor.

He ran a small-town drugstore, and our lives revolved around the store and the house. I was born in a room over the drugstore — in Wallace, South Dakota — and grew up in the drugstore. But it was typical of my father that his stores were never cold or impersonal places. This didn't mean he was careless. He was a meticulous businessman. He never let us forget the importance of keeping precise books and a sharp eye on inventory. He was one of the most ingenious promoters I have ever met, and he started merchandising items by open displays in his little store long before this became standard doctrine in modern selling. He was probably the most enterprising businessman in town. In his store there was talk about politics, town affairs, and religion, just as there was around our dinner table. They used to say about Dad, "He never sells you a pill without selling you an idea."

Even though he was the town rebel, people liked and respected my father. This was South Dakota in the 1920s. People were religious, and they were Republican, and it was pretty hard to tell where the religion stopped and the Republicanism began. Of the 660 people in Doland, only 5 were Democrats.

Swimming against the tide never bothered my father. He and his brothers were very close, especially in their earlier years in Minnesota. Harry

left a teaching career at Stanford to become chief plant pathologist in the Department of Agriculture, and he used to write long letters to Dad from Washington on public policy. He was interested in politics, though not so much in hard party politics.

Uncle John was a strong Republican. When Dad decided he would be a Democrat ("I heard William Jennings Bryan and became a Democrat" was how he explained it), it almost broke up the relationship between him and his brother John.

In Doland Dad was a Democrat among friends and neighbors who took their Republicanism very seriously. And while he was a kind and understanding man, when he got into political debate he gave it everything he had, and that could be pretty vigorous. When Al Smith ran for President in 1928 (and it was a heated issue, both political and religious, in Spink County), Dad was the Democratic county chairman. Smith got five votes in Doland, and everyone knew Dad's was one of them.

My father once ran for state chairman. He was one of the state's leading Democrats, and he shared in the long, hard fight to make South Dakota a truly two-party state. He was elected to the state legislature, and he had higher political ambitions. I know that in a sense he sacrificed his own for me. My desire to return to the University of Minnesota in 1937 posed a problem. I would no longer be available to help run the store, and my father would not be free to pursue his political career as fully as he wanted. Although my leaving for the university would greatly restrict his political activity, he never hesitated for a moment.

DAD had begun my political training long before. For example, back in Doland when most of the town wanted to sell the municipally owned power plant to a private utility, Dad was against it. He was a city councilman then, and he fought the idea tooth and nail. I was only twelve years old, but he would take me to the evening meetings of the council, put me in a chair by a corner window, and then he'd do battle, hour after hour. Toward the latter part of the evening I'd doze off, but I'd wake up when Dad hit another climax. He lost that fight, but his independence, his outspokenness, his spirit never interfered with the mutual respect he and the town had for each other. He was a Democrat and a rebel in a politically orthodox town, but they elected him mayor.

I guess that today the psychiatrists would call my father an integrated man. For him life was not a series of insulated cubicles, each hermetically sealed from the others, one for personal emotion, one for business, one for politics, one for family, one for education, and one for social life. For him



private feelings, business, politics, family, education, and social life were all parts of a single life process with no clear line that separated one from the other. He used to say, "My best friends are my children, and then my books," but it was perfectly obvious that he was a vital part of everything that touched his life.

This was surely true of his political principles. He would no sooner think of abandoning principle than he would his children or his business. Where they clashed, as they sometimes did, he found a way to maintain decent human relations without compromising his ideals.

My mother, for example, came from a strict Lutheran family, and a Republican one at that. She was a sensitive woman who wrote poetry, and was more conventional than my father. I still remember the household controversy over the fact that she voted for Warren Harding and Calvin Coolidge. Yet she and my father were devoted to each other in a way that left no doubt. Over and over he would say to us, "Now, children. You treat your mother with respect. Don't you argue with her, and don't ever speak harshly to her, because she's my sweetheart. Don't ever forget that. If you ever treat her badly, you can just leave."

He was dead serious. But I remember once he said to Ralph and me, "Boys, your mother is a lovely woman, a fine, faithful wife, and you treat her with respect every day of your life. But there's only one thing I want you boys to remember: sometimes she's politically unreliable."

My mother used to get a little uneasy because I had some friends she thought were too unusual, but my father encouraged us to know and understand all kinds of people. Shantytown in Doland was where poor kids lived, and I had friends there, though my mother frowned on some of them. One day I took one of them into the drugstore and told my father, "Dad, Jonathan here doesn't have any shoes, and his feet are so cold they're blue." My father took one look, pushed the "No Sale" key on the cash register, took out some money, and walked Jonathan down the street to buy him woolen socks and a pair of sturdy boots.

Once there was a big road-construction job on the edge of town; a lot of the workmen were Negroes. I used to sell newspapers to the townspeople and also to the Negro workmen, and pretty soon they let me ride the mule teams with them and sit beside them on the steam shovel. When they'd come into town, people would stare at them since most of the folks didn't know them. But the men would call me by name as they went by, and I'd get up on the wagon seat with them. This horrified my mother, but my father was pleased.

My mother and father disagreed a long time on churches. She was a very strict churchgoer. But

my father was influenced in his youth by Robert Ingersoll, the "Great Agnostic." One of my best friends in town was Julian Hartt, the local minister's son. At the age of forty, Dad consented to be baptized by Julian's father into the Methodist Church on the same day that Ralph and I were baptized. But he refused to have it done in church in front of everybody. Instead, he got Reverend Hartt to do it in Doc Sherwood's office over the drugstore.

It was just like my father that once he joined the church, he savored it to the fullest. He taught Sunday school and had the biggest and most enthusiastic class in the county. He'd sometimes bring ten people home from church for Sunday dinner.

As the 1920s wore on, life began to get hard for the farmers. In 1920 a bushel of wheat sold for \$2.76, but the price slid to less than \$1.40, and in the Depression it reached 25 cents a bushel. By then a dozen eggs sold for a nickel. Half the banks in South Dakota closed their doors, the two in Doland failing within a few months of each other. After that, my father kept his money either in government bonds or in goods for his store.

As economic conditions got worse, so did business at the drugstore. But no matter how hard things were for us, my father never turned down a man who needed medicine for his family or for his farm animals. At one point, he simply closed the books on almost \$13,000 that his customers owed him. All he said was, "They just don't have it, and if they owe us and can't pay, they will stop coming into our store."

We moved to a smaller house. Eventually we moved to another town and had to start all over again. But Dad had an unshakable faith in his own strength, in people, and in this country. He had a sense of wonder about the United States that rubbed off on all of us in the family, a kind of love and obligation that was true of a lot of immigrants. My mother was born in Norway and my father in Oregon, but it was my father who used to speak about this country with the awe and reverence of the immigrant.

"Just think of it, boys," he said once; "here we are in the middle of this great continent, here in South Dakota, with the land stretching out for hundreds of miles, with people who can vote and govern their own lives, with riches enough for all if we will take care to do justice." Repeating these words now gives them the sound of a Fourth of July speech, but I think many Americans will understand that my father meant them, heart and soul.

He was a druggist in a tiny town in the middle

of the continent, but American history and world affairs were as real to him as they were in Washington, D.C., 1342 miles away (I know the mileage because a sign in Doland says so). Time after time he would say, "You should know this, Hubert. It might affect your life someday," and he would read a long story in the newspapers about some political development in Washington or London or Berlin.

At least twice a year after dinner he would pull out Bryan's "Cross of Gold" speech and read it aloud to the family. Once he put my sister Frances and me on his lap and read us Wilson's Fourteen Points. His greatest political hero was Woodrow Wilson, and he often read us passages from Joseph P. Tumulty's *Woodrow Wilson As I Know Him*. Another book we read to each other was Wilson's *The New Freedom*. Some of the most used books in the house were *The Life of Thomas Paine* by Moncure D. Conway, *The Life and Public Services of Abraham Lincoln* by Henry J. Raymond, and the Bible.

There was nothing casual about my father's interests. Sometimes if he found something that fascinated him, he would wake us up out of a sound sleep and read it to us. He told me once, "Never go to bed. Stay out of bed as long as you can. Ninety percent of all people die in bed."

When Dad discovered a field of art or learning, he plunged into it as though he were the original discoverer. During the 1920s, for example, he became interested in serious music. He'd drive 200 miles in his car to Minneapolis to hear a symphony orchestra. Suddenly the drugstore was full of wind-up victrolas, the Edison Phonograph, the "Phonograph With a Soul," and piles of Victor Red Seal records. He brought home a beautiful console, and then would come into the living room with dozens of records from the store. He'd pretend that he had no choice because they hadn't sold, but we knew that he just happened to like those particular records. If he heard of an orchestra or a singer or a concert performer within 500 miles, he would try to arrange an appearance in our town. Once he brought a famous singer to what we called the opera house. The concert began with one of his phonographs playing a record this singer had made, and then the performer himself appeared and sang the same number.

In the 1930s he discovered opera, and it was the same thing all over again. He got out of bed once in the middle of the night so that he could drive to New York and arrive at the proper time to attend a performance at the Metropolitan.

After we moved to Huron, he discovered poetry. He was innocent and unashamed in these discoveries. He was not concerned with what was "proper" or sophisticated, nor did he feel any sense of inferiority because he had never gone beyond the twelfth grade. He liked the verses of

Edgar Guest, but at the same time he had the biggest and best private library in Doland. In Huron, he decided that radio was a great advertising medium (along with a vast variety of other things, he sold radios in his drugstore, and I learned how to walk on ridgepoles in my sneakers when I installed roof aerials for people who bought a radio from my father). So Dad bought time every week on the leading radio station. But he never advertised goods; he used the time to read poetry over the air.

WE GREW up learning to act natural because he taught us to look at people for what they really were, not for what others said they would be. He reminded us over and over that each human being has his own special mixture of tastes and characteristics and that this is part of the beauty of life.

Years later when a journalist wrote my father asking about our family background, Dad answered:

In our home, high-hating anyone was strictly taboo; if anything, the children were taught to go out of their way in treating less fortunately situated children in the community with kindness and respect. In our town, as in a great many other towns, there was a district where the so-called poor and uncultured lived. When Hubert had parties, some of these children were always invited, and they were made to feel that they were the equal of any of the other children who were invited.

Undoubtedly, he was a romantic, and when friends would josh him about his talk about world politics, the good society, and learning, he would say, "Before the fact is the dream."

He believed this and lived it: that man is inspired by his dreams and he is on earth in order to work to make his dreams come true. There was never any question that the work and the dreams went together. His store always opened at 7 A.M., and never closed before midnight; we kept that kind of schedule, and I do to this day.

When Dad decided to sell vaccines and serums for farm animals, he drove into the countryside and took me with him. Much later during a campaign in rural Minnesota my opponent hinted that I didn't know anything about farm policy. I said from the platform that I bet I had vaccinated more hogs than anyone in the audience. This was almost true, but only almost: the leading veterinarian in the county happened to be sitting in the front row.

Here again, the working and the dreaming were intertwined. I vaccinated hundreds of hogs, and I made thousands of sodas, and was being educated every day of my life. Our drugstore had a wonderful old-fashioned ice cream parlor with French windows and a polished oak-front fountain. When I was about eight, my father decided it was time

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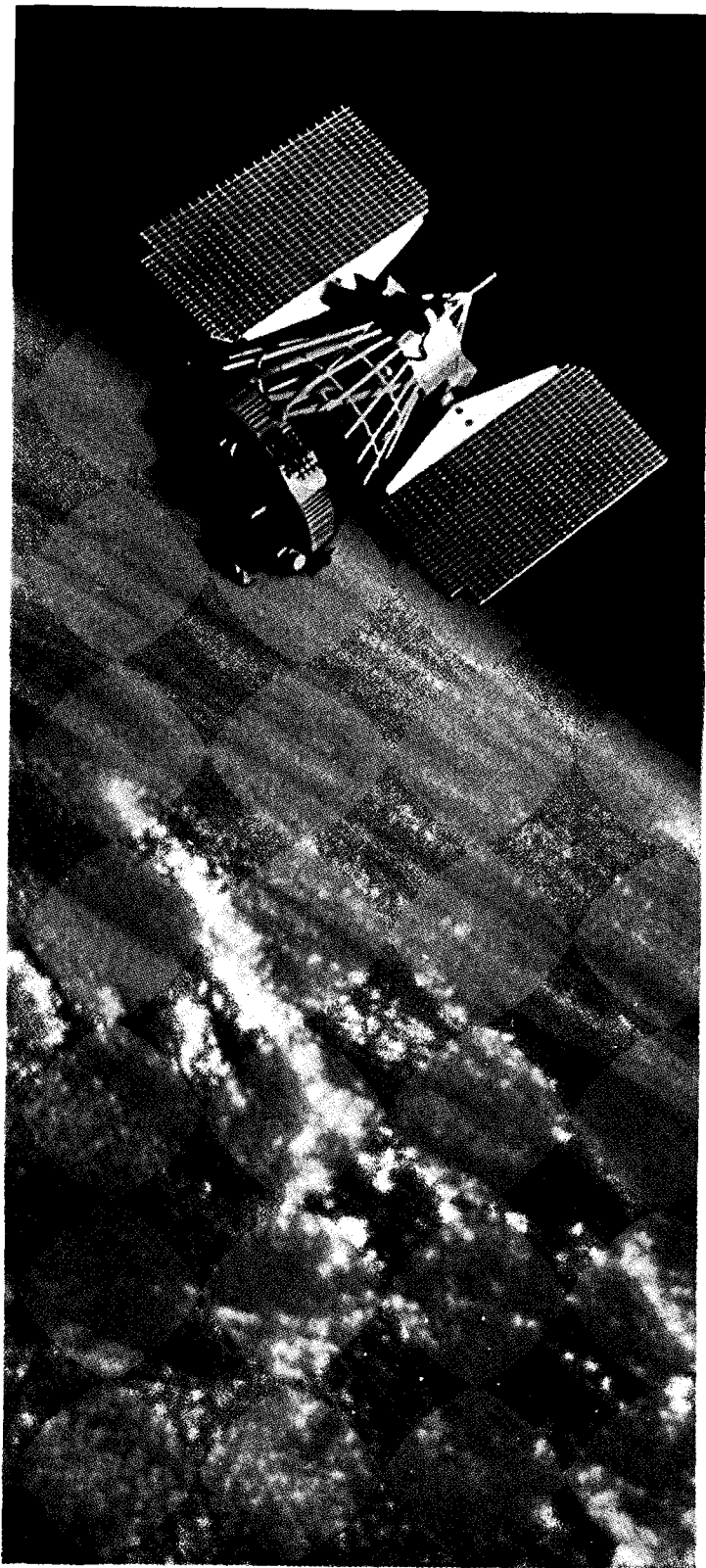
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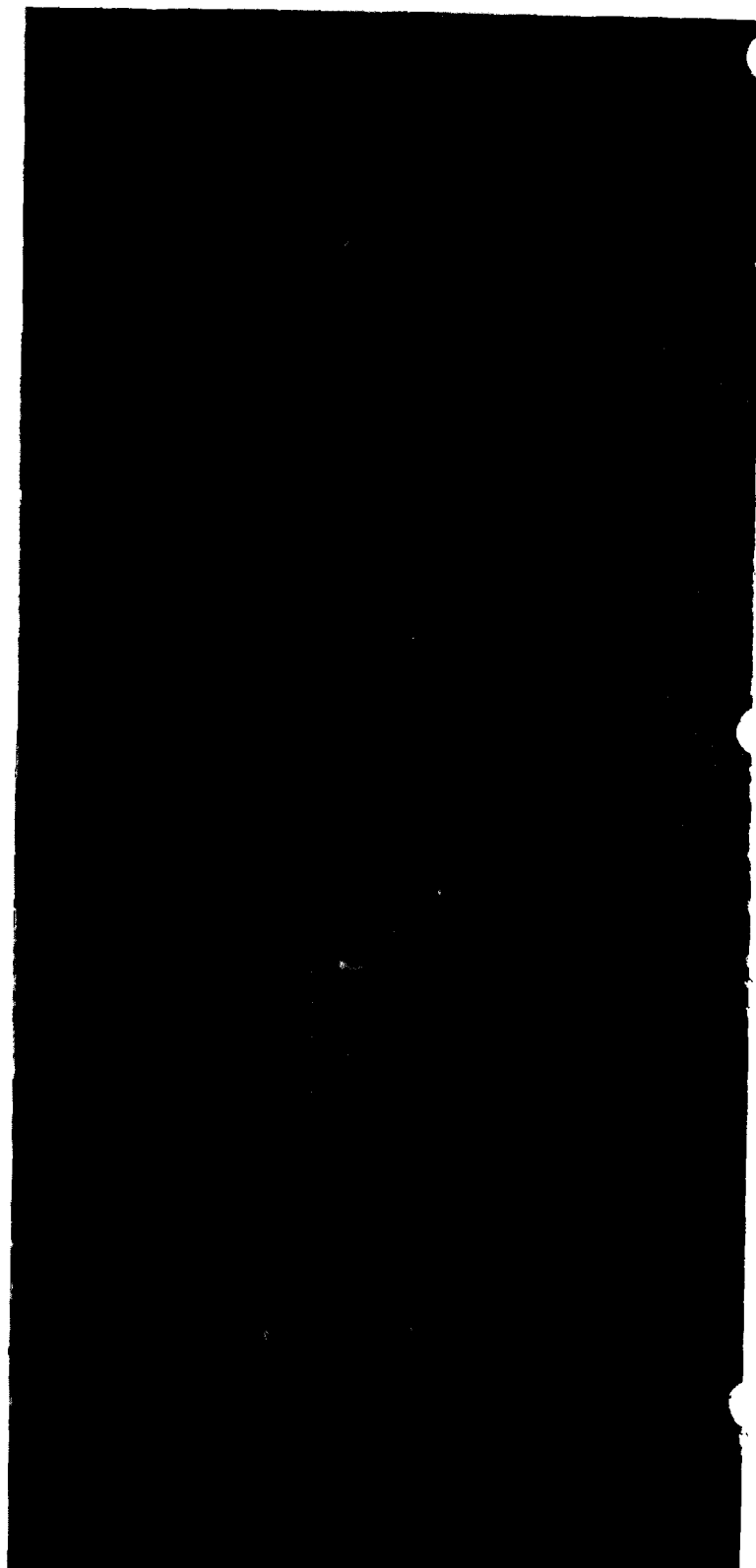


**Who cares  
if we can  
forecast the weather...**



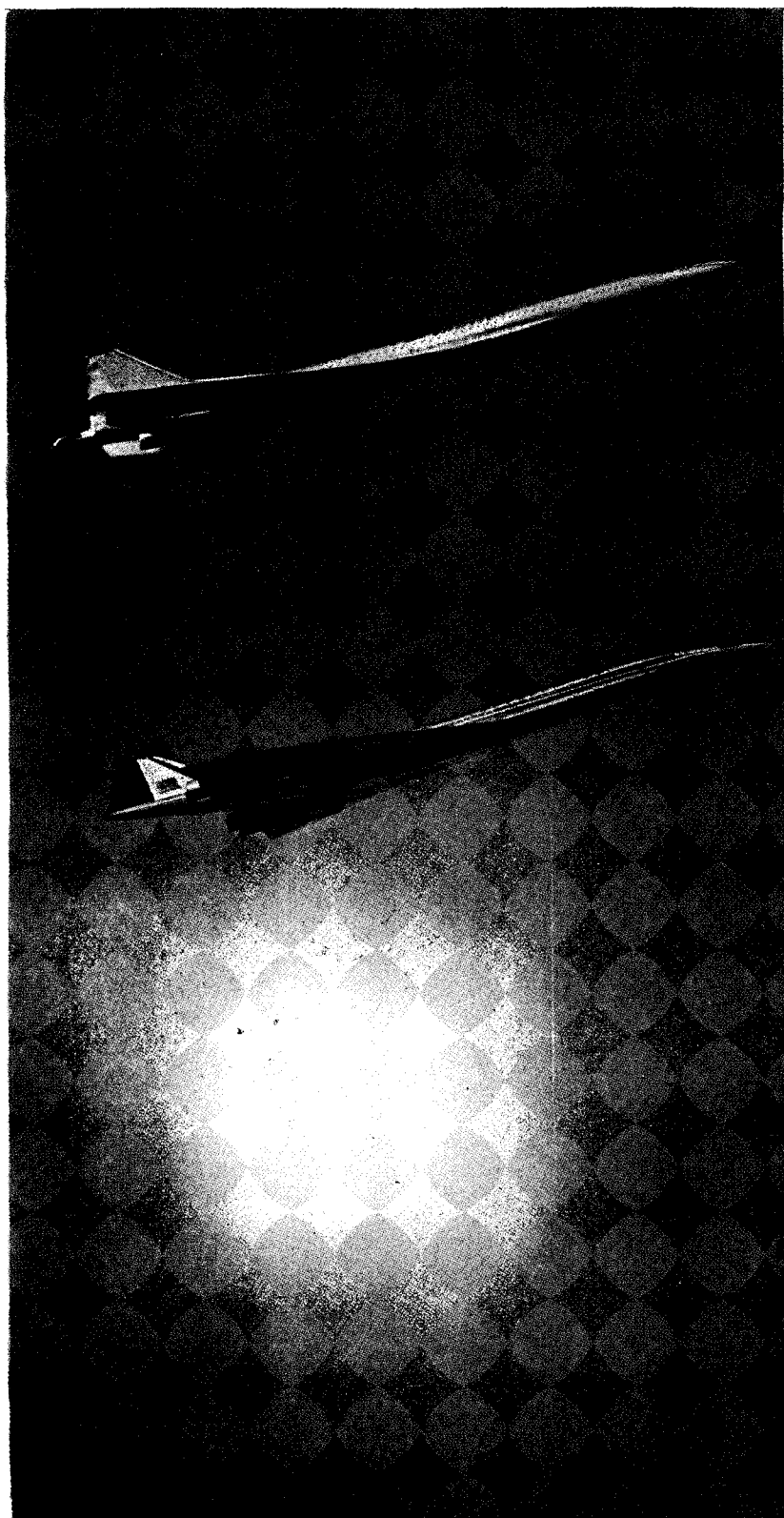
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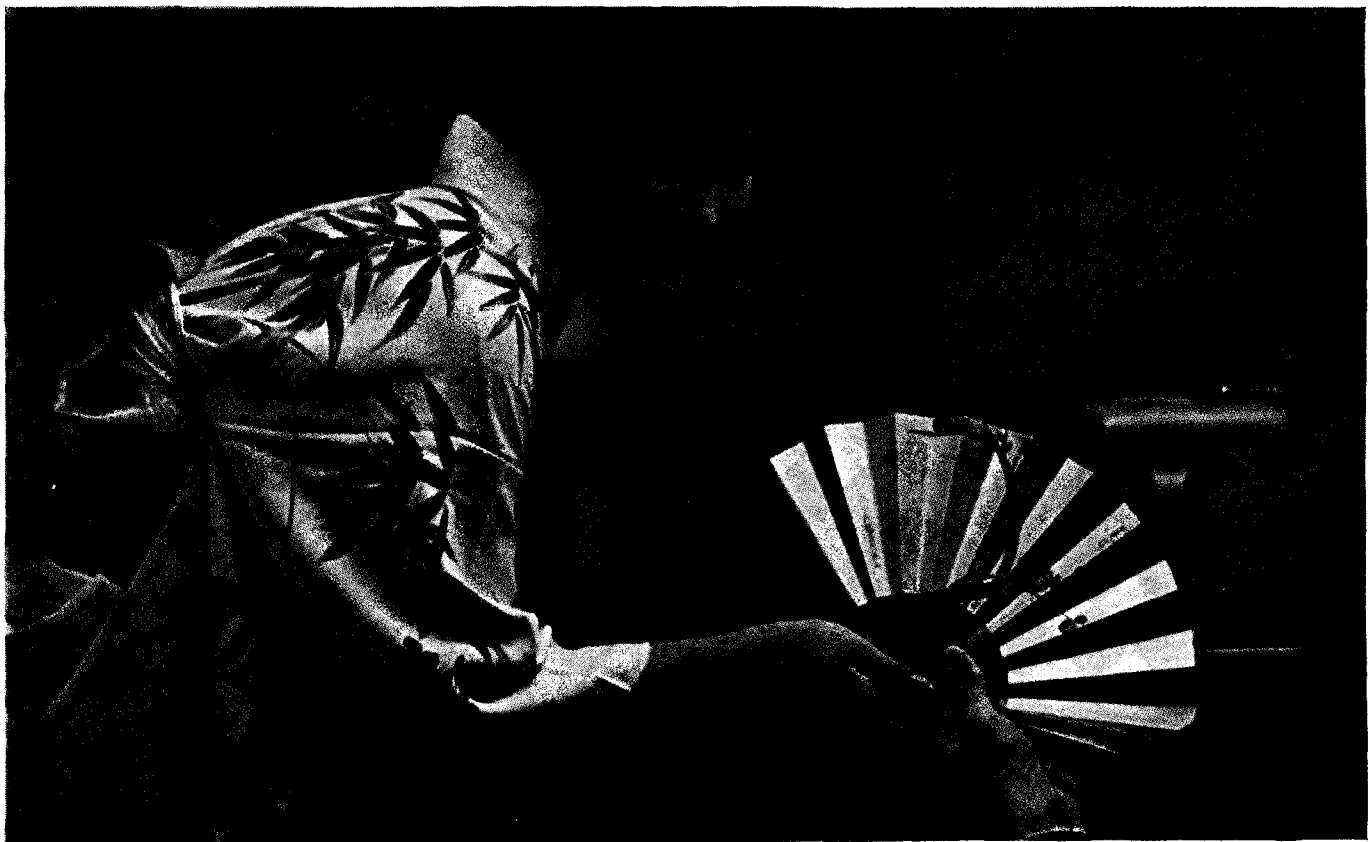
"Living with the fan in your left hand." The Japanese way of saying a life of leisure and plenty. A life that begins for you the moment your kimono-clad hostess welcomes you aboard Japan Air Lines.

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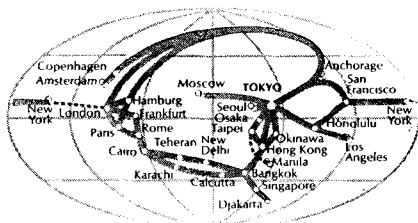
How gracefully she offers the hospitality of her cordial JAL "household." An *o-shibori* hot towel to refresh you. Warmed sake served in its fragile little cup. *Tsumami mono* hors d'oeuvres—prelude to a superb Continental cuisine.

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for me to wash dishes and make sodas. I was too short to reach the counter and pull the spigots, so he built a ramp behind the fountain, and I worked and listened.

In that ice cream parlor I heard things that shaped my life and my attitude toward people and ideas. At night Dad would sit down with a local lawyer named Zarnackie, a Mr. Wuskie, Doc Sherwood, Reverend Hartt, the two bankers in town, Paul Brown and Fred Gross, and Al Payne, the postmaster. I've attended two or three good universities, and I've heard some of the great parliamentary debates of our time, but I don't think I have ever heard better discussions of basic issues than I did as a boy standing on a wooden platform behind my father's soda fountain. This was the true art of conversation — to have something to say but to draw out what others think; to be passionately concerned with issues, but to be respectful of those who feel differently.

At the same time, Dad was hardheaded about his bookkeeping and his inventory. Many a New Year's Eve party was missed because we were still taking inventory of Lydia Pinkham's Compound, Tama-lac, Peruna, and "Humphrey's Chest Oil," and calculating the value on hand for each item. He used to remind me that if you don't have an item when the customer wants it, your stock does you no good, and if you don't have an accurate inventory, you can't tell whether you're losing or gaining. He was a businessman who knew where he stood all the time, but he never let his precision in bookkeeping and his care in inventory make him petty in his generosity. When he gave credit, when he lent a man money, he wasn't doing it out of any fuzzy-mindedness or vagueness about profit and loss. He believed a businessman ought to keep good records and know where he stood, but he never thought that that was the chief goal of his life.

He applied this kind of clear-eyed idealism to everything. When I first ran for mayor of Minneapolis it was a rough and dirty fight. There were racketeers roosting in the city, and the campaign saw a good deal of mudslinging. In the middle of the campaign, I got a letter from my father.

Dear Hubert, I intended to send you the \$15 that the boys gave me but I forgot in the rush of business Saturday night, so I am enclosing it now.

Since receiving your letter I have been thinking of how I might help you. I know what a Herculean task you have on your hands, how it calls for organization right down to the last precinct, and how cooperation among your supporters is so necessary. I hope that you can keep your little university group around you, because they are your friends and they are devoted to your ideals. You need some one with you that can give you advice that is not based on some selfish motive of

their own. [I have these same friends to this day.]

You should take a day out once in a while to rest up. If you get too tired you become irritated at things that wouldn't disturb you otherwise. Try to keep your poise. Don't let your opponents and what they say about you get under your skin. If they should find out that they can distract you away from your poise and power, they will practice their grapevine method more and more.

Have your workers defend you in each precinct. You spend your time working on your speeches and addressing gatherings around the city. Many politicians are dirty. Keep yourself aloof from that kind of business, and in defense of yourself simply say that when an opponent is hard pressed for an answer to just criticism, he always attacks the character of his opponent.

Criticise [the incumbent mayor] Kline's Administration, but not his character, tell the folks you are not attacking the man but the conduct of the office which he fills.

Dad said that it was the duty of a political leader "to fight for principle, for a better world, for better living conditions. . . . Let them call you a radical, Communist, socialist or anything they wish to, don't be afraid, go with your message to the common people. . . . I wish I could be by your side during these last weeks of your campaign."

My father was a passionate believer in this country, in democracy, and in social justice, a man who was not ashamed to feel emotions deeply and openly, who was interested in ideas but related them to his love for human beings, a man to whom hard work was a way of life not for its own sake but because it was part of the action and passion of his time.

In our town parents and children knew each other constantly and well. There were no divided worlds of home and work, of children and adults, each forced to exist separately from the other. It was natural for children to learn the lessons of life in their most useful form — by observation and participation. In our great cities today it often takes a special effort to get the whole family together. Parents at their work and in their social lives are often strangers to their children, and the children strangers to them.

I was at my father's elbow constantly, watching him, listening to him, debating with him. It was the luckiest legacy he could have left me. My life since he died has been fortunate, personally and politically. My happinesses have been more than any man should expect. I have sat in the councils of the great and been a part of the drama of our age. But all these things have had meaning and purpose because I had the priceless good fortune of spending almost every day of my childhood, and many nights, working at the side of a wise and sensitive man for whom idealism was not a cold creed but a way of life.

# LIFE, LOVE, and the MOVIES in INDIA

*by Faye Levine*

*A graduate of Harvard and onetime  
executive editor of the Harvard  
CRIMSON, Miss Levine recently completed  
a year of study as a Fulbright  
Scholar in India. This is the  
first of her reflections on life there.*

AMERICAN influence in India has practically reached the proportions of a new raj; not so much through U.S. wheat, dollars, and diplomacy as through the products which are, ironically enough, beneath the attention of the customs officers. Smuggled in with Coca-Cola, cosmetics, the Peace Corps, and Hollywood movies is American propaganda of astounding effectiveness. Take ball-point pens, for instance. In India, even in the hinterlands, every third shop sells ball-point pens, and at prices within reach of the hundreds of millions of people. Besides ball-points, the post-independence generation in India demands shoes — California beach-style “thongs,” or rubber sandals.

Undoubtedly the most significant demand in India these days, however, is for movies. In part owing to the astounding popularity of imported movies, India has gone wholeheartedly into this line itself. In number of full-length movies being produced each year, India is second in the world, some years to the United States, some years to Japan. It is to the film industry that one must look to get an idea of what is attracting the Indian masses.

In Bombay a small group of directors and producers and their plump, fair-skinned actors and actresses are furiously turning out what might be considered “formula movies,” guaranteed to fill the newly built movie houses all over the country. The crowds that rush to the opening of a new Hindi

film are so great that a scabrous black market in theater tickets has developed. Recently, two students were shot by the police in a riot over the granting of concessions in tickets.

In a provincial town of 200,000 people, ten movie halls, with their weekly changes of show, provide the sole form of public recreation. All over India, every day, one can drop in on numerous showings of these mammoth three-hour features; and foreign films, mostly American, can be seen on Sunday morning.

Of course, the popularity of Hindi movies is somewhat less among two groups of people: those dedicated to traditional Indian culture, classical music, and regional languages; and those so Westernized that they only go to “English talkies” (meaning, usually, American, but not excluding British, Italian, and Russian films). But their numbers are insignificant compared with the millions of fans.

One effect of the explosion of the Hindi film industry is to create and circulate a popular-music culture that was nonexistent two decades ago. Classical Indian music, played mostly on the sitar, may sound like a monotonous, agonized whine, unmelodic and arrhythmic, but its followers explain pridefully that it is music for an elite of initiates. To a majority of Indians it is a closed, if sacred, book. Music shops in Delhi and Calcutta say they sell virtually no Indian classical music recordings, but only Western rock 'n' roll and Hindi film songs.

Adults as well as teen-agers know and love these songs. Often they have extremely melodic tunes, strangely syncopated rhythms, and simple words from the common language.

What thoughts are you lost in? Will there be a meeting?

Difficult to live. Difficult to die. Difficult, difficult, difficult, difficult.

God is in the clouds, God is in the sky. God is in you and me. God is everywhere.

The record stores report that their sales shoot up meteorically at the time of religious holidays. And sure enough, on the god Krishna's birthday, processions of dancing men wind through town carrying statues and torches, the sacred word "Om" is painted on all the houses in six-foot-high red letters, and Hindi film songs blare at full volume from every radio. On such nights a Dionysian gaiety erupts that contrasts vividly with the ordinary daily life of restraint and order; and a crucial ingredient is the film songs.

It is not only on holidays; these songs are roaring from radios all over the subcontinent incessantly, day and night. The man on the street from Kerala to Calcutta knows the words. And speakers of Bengali, Punjabi, Marathi, Malayalam, Tamil, and the rest of India's countless languages discuss their favorite movie stars as enthusiastically as speakers of the official Hindi. In a country whose great problem is linguistic and regional differences, this new common culture of films, personalities, and music is perhaps the strongest force for unification.

**H**INDI films are basically of two types, religious and romantic. The religious, preferred by older Indian women, resemble the American spectacles, which were enormously loved in India: *The Ten Commandments*, *The Robe*, *Ben Hur*. In the local product, it is a Hindu god who performs three hours of miracles, maybe a rosy-cheeked little boy Krishna, the darling of an Indian motherhood more clinging than any Western counterpart. With the help of an adult god, perhaps Vishnu carrying a conch in one hand and a wheel of life in the other, the young god turns a plate of cobras into flower garlands, swallows poison, jumps off a cliff, sits in boiling oil, tames a lion, and walks through flames in safety.

Religious pictures have been around a long time, and largely reinforce the traditional features of Indian society. But within the last twenty years a new sort of Hindi film has appeared which, though exhibiting some traditional elements, has its major impact as an agent of India's post-independence Westernization: the romantic film.

Romantic films are more popular with the boys

and men, who make up 95 percent of the movie audience. ("Religious pictures are truer, perhaps, but dull," says one young fan.) These romances are always in color, last three hours or more, and feature singing, dancing, adventure, and comedy. Sometimes they are epic in scope, following their chubby hero from birth through marriage, and including a good deal of patriotic material: a brief battle with some Chinese, some scenes from the recent Pakistani war, and, invariably, honeymoons in and eulogies of Kashmir.

As might be expected in the infant industry, there is an extreme paucity of themes, characters, and emotions. The story runs something like this: boy meets girl, perhaps by stepping on her toe in the bus; parents prohibit the marriage on grounds of economic or caste inequality or physical handicap; a villain intervenes; someone returns from a Western education (sometimes the villain, sometimes a comic figure); the young man proves himself through some heroic exploit; the commoner turns out to be well-born after all; all obstacles to marriage are cleared up, and two huge families merge in song and dance. In one movie called *Blue Sky*, the heroine, Miss Blue, an airline hostess, marries the hero, Mr. Sky, a pilot, and they go off together in a beautiful Air India plane. Halfway through every show a nadir of grief and misfortune is reached, with profuse tears both on the screen and in the audience; but fate intervenes for the universal welfare in the second half.

There are exceptions to the formula, of course. Some recent films have advertised themselves as "murder mysteries," but even here music, comedy, color, and romance make up the bulk of the program. Films now being made in Calcutta are distinctly more "arty"; but being in a regional language, Bengali (whose speakers claim it to be a much more literary language than Hindi), they are not widely distributed. Prizewinning Calcutta director Satyajit Ray, for instance, is unknown in India outside Bengal.

Though far from being "arty" in the ordinary sense, even Hindi movies display a technical smoothness and a richness of visual detail. Virtually every love scene takes place before breathtaking gardens (with Disneyish close-ups of the plants) or the Himalayas. Chorus lines of dancing girls in cascades of jewelry and multicolored costumes suggest Oriental harems more than the Roxy.

There seems to be a uniquely Indian color scheme and sound which these films manifest; iridescent and electric shades of bright pink, yellow, and blue combine with an echo-chambered, heavily sweet music for a total effect that is somehow mentholated. The movies are unabashedly pure spectacle; pure sensual, emotional palaver.

In these romantic fantasies, so apolitical and un-



historical that they seem like fairy tales, many traditional Indian social patterns are obvious. No marriage ever takes place without the ultimate consent of the parents, grandparents, uncles, and aunts. One movie was generally condemned as "immoral" because it treated the courtship theme simply as a problem of which suitor to choose, quite without mentioning the parents.

A further Indian characteristic is the prohibition of physical contact. Hero and heroine, courting or married, rarely hold hands, rarely embrace, absolutely never kiss. (Portions of "English talkies" which show physical contact are scrupulously censored. Cleopatra never got to kiss either Caesar or Antony. Sophia Loren in *Two Women* had practically nothing to do in the film when she was not allowed either to have an affair with Jean-Paul Belmondo or to be raped by the Allied army.)

But since love is invariably the theme, affection is shown in other ways. In most films hero and heroine content themselves with making Kewpie doll faces at one another, singing duets, and playing hide-and-seek stiff-leggedly through a convenient cornfield. In a rare case, the love scene manages to be quite flagrantly lewd, even despite the ban on contact: for example, the pair may lie on separate beds in adjacent bedrooms singing, through the wall, "I want you," and writhing with emotion. If there should happen to be a sexual aggressor, it is always the woman; men are more likely to be the pursued and reluctant victims.

In a family, the mother and motherly love is operatically, exuberantly dramatic, clearly a thematic sacred cow. She is inevitably good (as proven by the constant expression of holiness on her face), wise (her ability to intuit what is happening to her absent children), and ubiquitous (when heroine is betrayed by villain, mother is always right on hand). Fathers are invariably drunken gamblers, absent-minded (though kindly) fools, dead, or inexplicably absent. The upper-middle-class family is portrayed as being interested only in eating, buying saris, praying, casting horoscopes, and marrying off their children. No one is ever seen working. A man caught stealing from the bank where he works is scolded furiously by his boss but not punished. The hero, attacked by an aggressor, does not strike back but rolls into a ball on the floor, and passively resisting, has to be dumped out the door. The hero and heroine speak a little English, using words like "girlfriend," "dry-cleaning charges," "good idea," "puncture," "shut up," but any more English than that is spoken only by the most repulsive characters, socially pretentious, morally unscrupulous. People of explicitly low caste and economic class are often presented as comic figures; cheerful but bumblingly incompetent, married to fat, scolding wives, speaking incorrect Hindi or stuttering.

Black skin is identified with low caste, class, and status; to the audience's delight, one comic servant sings to the fair-skinned heroine:

I am black, but so what, I'm still a heart man,  
And I love you, I love you, I love you.

Brahmans, or any religious devotees, are also often ridiculous characters, pompous, fat, and hypocritical; astrologers, however, are respectable.

**D**ESPITE some coordination with traditional custom, romantic Hindi movies can be considered powerful instruments of change, for they depart in many instances from the existing situation and behavior. The setting, to begin with the most blatant departure from "realism," is invariably in homes with an American high standard of living. Apartment houses with elevators and carpeted floors, apartments furnished in Danish modern, tile and enamel bathrooms, sumptuous meals highlighted by a mountain of fruit, grand pianos, young people driving their own cars: these are absolutely the rule in a Hindi movie, even when the protagonists are complaining of financial difficulties. And needless to say, these things are so rare in India, even among the wealthy, as to be for all intents and purposes nonexistent. But by the millions, Indians are taking in this dream of American suburbia for their own, and are beginning to want what they see on the screen.

Female stars now wear Western tight slacks and sweaters, and Western knee-length skirts, revealing a bare calf, still considered reprehensible. Woman's dress in India is currently a matter of some contention, and the film star's wardrobe is an important influence toward modernization.

The major impact of the movies' invariable love theme (even though parental consent is formally respected) is to undermine the long-standing tradition of arranged marriages. In the overwhelming majority of Indian homes boy still meets girl only after they have walked seven times around the sacred fire together and are legally one person; they speak to each other for the first time on the fourth day after their wedding.

But in the pictures, Dharmendra accidentally comes across Padmini bathing in the river, and it is love at first sight. The older generations consider this behavior degenerate; actresses are, after all, no better than "temple dancing girls." And in Hindi the phrase to express "love marriage," or "marriage by choice," carries with it the unmistakable connotation of reckless passion and haste. The young men and women in the movies further flout traditional Indian modesty by freely attending nightclubs, restaurants, rock 'n' roll parties, and

by talking and joking with members of the opposite sex. They are, above all, relaxed, in pursuit of pleasure and self-interest, to the neglect of religious and social injunctions, prohibitions, inhibitions.

That such flirtatiousness and freedom are associated in the public mind with America can be seen in the rash of cheap Hindi magazines, which invariably set their torrid tales of romance in "the fleshpots of America." Grade B Hollywood movies with titles like *America by Night* are highly popular. To much of India, to the hundreds of millions who know America from the movies, the magazines, and gossip, it is alcoholic, neurotic, and promiscuous. The very word "dating" sends a horrified shiver through the average Indian; it means to him "premarital sexual intercourse." The frug and divorce are equally viewed as symptoms of an incredible moral decadence.

Nevertheless, a group of teen-agers in each of the big cities, Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta, and Madras — but especially in Bombay, where the film industry and big business in general are located — have begun to ape these very customs. But in spite of drinking Coca-Cola, racing their motor scooters, smoking, twisting, and shaking, they do not have the ease of behavior with their contemporaries that American youths have. Though they might object briefly to their parents' opinions, they ultimately bow to parental demand for an arranged marriage. The boys may dress in the pointiest shoes, the narrowest pants, the brightest jackets, and the girls may go to the restaurants in Fifth Avenue makeup and "teased" hair, but they do not date.

The truly progressive youths, on the other hand, are likely to scorn such superficial Westernization as American clothing styles, slang, and the twist. These are the youths who are beginning to question the old Indian ways, their parents' religious orthodoxy, religious, caste, and regional provincialism and prejudices, supremacy of the family, unimportance of the individual and especially the children, and arranged marriage and all it implies. For them most poignantly, but for all of India, Western courtship customs, both actual and as they are filtered through the medium of Hindi movies, present an enormous psychological problem. Love is obviously good in this system; happiness and freedom make an immediate appeal; the message of marriage by choice is as irresistible a call from the new world as gold in the streets. The most orthodox heart is often warmed despite itself when Dev and Meena's parents finally approve.

The film songs that everyone knows are keeping up a constant propaganda war for love:

Read this, my love letter. Do not be angry. For you are my life.

Life is truly his who gives it away for love.

I am poor, my face is ugly, but still I am happy, because I am near you.

But though enchanting, a love match is still an impossible dream. "Yes, I know it would be better," says an intelligent nineteen-year-old girl in a small town, "but how could I possibly arrange a marriage for myself?" Where she lives all schools and colleges are sex-segregated; all marriages are parentally arranged; young men and women do not speak to each other in a public place; boys and girls alike do not know how to respond if by chance an individual seeks to make friends despite the rules of this setup. Furthermore, this young girl's parents are decidedly opposed to choice marriage, and she is not sure she wants to risk their disapproval. Timidity and economic insecurity keep her from going off to live by herself in New Delhi. Meanwhile, the thought of marriage by choice haunts her like the thought of freedom to a man in a totalitarian dictatorship. Perhaps she will not escape, but there can be no doubt that her children will.

The most important single product being sold by these hybrid Indian-Western movies is happiness. Happy endings are the inviolable rule; villains are always punished, parents appeased, lovers united, murders solved, economic problems disintegrated. To an American audience, happy endings are a little tiresome. But to an Indian moviegoer, happiness is almost an unknown element in his world view. Pessimism is universal in this country of poverty, filth, disease, malevolent climate, and rampant insects. Unhappiness is the rule, not only among the peasants and poor urban masses, but equally among the middle and upper class. When asked to write their autobiographies, Indian college girls will produce statements of such heartfelt gloom and depression as to startle a Westerner. "Life is a burden to be suffered; one must not expect anything good from it but simply learn to accommodate oneself to discomfort; desiring anything is destined to result in frustration and suffering." Young people in India seem prematurely old, saddened, hardened by conditions of life and a culture which teach them stoicism and resignation from the very beginning.

But then, in the face of all this, come the Hindi movies, proclaiming happiness, the new salvation. Is it a direct borrowing from America and the West? The inevitable cultural by-product of a dawning age of mass consumption? A plot by the wealthy to keep the Indian people from thinking about their poverty? And what will be the effect, in the long run, if, as it seems, the dreams of a handful of newly rich people in Bombay, still lolling in the proceeds of spectacular success, are becoming the dreams of a vast unformed population?

# JOURNEY THROUGH THE AMERICAN STATES

by Catherine Drinker Bowen

*Mrs. Bowen's latest book, MIRACLE AT PHILADELPHIA, is the story of the Federal Convention of 1787, which wrote the United States Constitution. From the book we have drawn two chapters, in themselves a diversion from the narrative. Mrs. Bowen takes her readers out of the convention for a journey through the States — to give a glimpse, she says, of the country for which the Fathers were with much difficulty contriving a Constitution.*

ALL through the seventeen eighties and nineties they came, the French visitors to America — and after the Peace of '83 came the English for touring, trade, or settlement — men like Dr. Priestley and Thomas Cooper, sympathetic to revolutionary ideals. It began even earlier, with the French Alliance of 1778, when six thousand French soldiers debarked on American shores. The inhabitants had dreaded their arrival, and why not? For generations, America had fought the French and their Indian allies. Moreover, since the first Jesuit missionary-explorer, the French had had a way with Indians, got on with them — palpably a treacherous trait in any white man. Yet here were six thousand French soldiers, magnificently dressed and equipped, surprisingly correct in behavior, keeping to their camps at night and disciplined against pillaging. Their officers, nobly born, wealthy, young, with none of the hauteur of their British counterparts, charmed wherever they went.

Chief among them was of course “the Marquis,” Washington’s favorite, young Lafayette. There were also Count de Rochambeau and Count de Noailles, de Maussion, the Chevalier de Chastellux, and, much later, the civilian Moreau de St. Méry. The French consul general, the Marquis de Barbé-Marbois, lived six years in Philadelphia and won many hearts. And that shrewd chargé d’affaires, Monsieur Otto, reported to Versailles all that he could discover about the Federal Convention and its delegates.

These French gentlemen traveled, kept diaries, wrote letters home, wonderfully descriptive and fresh, filled with the sharp yet lighthearted perceptions of men of the world who can afford to be amused by customs and foibles they need not share for long. Well disposed, the travelers saw what they chose to see and were ready to overlook the more uncomfortable aspects of this brave new society. The books later published by these visitors bore alluring titles, very French in style: *Rélation Fidèle*, *Promenades*, *Voyage Pittoresque*. And most famous of all, the classic *Letters from an American Farmer*, by

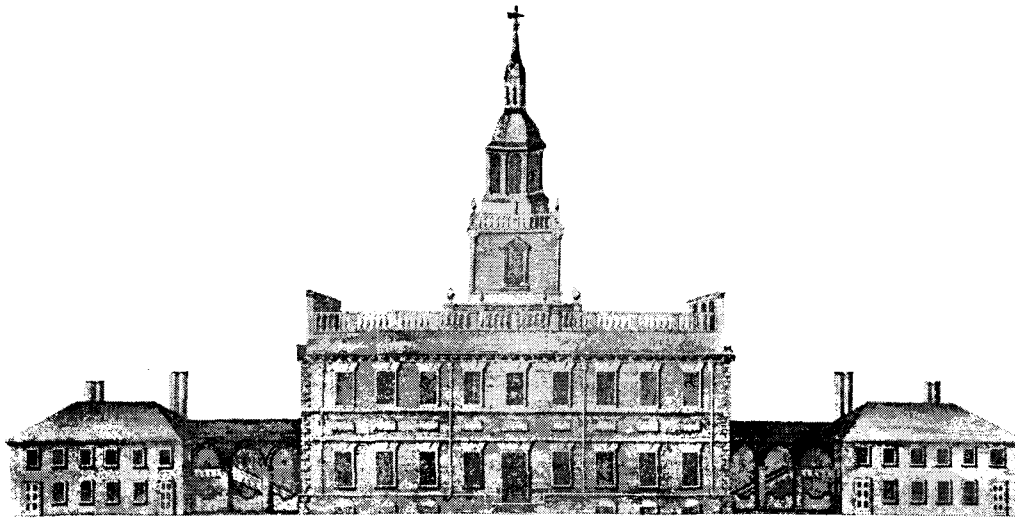
Crèvecoeur, who loved America, named his daughter America-Frances, and did his best to persuade the world to share his sentiments. It was Crèvecoeur who, when he read the newly projected United States Constitution in November of 1787, told Thomas Jefferson he would be willing to fight for it, or return to Europe should it fail of ratification. No native American could have described his country so well. In these accounts, these diaries and letters, we see the states for which the Federal Convention created a Constitution — and we see them not only as they were but as the travelers had been led, at home, to expect. Pennsylvania, for instance, was inhabited not only by the honest *Kouakeur* in his broad hat, but by that child of nature, the savage — openhearted, beautiful in body, innocent of the corruption endemic to cities and to royal courts:

I am as free as Nature first made man,  
Ere the base laws of servitude began,  
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

From Constantinople to London the notions of America as they appeared in print were marvelously ingenious. The Wakwak tree bore its fruit in the shape of young women, ripe and delicious. The reason it was so cold in America was that the great forests covered the interior from the first ridge of mountains to the Pacific Ocean. Dense-growing trees kept the sun from the earth, which naturally stayed frigid. Only on the seacoasts was the climate mild, and becoming milder as the land was cleared. In America grew wondrous plants which yielded two kinds of fruits in one harvest. As for the potato — “There,” exclaimed the traveler Brissot de Warville, “is the food for the man who wants to be, and is capable of being, free!” This vegetable, says Brissot, springs up everywhere without being cultivated. Another curiosity among the Americans, who have neither priests nor masters, said Brissot, is the existence of “a great number of individuals known as ‘men of principle’ ” — a type produced by the Americans’ frequent exercise of

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reason, and "a type so little known among us," continues the Frenchman, "that it has not even been named. It is among these men of principle that you will find the true heroes of humanity." Brissot named as examples William Penn, Franklin, and Washington.

Other European writers, purporting to scorn fantasy and look realistically upon the Western world, noted that the American continent, being only recently formed, had scarcely finished drying out; in places the land was still a deep swamp. Therefore the meager vegetation, the scentless plants, feeble animals, and short-bodied men, hairless and discouragingly impotent in the marriage bed. Such were the conclusions of the redoubtable Abbé de Pauw. Even Buffon, the naturalist, declared the American animals to be inferior, owing to the meager native grasses, which were not nearly as large and succulent as those of Europe. It was said that dogs ceased to bark after breathing American air. Jefferson, getting wind of this in Paris, was irritated enough to send home for the skeleton of a moose.

Accounts of travels in America were so well received in France and so popular that men eventually began inventing them. One quite respectable scholar who had never set foot on a transatlantic ship wrote, under a pseudonym, an entire book about his adventures and fooled everybody. Not until the eighth edition did the author sign his real name, though his work was entertaining as well as perceptive.

It was natural for Europeans to speculate about this vast unpenetrated continent; the very exaggerations held an element of truth. Few men saw the physical potential, the almost limitless resources for wealth and material expansion. Yet America's spiritual potential was recognized; at the same time feared by despots and celebrated by the enlightened. Here was indeed an asylum, a refuge for the down-trodden. If the noble savage was a fiction, the sturdy Quaker citizen was not, nor the husbandman tilling his own soil, free of church tithes and

*Engraving of Independence Hall, Philadelphia.*

overlord, nor the artisan or mechanic who dared to raise his voice at town meeting with his betters. In America the *âme républicaine* found vital airs for nourishment. German liberals echoed this enthusiasm. "In America," said a newssheet, the *Deutsche Chronik*, "thirteen golden gates are open to the victims of intolerance and despotism."

The friends of America were by no means numerous in Europe, but they were vocal and enjoyed their defiance. La Rochefoucauld-Liancourt wrote warmly to Dr. Franklin about the constitutional principles of the Americans. That Europe did not "understand" us was clear to every American who went abroad. Yet it was clear also that certain circles looked to us with hope and good faith, equating their own revolutionary plans with the success of our experiment.

But philosophy is one thing, and day-to-day hard facts are another. Debarking from their ships, European travelers found in America less, or horrifyingly more, than they had been led to expect. There was a harshness to this land, this terrain, which poets and *philosophes* had neglected to mention. Instead of the glen, the rill, the zephyr, they met with an uneven climate, incredibly bad roads or no roads beyond a forest trail, swollen rivers unbridged, and everywhere the unsightly two-foot-high tree stumps which the Americans looked on with indifference or even with pride, symbolic of the forest conquered. Here were storms of lightning and thunder unequaled at home; here were snows which fell for days running. In summer, most violent transitions from heat to cold were occasioned, wrote an English traveler, "by means of the N.W. wind, which in this country is the most keen and severe of any that is to be met with on the face of the globe. The wind is perfectly *dry*, and so uncommonly penetrating that I am convinced it would destroy all the plagues of Egypt." Here were fireflies, hummingbirds, bullfrogs that roared in the swamps like calves taken from their mothers. The flowering trees were entrancing. Barbé-Marbois rode out from Philadelphia to "a neighbor-

ing forest," where he saw magnolias, "whose flowers perfume the air . . . tulip trees, of which they say the shade rejuvenates old married couples; catalpas, sassafras . . . laurels of every kind with which we shall crown the heroes of America, but which are still waiting for her to produce a poet."

Nevertheless, it was plain that in this country the forest was man's enemy. "Compared with France," wrote one traveler, "the entire country is one vast wood." Isaac Weld, a visiting Englishman, wrote of the American's "unconquerable aversion to trees." Another said his landlord "this day cut down thirty-two young cedars to make a hog-pen." The ground, says Weld, could not be tilled nor the inhabitants support themselves until the trees were destroyed. "The man that can cut down the largest number, and have the field about his house most clear of them, is looked upon as the most industrious citizen, and the one that is making the greatest improvement in the country. . . . I have heard of Americans landing in barren parts of the north-west coast of Ireland, and evincing the greatest surprise and pleasure at the beauty and improved state of the country, 'so clear of trees!'" Considering the burning heats of summer, could not some few trees near the houses be spared? Weld asked. Oh, no, their owners replied, that would be dangerous.

Stumps were left to rot, a matter of years. In the front yards were no flowers; farmers grew their wheat and corn right up to the front door. Everywhere the zigzag wooden barriers known as snake fences were a depressing sight, with none of the charm of the English hedges or French poplars. The farmhouses stood stark among the stumps and cornstalks. Around the larger trees, Weld noted poisonous vines which looked like grapevines but which, if handled, raised large blisters.

Europeans were shocked by the American destruction of trees and the resulting ugliness. Even so, travelers riding through Virginia, Ohio, western Pennsylvania told of their hearts lifting at the sound of an ax against wood: it meant a habitation, human companionship. The American forest! Only a man who had made his own clearing, who in the face of hunger, wild animals, storms, and savages had put his ax to the trees, plowed the land, and sown his first crop of corn — only he could know that in America the forest signified wilderness and a clearing meant civilization. To an American "the forest" was the backlands, the backwoods, pioneer country. John Marshall's grandfather was known as Thomas Marshall of the forest; he came from Fauquier County, on Virginia's western frontier, where store goods were hard to obtain and the Marshall women used thorns for pins. To Europeans, however, "the forest" was synonymous with all America. As late as 1827, a

Frenchman who had lived in the United States wrote of "those forests where I spent eleven years so free and independent . . . where one meets neither peasant nor pauper, where one enters without passport and leaves without permission." The redoubtable Abbé Robin, noting in Connecticut the elaborate headdresses of the ladies, declared himself surprised to find French fashions "in the midst of American forests." Thomas Jefferson in Paris varied the expression, inquiring of a correspondent if he would like to hear what "a savage of the mountains of America" thought of Europe.

THE New World invited. "The river Ohio," wrote a British visitor, "is, beyond all competition, the most beautiful in the universe." The French called it *La Belle Rivière*. There was a grandeur to the American scenery, a wild, awesome invitation. Yet the land proved inhospitable to any who would not claim it by hard work. "I do not think America the place for a man of pleasure," wrote Thomas Cooper. Cooper was a highly educated scientist and theologian, who in the early 1790s emigrated to Pennsylvania with Dr. Priestley and settled in Northumberland County. Even in Philadelphia, Cooper knew, he said, of only one "professed gentleman — i.e. idle, unoccupied person of fortune. Their time is not yet come." Cooper advised the prospective emigrant to avoid the seven-month winters of New Hampshire and Massachusetts, also the parching summers of New Jersey and the Carolinas. In New Jersey, Cooper reported, one found insects, reptiles, oppressive heat, fevers, and ague. "The influence of a hot sun upon the moist and low land of the American coast almost infallibly subjects an European . . . to attacks of intermittents." Like the celebrated Dr. Priestley, Cooper preferred northwest Pennsylvania, the high clear Susquehanna country. In Kentucky one risked continual danger from Indians.

And how hard it was to clear the land! "Grubbing," the Americans called it. For grubbing, laborers received three shillings a day, victuals, and a dram of whiskey morning and evening. To quench great thirst by water alone, without spirits, was said to be extremely hazardous. In summer men had been seen to fall dead on the streets of Philadelphia after drinking cold water from the pumps. Bleeding was suggested, Moreau said, for those who drank too fast; some pumps bore a sign reading, "Death to him who drinks too quickly." And what quantities of spirituous liquors the Americans consumed! When drunk they had a propensity to fight; in the Southern and Western country, fistfights were looked on as a frolic. No rules were observed of honor or sport, and men

gathered to watch two champions gouge out eyes, break jaws, and bite off fingertips with every appearance of ferocious pleasure.

**F**RENCH visitors were likely to view this landscape and its people more genially. In 1784, three French noblemen, including the Marquis of Lafayette, set out from Albany on an expedition. James Madison happened to be one of the party. They planned to see the Oneida Indians and also a colony of Shakers, in whom Lafayette, an ardent admirer of Dr. Mesmer in Paris, was especially interested because their practices resembled mesmerism. It was cold; Lafayette wore a rain cloak of gummed taffeta which had been sent him from France wrapped in newspapers. The papers had stuck to the gum, "so that," wrote Barbé-Marbois, "the curious could read, on his chest or back, the *Journal de Paris*, the *Courier de l'Europe*, or news from other places."

As for the Chevalier de Chastellux, he rode through the forests and the cities with a blue jay's feather in his cap, enjoying everything. It was natural to feel well disposed toward a people with whom one had fought side by side. In Connecticut the Chevalier went squirrel-hunting, a diversion which he wrote was much in fashion in that part of the country. The animals, he said, were larger than those of Europe, with thicker fur, and very adroit in leaping from tree to tree. Should a squirrel be wounded without falling, it was only a slight inconvenience; somebody was usually within call to cut down the tree. "As squirrels are not rare," finished Chastellux, "one may conclude, and quite rightly, that trees are very common."

Squirrel ragout was tasty and gamy, though some preferred their squirrels fried for supper, with coffee. Travelers frequently carried their food with them, meat or cornmeal. Innkeepers let them cook it over the fire. Visitors were impressed with the American wild turkey, its size and appearance. "Why do not the Americans domesticate this noble bird?" asked William Priest. Frenchmen complained unsparingly of the American bread, but remarked that in a surprisingly short time a landlord could produce little hot *galettes*, baked and kneaded. Chastellux found them to his taste.

Persons of all ranks, it was noted, drank coffee and tea. The Americans breakfasted on what they called "relishes" — salt fish, beefsteaks, broiled fowls, ham, and bacon. Oysters were much eaten, and the shad an excellent fish, but there existed "a fanatical law, passed by the Quakers," which prohibited catching shad on Sunday, a great waste, considering the fish remained in the river but a short time. The Bostonians ate fish every Saturday

"to benefit their fisheries," and in private houses grace was said before meat. Barbé-Marbois noted that all the courses, even dessert, were put on the table at one time. Tablecloths fell over the knees and took the place of napkins, after the English style. In Boston, a town of eighteen thousand, everything reminded travelers of London: the brick and wooden houses, the customs, even the speech and accent. But it seemed odd that on a warm August day people paid calls dressed in velvet, satin, and damask. In the country, stone fences divided men's property. New England churches were clean and well lighted; to the Frenchmen they did not look like churches. One found oneself in a room with benches, lacking paintings or ornaments — "no addresses to the heart and the imagination." Yet one met no beggars therein, "nor even," wrote Barbé-Marbois, "an untidily dressed man, no one from the hospital for the blind to hit you with his stick, nor verger to interrupt you with the noise of his halberd."

Connecticut, travelers noted, was as closely populated as England; one passed continually through towns and villages. Hartford had no galleries, public gardens or palaces, but Barbé-Marbois was shown the Charter Oak. "In this country," he wrote, "everything which has any connection with liberty is sacred." And what odd customs were attributed to liberty and equality! — even the barbarous custom of admitting another man to one's bed when one was asleep at an inn. Another sign of this so-called liberty, wrote Moreau, was the refusal of a carriage to alter its course when passing, unless threatened with collision by a heavier vehicle. It was charming to see school-children, girls and boys, draw up in line along the road and salute the passing stranger by curtsies or doffing the hat, though some Americans protested the custom as servile, a relic of the old country.

New York (population thirty-three thousand) in 1787 still showed the ravages of war. The city had been occupied by the enemy for seven years, till the English left and the Tories with them. Now the wharves were tumbledown, bereft of ships; the great fire had swept away almost every building on Broadway, including Trinity Church. What remained was a collection of wooden hovels and gabled Dutch houses of yellow brick. In the East and North rivers one saw porpoises. Baltimore, with its thirteen thousand inhabitants, was badly paved, "with scarcely a dozen lamps in the whole town."

Nearly every French traveler commented on the high scale of living in America. Brissot de Warville remarked that it was not rare to see a carter driving his cart and eating a turkey wing and some white bread. Wages for laborers and servants were high, much higher than in Europe, and when a vessel



loaded with Scotchmen landed in New York, "the next day there was not one who was not hired out and busy." Travelers agreed that the farther south one went, the more this condition deteriorated. It was in Virginia that Chastellux saw poor people, "for the first time," he said, "since I crossed the sea." Not only the Negro slaves but the wan and ragged whites in their miserable huts aroused his pity. In Virginia the horses were beautiful, finely bred to race. Gentlemen's houses were spacious, well furnished with linen and silver plate, but few had books or libraries, and the plantation manors were crowded as to bedrooms: "they think nothing of putting three or four persons in the same room." The seed ticks made life miserable in summer, and the bedbugs, which Virginia called chinchies. With Southerners the drinking of spirituous liquors was a delightful — and frequent — ceremony which involved extraordinary mixtures: mint sling, pumpkin flip, bumbo, apple toddy.

In Virginia, Chastellux met with his first pioneer, a young man who had come from Philadelphia with his pretty wife and babe, and was setting out for "Kentucket." Chastellux was astonished at the easy manner in which this pioneer proceeded on his expedition, with but one horse, no cattle, and no tools. "I have money in my pocket," the young man said stoutly, "and shall want for nothing." In Pennsylvania good lands were "too expensive to get." This nonchalance at moving about seemed indeed one of the most striking traits of Americans. "Four times running," wrote Moreau, "they will break land for a new home, abandoning without a thought the house in which they were born, the church where they learned about God, the tombs of their fathers, the friends of their childhood, the companions of their youth, and all the pleasures of their first society." The American clung to nothing. At a price, said Moreau, he would part with "his house, his carriage, his horse, his god."

It was the very antithesis of Europe, this repudiation of the past, and for the foreigner it repelled or inspired according to his personal philosophy.

THE slaughtered trees, the American "forests," the free land waiting to be claimed, the Beautiful River and wild romantic scenery; the rattlesnakes in the brush, the zigzag fences, hummingbirds, squirrel ragout; the bridgeless streams to be crossed, the clear cold northwest wind — in the accounts of Europeans all this took second place to the Americans themselves, to the men, women, and children who inhabited this New World and who themselves seemed a species of new people. "By the term *American*," wrote William Priest, "you must understand a white man, descended from a native of the

Old Continent; and by the term *Indian*, or *Savage*, one of the aborigines of the New World." "Americans," noted Moreau, "are said to be a sort of blend of Europeans and Indians. It is evident that they have progressed far beyond the Indians and are rapidly becoming more and more like Europeans."

Perhaps the gentleman showed restraint, everything considered. The longer he stayed in America, the less European its inhabitants appeared. Moreau and his friends were continually surprised by the condition of equality between citizens of different rank; nothing they had read at home prepared them for it. In France, a man of the world would blush, said Brissot de Warville, to ride in so unworthy a vehicle as a public diligence. Yet in America one saw a member of Congress seated in the stagecoach beside a laborer "who had voted for him," the two talking busily. "You do not see people putting on airs, which you find so often in France," added Brissot. He had traveled through New Jersey in a coach of this kind with the son of Governor Livingston — nor would he have known it, had not the innkeepers at the stops saluted young Mr. Livingston "with an air of respectful familiarity." It was said the governor himself frequently used the public stage.

All this was extraordinary. Surely it stood as proof that the American experiment was succeeding? Here the equality of man was not a matter for philosophers, poets, and the conversation of enlightened drawing rooms. Here it was put into practice, accepted as an everyday fact. One must, however, accommodate oneself — and accommodation was not always easy. Barbé-Marbois wrote home that his party had found it necessary to address innkeepers discreetly. An imperative tone was unsuccessful; more than one host had said he could be asked but not commanded. "People treat us very familiarly," said the Frenchman, "and they do it so innocently that we should be very hard to get on with if we took it in bad part." Wagoners, after putting their carts under cover and oating their horses, came and joined the company for dinner, without apology. At private houses were neither porters nor doorkeepers; in Boston the governor of the state himself answered their knock when they came to call one evening. After the call was over His Excellency showed them to the door, candle in hand. Often one met respected magistrates — Barbé-Marbois called them "senators" — returning from the market with greenstuff or fish, not even trying to hide the parcels under their cloaks.

As for the stagecoach drivers, they were a phenomenon; they showed no surprise when addressed as Colonel, took part in the conversation, said Brissot, and passed on all kinds of questions as "a

sort of magistrate." It was rare for anyone to remonstrate with the driver, even in the humblest way, on his manner of handling the reins. And if debates arose upon the length of the road, upon whether or not the journey was comfortable, upon horseflesh and the lineage thereof, or upon the private fortunes of gentlemen whose houses were seen along the road, the driver was consulted and listened to with deference. And how pleasant it was to travel with so little official interference! In New England, wrote Barbé-Marbois, "we went through pretty little villages, without ever having an official come up, hat in hand, and with a mawkish expression beg us in the name of the Thirteen States to get out of our carriages and let him inspect them." Here were no seigniorial rights on entering or leaving districts, and no farm guards.

French noblemen who had served as officers under Washington were amazed to find retired captains and majors keeping inns, even an apothecary who had been a general. In Europe, war was a profession; a gentleman bought his commission as he would buy a place in the government. War, moreover, was a policy of princes, an instrument of power continually in use, to be reckoned with by men of ambition. And how, pray, could the American General Knox, a former bookseller, have functioned so well as an artillery commander during the strife with England? "These things," wrote Lafayette, "are very different from Europe. The master and the mistress sit down at table with you, do the honors of an excellent repast, and when you leave, you pay without bargaining. When you do not want to go to an inn, you find country-houses where you are received with the attentions which you would have in Europe from a friend."

For English visitors as well as French, it was hard to understand a people who had no tradition of feudality, no loyalty of peasant to the lord who protected him, or of tenant to landlord. Not only were the Americans without this tradition, handed down through the generations, but they had no acquaintance with it. Although born as colonials, they seemed to have been born free of the class above them. An English traveler, Francis Bailly, put it down to the fact of easy subsistence. Because land could be acquired cheaply, men's dependence on each other was "so trifling, that the spirit of servility to those above them so prevalent in European manners is wholly unknown, and [the Americans] pass their lives without any regard to the smiles or frowns of men in power." Thomas Cooper said much the same thing. There were no Americans of great rank, Cooper wrote, nor many of great riches. "Nor have the rich the power of oppressing the less rich, for poverty such as in Great Britain is almost unknown." The very term *farmer*, said Cooper, had in America another mean-

ing. Whereas in England it signified a tenant, paying heavy rent to some lord and occupying an inferior rank in life, here in Pennsylvania a farmer was a landowner, equal to any man in the state, "having a voice in the appointment of his legislators, and a fair chance . . . of becoming one himself. In fact, nine-tenths of the legislators of America are farmers."

Barbé-Marbois has an anecdote wonderfully illustrative of the incomprehensibility of the American condition to a highly placed European. One fine September day in Massachusetts, he and his French companion walked from their country inn to a nearby valley, where numbers of men were busy getting in the harvest. Barbé-Marbois selected one of them — a well-clothed fellow, he said, probably the head farmer — and put a series of questions. Who possessed the high and low justice in his district, how much rent did he pay to the lord of the village, who had the right to payment of a fifth of a fifth? Was he allowed to hunt and fish, were the cider press, the tower, and the mill far away, was he allowed to have a dovecote, was the tithe heavy and forced labor frequent and painful? How many bushels of salt was he obliged to consume, how much was the tax on drinks, and was there capital punishment for those who were convicted of having tobacco plants in their gardens?

There is an element of fantasy in the scene: the sweating farmer, the two Frenchmen, polite, careful not to patronize. "At all these questions," Barbé-Marbois continues, the man "started to laugh. . . . He told us that justice was neither high nor low in America, but perfectly fair and equal for everyone, and we could not make him understand at all what sort of beings lords of the village were. He continued to think that we were trying to talk to him about a justice of the peace, and he could not distinguish the idea of superiority from that of magistracy."

**F**OREIGNERS who went south were shocked to see slave quarters at Mount Vernon, though they noted that Washington was benevolent toward his slaves and that, like Jefferson, he disapproved the institution. But how could the father of liberty not free these poor creatures? Did he fear a general insurrection as a result? Did he think liberation should be left to the Congress? That slavery was an evil all foreigners agreed. Yet the problem seemed too vast for discussion. Some slave owners were brutal, some kind; it was difficult to make an overall judgment, though it was agreed that any slave owner was unjustified by the tenets of human decency. Nicholas Cresswell, passing through Maryland, noted without comment that he had

seen the hindquarters of a Negro chained to a tree "for murdering his overseer."

When foreigners spoke of poverty in America, they meant the poverty of white men; they were continually surprised not to find more of it. Perhaps the travelers were comparing what they saw with conditions in Europe, where Americans in their turn had expressed shock at the terrible plight of the London poor, the Paris beggars. In Massachusetts, Barbé-Marbois and his companion, carrying their own supplies, one day discovered they had too much food with them. "We said to our host, 'Give this to the poor.' He hardly understood us, and no poor could be found." Begging was unknown, said the Frenchman. From Boston to Philadelphia he had not seen a single pauper or met a "peasant" who was not well dressed or had not a good wagon or at least a good horse. Chastellux declared that in America no very poor people were to be seen. "Everyone enjoys easy circumstances."

A traveler sees what he wishes to see, and the American curiosity concerning strangers was insatiable, especially in rural districts — which meant nearly everywhere. No European peasant, no British yeoman would have dared such questions. Isaac Weld traveled out into Lexington, Kentucky. "Of all the uncouth human beings I met with in America," he writes, "these people from the western country were the most so; their curiosity was boundless. Frequently have I been stopped abruptly by one of them in a solitary part of the road, and in such a manner that had it been another country I should have imagined it was a highwayman that was going to demand my purse. . . . 'Stop, Mister! why I guess now you be coming from the new state.' 'No Sir,' — 'Oh! why then, pray now where might you be coming from?' 'From the low country.' — 'Why you must have heard all the news then; pray now, Mister, what might the price of bacon be in those parts?' 'Upon my word, my friend, I can't inform you.' — 'Aye, aye, I see, Mister, what might your name be?' — A stranger going the same way is sure of having the company of these worthy people, so desirous of information, as far as the next tavern, where he is seldom suffered to remain for five minutes till he is again assailed with the same question."

Isaac Weld must have been a stiff young man. If he refused to talk, he was, he says, in danger of finding himself in a quarrel, especially when the company discovered that he was not an American.

For French and English alike it was upsetting to find no distinction in dress between maid and mistress, or between the lower orders and the first magistrate of the state. "Luxury," wrote de Beaujour, "has penetrated to the cottage of the workingman." Moreau was surprised that everyone

could read and write, "although almost no French sailor is able to do so." It was noted that newspapers and gazettes were numerous and kept the people well informed; in the country they appeared weekly, in town twice a week, and in the large cities twice a day — "morning, noon and night," wrote a Frenchman. From his lodgings in a small Massachusetts town, La Rochefoucauld wrote that the people in the house "busied themselves much with politics, and from the landlord to the housemaid they all read two newspapers a day."

THESE observations were made along the Atlantic coastline. In the backland — "the great interior country," as Gouverneur Morris called it — no schools existed. Life was rough, the labor back-breaking. Here a boy of fourteen was already a man, proficient with firearms, able to hunt, bring home game to eat, prepared if necessary to join the defense of his household against savages. American history is illumined by the miracle of men who grew up "in the forest" and emerged at manhood speaking excellent English, having been nourished on such prose as the King James Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, Addison's essays, Milton, the heroic couplets of Pope. John Marshall at the age of twelve had never seen a schoolhouse. But under somebody's instigation, probably his father's, the boy already had transcribed Pope's *Essay on Man* in toto and knew long passages by heart. On the Back River in Elizabeth City County, Virginia, Chancellor Wythe as a youth was taught Latin and the rudiments of Greek by his mother. All through the eighteenth century, travelers remarked on the purity of the American speech, its grammatical correctness, and the absence of local dialects. Cresswell in the 1770s went so far as to declare the Americans spoke better English than the English.

Nevertheless, these visitors must surely have been partly deaf, or moved only in the best circles. Evidence against them is abundant: in the phonetically spelled letters of soldiers during the war, in manuals prepared for the correction of speech. The *Columbian Grammar*, published at Boston in 1795, has a list of Improperities: "acrost, bekays, chimbley, drowned, larnin', ourn, yourn, theirn; cheer for chair, riz for risen, kivver for cover." During the war, a brave infantryman at Bound Brook composed a "Song of the Minute Men":

Now tew oure Station Let us march and randevouse  
with pleasure  
We have been like Brave minut men to sarve so Great  
a Treasure  
We let them se amediately that we are men of mettle  
We Jarsey boys that fere no nois will never flinch for  
Battle.



New Englanders said *dew* for *do*, *tew* for *too*. Noah Webster in his *Dissertations on the English Language* (1789) notes the *keow* of New England but defends it as no worse than the London *skey* for sky and *kaynd* for kind. As for the Easterners' habit of saying *this here country*, *that there man*, Webster declares it coeval with the primitive Saxons. He wishes, however, that persons in the Middle States would not say *foch* for fetch and *cotched* for caught, which latter "is more frequent and equally barbarous." The people at large, remarks Webster, say *admirable*, *disputable*, *com-pareable*. And the people, Webster asserts, are right.

It seemed indeed that a new language was being created. Thomas Jefferson was sensitive to it, impatient with reviewers in English journals who set themselves against what they called the adulteration of the language by American words. "The new circumstances in which we are placed," Jefferson wrote to Washington, "call for new words, new phrases." It was Noah Webster, however, who discovered in the American language more than a diversion or an expression of hatred for Britain. To Webster the American language constituted a philosophy and a most passionate creed. "Now is the time," he wrote (1785), "and *this* the country in which we may expect success in attempting changes favorable to . . . establish a national language, as well as a national government." As an independent people, Webster added, in all things we should be federal, be *national*. It was a word he liked to underline. Webster's *American Spelling Book* went into millions of copies — fifteen million in its author's lifetime, sixty million in a century; his *American Dictionary* made his name a household word. Webster's philosophy of language went far beyond conventional philology. People of large fortunes and family distinction, he said, have a bold, independent way of speaking, as witness New England, where there are no slaves, few servants, and little talk of family descent. Here the people address each other very differently than in the South. Instead of saying *you must*, New Englanders ask, *is it not best?* — "or give their opinions with an indecisive tone; *you had better*, *I believe*." This idea of equality of birth and fortune, says Webster, "gives a singular tone to their language and complexion to their manners."

Nicholas Cresswell, during his travels, writes that the New Englanders "have a sort of whining cadence which I cannot describe." On this peculiarity all agreed, although, like Cresswell, none could spell it out. If Roger Sherman of Connecticut spoke of his neighbor's daughter, he pronounced it *datter*, if he spoke of cranberry sauce, he called it *sass*; with his neighbors he extolled the laws of God and *natur*.

Most Americans used the current eighteenth-century pronunciation of *sarve* for serve, *desarve* for deserve, and said *consate* for conceit, *desate* for deceit. They also said *obleege*, and *deef* for deaf. They seem to have flattened the final *a* in America — at any rate they sang lustily, in welcome to General Washington:

Hail, bright auspicious day!  
Long shall America  
Thy praise resound.

French travelers, even those who spoke English, found they must acquire a new vocabulary, indigenous and colorful: backwoods, backcountry; catboat, pungey; bullfrog, eggplant, lightning bug, razorback. From the Indians there had been adapted a bewildering succession of proper nouns and place names. Impossible to spell this polyglot American language! French visitors, writing home, did the best they could: *Jancky Dudle* . . . *Kentokey* . . . *the town of Norege*, in Connecticut. Gentlemen wrote of those well-known Indian tribes, Scherokys and Tchactas.

**E**VEN before 1780 there had been at least seventeen colleges in America; after the war they sprang up everywhere, from Union College in New York State to Transylvania, "beyond the mountains." The best known of the older institutions were of course Harvard, William and Mary, Yale, Columbia, and "the colleges at Princeton, New Jersey." Travelers visited these institutions, talked with the professors and were well impressed. In Philadelphia they called at the Library Company and were entertained by members of the American Philosophical Society, a learned sodality established by Dr. Franklin "for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge."

No American would have denied that in his country, learning tended toward the useful. It seemed indeed that utility, the practical application of experimental theory, was part of the *âme républicaine*, Benjamin Franklin its prophet, and Philadelphia its natural center. Here was David Rittenhouse with his famous orrery and the telescope he had himself built to view the transit of Venus; here was Bartram's Garden with its botanical collection, Dr. Benjamin Rush with his new treatments for the insane. These were the men whom, after Franklin, educated foreigners endeavored to meet.

Philadelphia boasted its College of Physicians, with the Doctors Morgan, Redman, Shippen, Hutchinson, Kuhn — bold, imaginative men, frequently quarrelsome among themselves, as befitted savants whose hearts were in their work. Dr. Adam Kuhn, with his gold-headed cane and gold

snuffbox, his hair curled and powdered, was a sight for any sickroom. He and his brethren prescribed red bark, laudanum, and opium; they applied blisters and clysters, measured out vomits and cathartics, bled their patients for fevers — and for pleurisy, “by the quart,” one diarist noted later. Women in pregnancy and labor were bled because of plethora, Dr. Shippen said; too much blood. The good doctors came to childbirth with instruments rattling in their bags. It followed that young mothers died later of childbirth fever brought on by infection; in difficult cases the baby was extracted piecemeal with a hook. The horrors of treatment are indescribable: face cancers burned out with plasters, breasts removed while strong men sat on the patient’s feet or held her shoulders down.

Small wonder people did not summon the doctor unless they had to. Neighbors dosed each other with rhubarb and senna, castor oil, Daffy’s Elixir, tea made of quashee root or nettles; they made plasters of honey and flour, onion, garlic, and deer fat. Elizabeth Drinker of Philadelphia, considered an authority in physic, noted that she had cured a very bad sty with a rotten apple, and a child’s deeply bruised foot with cataplasms of cow dung. Often enough people called in quacks; a governor’s daughter had her son’s lame foot triumphantly cured by an Indian powwow doctor. For the jaundice, an infusion, in white wine, of goose dung and earthworms was said to be helpful.

Filth was thrown into the streets, wells contaminated by backyard privies. Typhoid, malaria, smallpox, the bloody flux, the putrid sore throat (diphtheria) swept through the cities in summer like a scythe. Rickets and scurvy abounded. These were the good old days, so often lamented by moderns of a romantic turn. One is almost surprised that fifty-five delegates survived to maturity and the Federal Convention. A Virginia innkeeper and his wife told Chastellux they had had fourteen children, none of whom lived to the age of two.

Nevertheless, physicians worked hard, risked their lives in time of pestilence, studied day and night to learn, dissect, discover, cure. And physicians did not grow rich. The receipt books of the grandest show payments in sugar, wine — “a red cow as per agreement.” Dr. Rush bled many patients to death in the yellow fever epidemic of 1793. But he had vision nonetheless and desired to change the entire emphasis of learning in America, and not only in medicine. He proposed the founding of a postgraduate college to prepare youths for public life. Why, demanded Rush, should young men study Greek particles and the conformation of the ruins at Palmyra when they should be acquiring “those branches of knowledge which increase the conveniences of life, lessen hu-

man misery, improve our country, promote population, exalt the human understanding, and establish domestic and political happiness?”

Sir Francis Bacon had cherished a like vision, a century and a half before. Yet even Dr. Rush’s dream came too soon, too early. The American people were not yet ready. General Washington wished to establish a national university, erected and supported by Congress. At the Federal Convention, young Charles Pinckney proposed it as part of his original plan. But though Pinckney and Madison were to bring it up again in August and September (careful to call it federal, not national), the motion in the end was voted down on the grounds that Congress would have sufficient power itself to found a university.

AMERICA in 1787 was on the verge, the very brink, of industrial and scientific expansion. Still recovering from war, with the scars visible wherever British armies had marched, the states within a decade were to see vast changes: turnpikes built and canals, fulfilling Washington’s dream of opening up the Western country. They were to see the utilization of coal, which as yet, men said, served only to put fires *out*. In the 1790s, Eli Whitney would introduce his cotton gin and Samuel Slater set up a spinning factory with the machinery whose plans he had carried in his head from England. Americans of 1787 showed immense pride of country, bombastic and touching. Moreau was disturbed by the virulence of state pride, resulting in contempt for other districts, particularly between “Easterners” and Southerners. A grave fault, the Frenchman called it. “The faint differences between the various states,” he said, “are not at all marked by politeness. They have the same form of government, the same ideas, the same notions — and the residents of each one have the highest opinion of themselves and their section.” A Philadelphian told Moreau that America wouldn’t change places with any country on earth — *no, sir!*

The bragging and the boasting were in truth part of a young vigor, a young defiance. America must shout aloud her name, her independence. All the world must be informed of her grandiose new plans, which encompassed a continent and concerned nothing less than the equality of men. “We are making experiments,” Franklin had said.

Little time was left, in all this, for the fine arts. Here, literature was not a trade or a means of livelihood, as in Europe. “Literature in America is an amusement only,” wrote Thomas Cooper. Barbé-Marbois, praising the absence of poverty, reluctantly admits that if he has seen no beggar in America, neither has he met a Gluck, a Greuze

or Bouchardon, or the author of literary masterpieces. Chastellux attributes this to the absence of rich patrons. Benjamin Franklin confessed that the New World had no place for artists. Such artistic geniuses as had arisen in America, he said, uniformly quit their country for Europe, where they could be more suitably rewarded.

It was John Adams who made the truest observation. In Paris he viewed the Tuileries, the public squares and gardens, ornamented with "very magnificent statues." Troubled, Adams wrote home to his wife that it was not indeed the fine arts which our country required. "The mechanic arts are those which we have occasion for in a country as yet simple and not far advanced in luxury. I must study politics and war, that my sons may have liberty to study mathematics and philosophy, geography, natural history and naval architecture, navigation, commerce and agriculture, in order to give their children a right to study painting, poetry, music, architecture, statuary, tapestry and porcelain."

FOREIGN visitors to the states, for all their philosophical discussions upon this new man, the American, found time to discourse eloquently on American women. Some thought the Boston girls prettiest, others the Philadelphians. On a fine winter day along the north sidewalk of Market Street between Third and Fifth, writes Moreau with careful historical precision, "one can see four hundred young persons, each of whom would certainly be followed on any Paris promenade." These maidens, so charming and adorable at fifteen, unfortunately will be "faded at twenty-three, old at thirty-five, decrepit at forty or forty-five." And how extraordinary that a woman should leave her hair its natural color! Rouge was proscribed and so was powder. The prudery of young American matrons was unconscionable. When a gentleman at an evening party inquired if French ladies rode horseback, hearing that they did, "like men . . . all the women blushed," writes Barbé-Marbois, "hid themselves behind their fans and finally burst into laughter. They cannot understand how a woman can make her toilet before a man, or even how she can dress herself in the presence of her husband."

All this was very ridiculous, said Moreau. He had seen a woman make her brother leave the room while she changed the diaper of her son, aged five weeks. Certain words were forbidden: garter, legs, knees, shirt. American women divided

their bodies in two: from the head to the waist was stomach, the rest was ankles. In God's name how could a doctor guess the location of a female ailment? "He is forbidden the slightest touch," writes Moreau. "His patient, even at the risk of her life, leaves him in the vaguest doubt."

And what a pity the Americans servilely followed the English custom of sending the women from table at the end of dessert! Surely, wrote Chastellux, "every amusement which separates men from women is contrary to the welfare of society, calculated to render one of the sexes boorish and the other dull, and to destroy, in short, that sensibility, the source of which Nature has placed in interchange between the sexes." There was an awful solemnity to young American ladies. When one of them at a soiree was urged to sing, she sat on her chair straight as a poker, her eyes fixed upon the floor. "One waited until her voice began to proclaim that she was not petrified."

The visitors were experiencing at best a provincial society. Men and women had not had time to acquire the poise, the light laughter and badinage of Parisian drawing rooms. In these American cities, Chastellux adds, "if society becomes easy and gay there, if they learn to appreciate pleasure when it comes without being formally invited, then one will be able to enjoy all the advantages resulting from their customs and manners without having to envy anything in Europe."

The Frenchmen were only discovering what one is bound to find in a young civilization and a raw new world: rigidity, clannishness, suspicion of the stranger. Easy gaiety and easy laughter, the absence of prudery — did these belong then to rank, to money, to a conscious knowledge of power and place? Simplicity of manners, Quaker plainness, New England ladies with unpowdered hair, young wives and young husbands with austere morals, "men of principle" — one could not look for this and sophisticated elegance all in one place and time. French visitors were bored by the simplicity and stiffness, but they acknowledged a corresponding significance. "These same men," wrote Barbé-Marbois, "who open their doors themselves, who go on foot to judge the people, who buy their own food, are those who have brought about this Revolution." It was these men who, when necessary, raised a musket and marched on the enemy. "And between ourselves," finished Barbé-Marbois, "I am not sure that people who have porters, stewards, butlers, and covered carriages with springs, would have offered the same resistance to despotism."



# THE GREAT MARIJUANA HOAX

## *First Manifesto to End the Bringdown*

*by Allen Ginsberg*

*"I've never had a chance to explain my position on this subject without interruption, and to a large audience," says the poet Allen Ginsberg about the myths, the lore, and the legal aspects of marijuana. "So people mistakenly think I'm asking people to take dope-fiend dope." A longer version of this article by the author of HOWL and other poems (his collected works will be published early next year by Grove) will appear in THE MARIJUANA PAPERS, a group of essays being published this month by Bobbs-Merrill.*

How much there is to be revealed about marijuana in this decade in America for the general public! The actual experience of the smoked herb has been clouded by a fog of dirty language perpetrated by a crowd of fakers who have not had the experience and yet insist on downgrading it. The paradoxical key to this bizarre impasse of awareness is precisely that the marijuana consciousness is one that, ever so gently, shifts the center of attention from habitual shallow, purely verbal guidelines and repetitive secondhand ideological interpretations of experience to more direct, slower, absorbing, occasionally microscopically minute engagement with sensing phenomena.

A few people don't like the experience and report back to the language world that it's a drag. But the vast majority all over the world who have smoked the several breaths necessary to feel the effect, adjust to the strangely familiar sensation of Time slowdown, and explore this new space thru natural curiosity, report that it's a useful area of mind-consciousness to be familiar with. Marijuana is a metaphysical herb less habituating than tobacco, whose smoke is no more disruptive than Insight.

This essay, conceived by a mature middle-aged gentleman, the holder at present of a Guggenheim Fellowship for creative writing, a traveler on many continents with experience of customs and modes of different cultures, is dedicated to those who have not smoked marijuana, who don't know exactly what it is but have been influenced by sloppy, or secondhand, or unscientific, or (as in the case of

drug-control bureaucracies) definitely self-interested language used to describe the marijuana high pejoratively. I offer the pleasant suggestion that a negative approach to the whole issue (as presently obtains in what are aptly called square circles in the USA) is not necessarily the best, and that it is time to shift to a more positive attitude toward this specific experience.<sup>1</sup> If one is not inclined to have the experience oneself, this is a free country and no one is obliged to have an experience merely because friends, family, or business acquaintances have had it and report themselves pleased. On the other hand, an equal respect and courtesy are required for the sensibilities of one's familiars for whom the experience has not been closed off by the door of Choice.

The black cloud of negative propaganda on marijuana emanates from one particular source: the US Treas. Dept. Narcotics Bureau.<sup>2</sup> If the tendency (a return to common sense) to leave the opiate problem with qualified M.D.'s prevails, the main function of this large Bureau will shift to the persecution of marijuana. Otherwise, the Bureau will have no function except as a minor tax office, for which it was originally purposed, under aegis of Secty. of Treasury. Following Parkinson's Law that a bureaucracy will attempt to find work for itself, or following a simpler line of thought, that the agents of this Bureau have a business interest in perpetuating the idea of a marijuana "menace" lest they lose their employment, it is not unreasonable to suppose that a great

# all airlines don't feel the same



To the best of our knowledge, no airline has seats like this. In fact, seats on all the major airlines are pretty much the same (except that our jet Coach has only 5 seats across instead of 6 like most other airlines). Indeed, today there are few important visible differences between airlines. Yet — one airline is different. You can't see the difference — you feel it! The name of this airline is Continental and the difference you feel is pride — the pride of Continental's people . . . in their jobs, in themselves, in their airline. The reason they

have this extra measure of pride is that Continental, as major airlines go, is not a great big, impersonal one. So — Continental's people can and do maintain their individuality, their interest and involvement in how their airline is run. It's not so much what they do as how they do it. That's what you feel and you feel good — comfortable — confident. All airlines don't feel the same. Come travel with us and feel the difference pride makes. It's almost like being at home. Your travel agent or Continental Airlines will arrange it. Please call.

# CONTINENTAL



The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail



*We have a crush on premium wine grapes*



Our special love? Premium European varietal grapes... source of the finest wines. Trouble is, they're choosy about where they'll grow.

Yet we can grow *all* of these famous European grapes. Our secret? It's a rare combination of ideal soil, climate, elevation...high on the cool, sun-washed slopes of California's Gavilan Range...at Almadén's Paicines Mountain Vineyards. Here, at the world's largest vineyards of superior wine grapes, all European varietals prosper to our own high standards of quality. Quality that is evident in every Almadén wine.

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deal of the violence, hysteria & energy of the anti-marijuana language propaganda emanating from this source has as its motive a rather obnoxious self-interest, all the more objectionable for its tone of moralistic evangelism. This hypocrisy is recognizable to anybody who has firsthand experience of the so-called narcotic; which, as the reader may have noticed, I have termed an herb, which it is — a leaf or blossom — in order to switch from negative terminology and inaccurate language.

A marvelous project for a sociologist, and one which I am sure will be in preparation before my generation grows old, will be a close examination of the actual history and tactics of the Narcotics Bureau and its former chief Power, Harry J. Anslinger, in planting the seed of the marijuana “menace” in the public mind and carefully nurturing its growth over the last few decades until the unsuspecting public was forced to accept an outright lie.<sup>3</sup>

I MUST begin by explaining something that I have already said in public for many years: that I occasionally use marijuana in preference to alcohol, and have for several decades. I say occasionally and mean it quite literally; I have spent about as many hours high as I have spent in movie theaters — sometimes three hours a week, sometimes twelve or twenty or more, as at a film festival — with about the same degree of alteration of my normal awareness.

I therefore do know the subjective possibilities of marijuana and therein take evidence of my own senses between my own awareness of the mysterious ghastly universe of joy, pain, discovery, birth & death, the emptiness & awesomeness of its forms and consciousness described in the Prajna-paramita Sutra central to a Buddhist or even Christian or Hindu view of Kosmos which I sometimes experience while high, as for the last two paragraphs, and the cheap abstract inexperienced version of exactly the same thing one may have read in the newspapers, written by reporters (who smoke pot themselves occasionally nowadays) taking the main part of their poorly written squibs of misinformation from the texts & mouths of Chiefs of Narcotics Bureaus, Municipal or Federal — or an occasional doctor notorious in the profession for his ungracious stupidity & insulting manners.

What was this criminal vision of marijuana presented by the Narcotics Department for years in cheap sex magazines and government reports? Who invented the myths of base paranoia close to murder, frothing at the mouth of Egyptian dogs, sex orgies in cheap dives, debilitation and terror and physiological or mysterious psychic addiction?

An essentially grotesque Image, a thought-hallucination magnified myriad thru mass media, a by-product of Fear — something quite fiendish — “Dope Fiend,” the old language, a language abandoned in the early sixties when enough of the general public had sufficient personal experience to reject such palpable poppycock<sup>4</sup> & the bureaucratic line shifted to defense of its own existence with the following reason: necessary to control marijuana because smoking leads to search for thrill kicks; this leads to next step, the monster Heroin. And a terrible fate.

In historical context this recent excuse for repression of marijuana seems to the author so irrational that it is impossible to disprove. Yet public confusion may warrant some precise analysis: A) There are no legitimate sociological/medical study documents warranting the Narcotics Department’s assertion of causal relation between use of marijuana and graduation to opiates. B) There never had been any hint of such association before the two classes of drugs were forcibly juxtaposed in black market by said department; Anslinger testified to that in 1937. C) A greater percent of opiate users started with bananas, cigarettes & alcohol than started with marijuana — no causal relationship is indicated in any case. D) The number of millions of respectable Americans who smoke marijuana have obviously not proceeded on to opiates. E) In test sociological cases, i.e., societies such as Morocco and India where marijuana use is universal, there is very small use of opiates, and no social association or juxtaposition between the two classes of drugs. What juxtaposition there is in America has been created and encouraged by the propaganda and police repression tactics of the Narcotics Bureau. (*Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics* 1965, and 1965 California Atty. General’s Report both characterize the claimed causal relationship as “unproved.”)

I IN SOUND good health I smoked legal ganja (as marijuana is termed in India, where it is traditionally used in preference to alcohol), bought from government tax shops in Calcutta, in a circle of devotees, yogis, and hymn-singing pious Shaivite worshippers in the burning ground at Nimtallah Ghat in Calcutta, where it was the custom of these respected gentlemen to meet on Tues. and Saturday nights, smoke before an improvised altar of blossoms, sacramental milk-candy & perhaps a fire taken from the burning wooden bed on which lay a newly dead body, of some friend perhaps, likely a stranger if a corpse is a stranger, pass out the candy as God’s gift to friend and stranger, and sing holy songs all night, with great strength and emotion, addressed to different images of the Divine

Spirit. Ganja was there considered a beginning of sadhana (Yogic path or discipline) by some; others consider the Ascetic Yogi Shiva Himself to have smoked marijuana; on His birthday marijuana is mixed as a paste with almond milk by the grandmothers of pious families and imbibed as a sacrament by this polytheistic nation, considered by some a holy society. The professors of English at Benares University brought me a bottle for the traditional night of Shivaratri, birthday of the Creator & Destroyer who is the patron god of this oldest continuously inhabited city on Earth. "BOM BOM MAHADEV!" (Boom Boom Great God!) is the Mantra Yogis' cry as they raise the ganja pipe to their brows before inhaling.

All India is familiar with ganja, and so is all Africa, and so is all the Arab world; and so were Paris and London in smaller measure in high-minded but respectable nineteenth-century circles; and so on a larger scale is America even now. Young and old, millions perhaps, smoke marijuana and see no harm. And we have not measured the Latin-American world, Mexico particularly, which gave the local herb its familiar name. In some respects we may then see its prohibition as an arbitrary cultural taboo.

There has been a tendency toward its suppression in the Arab world with the too hasty adoption of Western rationality & the enlarged activity of the American fanatic Mr. Anslinger, retired from the Narcotics Bureau but now US representative to the UN World Health Organization Narcotic Drugs Commission, a position from which he circulates hysterical notices and warnings manufactured in Washington's Treas. Dept. to the police forces of the cities of the world — so I was told by a police official in Tel Aviv, an old school chum who laughed about the latest release, a grim warning against the dangers of Khat, a traditional energizing leaf chewed by Bedouins of Arabia & businessmen & princes in Ethiopia, as well as a few traditional Yemenite Jews.

Professor Alfred R. Lindesmith in *The Addict and the Law* (Indiana University Press) has already objected in public print to the Department's manipulation and attempted quashing of various medical-juridic reports; the impartial LaGuardia Report of 1944 was rudely attacked by Anslinger; a President's Judicial Advisory Council Policy Statement (1964) has characterized the activities of the Bureau as exceeding legal rightfulness in "criminalizing" by executive fiat & administrative dictum those addicted to addicting drugs who for decades have been prevented from going to a doctor for treatment unless it was under the aegis of Lexington Jail, and thru police channels. Memory of the British East India Hemp Commission report, the largest in history, done in the 1890s, which concluded that

marijuana was *not* a problem, has been ignored;<sup>5</sup> memories of our own Panama Canal military reports giving marijuana a clean bill of health have been unavailing in consideration of the Bureau;<sup>6</sup> thousands of intelligent citizens have been put in prison for uncounted years for possession or sale of marijuana, even if they grew it themselves and only smoked in private; youths have been entrapped into selling small or large quantities of the grass to police agents and consequently found themselves faced with all the venomous bullshit that an arbitrary law can create, from the terrors of arrest to the horror of years in jail; the author receives letters of complaint and appeals for help, from many US cities, from acquaintances, fellow litterateurs, even scholarly investigators of the subject writing books about it, as well as from one energetic poet founding a fine project for an Artist's Workshop (John Sinclair in Detroit, sentenced to six months for letting an agent buy marijuana for the second time); Ken Kesey, the novelist, is now in exile; 21,931 arrests for marijuana from 1963 to 1965 reported from California alone, according to Prof. Alfred R. Lindesmith. The whole scene is so shrouded in bureaucratic mystery that there are no national figures available anywhere.

One becomes awed by the enormity of the imposition. It is not a healthy activity for the State to be annoying so many of its citizens thusly; it creates a climate of topsy-turvy law and begets disrespect for the law and the society that tolerates execution of such barbarous law,<sup>7</sup> and a climate of fear and hatred for the administrators of the law. Such a law is a threat to the existence of the State itself, for it sickens and debilitates its most adventurous and sensitive citizens. Such a law, in fact, can drive people mad.

It is no wonder then that most people who have smoked marijuana in America often experience a state of anxiety, of threat, of paranoia, in fact, which may lead to trembling or hysteria, at the microscopic awareness that they are breaking a Law, that thousands of Investigators are trained and paid to smoke them out and jail them, that thousands of their community are in jail, that inevitably a few friends are "busted" with all the hypocrisy and expense and anxiety of that trial & perhaps punishment — jail and victimage by the bureaucracy that made, propagandized, administrators, and profits from such a monstrous law.

From my own experience and the experience of others I have concluded that most of the horrific effects and disorders described as characteristic of marijuana "intoxication" by the US Federal Treasury Department's Bureau of Narcotics are, quite the reverse, precisely traceable back to the effects on consciousness not of the narcotic but of

the law and the threatening activities of the US Federal Treasury Department Bureau of Narcotics itself. Thus, as the Buddha said to a lady who offered him a curse, the gift is returned to the giver when it is not accepted.

I myself experience this form of paranoia when I smoke marijuana, and for that reason smoke it in America more rarely than I did in countries where it is legal. I noticed a profound difference of effect. The anxiety was directly traceable to fear of being apprehended and treated as a deviant criminal & put thru the hassle of social disapproval, ignominious Kafkaian tremblings in vast court buildings coming to be judged, the helplessness of being overwhelmed by force or threat of deadly force and put in brick & iron cell.

This apprehension deepened when on returning this year from Europe, I was stopped, stripped, and searched at customs. The dust of my pockets was examined with magnifying glass for traces of weed. I had publicly spoken in defense of marijuana and attacked the conduct of the Bureau, and now my name was down on a letter/dossier at which I secretly peeked, on the Customs search-room desk. I quote the first sentence, referring to myself and Orlovsky: "These persons are reported to be smuggling (or importing) narcotics. . . ."

On a later occasion, when I was advised by several friends and near acquaintances that Federal Narcotics personnel in NYC had asked them to "set me up" for an arrest, I became incensed enough to write a letter of complaint to my congressman. He replied that he thought I was being humorless about the reason for my being on a list for Customs investigation, since it was natural (I had talked about the dread subject so much in public); anyway, not Kafkaian as I characterized it. As for my complaint about being set up — that, with my letter, was forwarded to the Treasury Dept. in Washington for consideration and reply. Thus, the reply received December 22, 1965: "I would advise you that I have been in touch with the Bureau of Narcotics and am of the opinion that nothing has been done in your case that is illegal or inconsistent with law enforcement practices designed to enforce the narcotics laws." In this case it was police request to arrested friends that they carry marijuana to my apartment and to that of the novelist William S. Burroughs.

RATHER than radically alter the preceding composition written in 1965 — let it remain for the reader who has not smoked marijuana a manifestation of marijuana-high thought structure in a mode which intersects our mutual consciousness, namely language — I wish to add here a few thoughts.

I have spent half a year in Morocco, smoking kif often: old gentlemen & peaceable youths sit amiably, in cafés or under shade trees in outdoor gardens, drinking mint tea, passing the tiny kif pipe, and looking quietly at the sea. This is the true picture of the use of kif in North Africa, exactly the opposite of the lurid stereotype of mad-dog human beings deliberately spread by our Treasury Department police branch. And I set this model of tranquil sensibility beside the tableau of aggravated New York executives sipping whiskey before a 1965 TV set's imagery of drunken American violence covering the world from the highways to Berkeley all the way to the dirt roads of Vietnam.

No one has yet remarked that the suppression of Negro rights, culture, and sensibility in America has been complicated by the marijuana laws. African sects have used pot for divine worship (much as I have described its sacred use in India). And to the extent that jazz has been an adaptation of an African religious form to American context, marijuana has been closely associated with the development of this indigenous American form of chant & prayer. Use of marijuana has always been widespread among the Negro population in this country, and suppression of its use, with constant friction and bludgeoning of the Law, has been a major unconscious, or unmentionable, method of assault on negro Person.

Although most scientific authors who present their reputable evidence for the harmlessness of marijuana make no claim for its surprising *usefulness*, I do make that claim:

Marijuana is a useful catalyst for specific optical and aural aesthetic perceptions. I apprehended the structure of certain pieces of jazz & classical music in a new manner under the influence of marijuana, and these apprehensions have remained valid in years of normal consciousness. I first discovered how to see Klee's Magic Squares as the painter intended them (as optically three-dimensional space structures) while high on marijuana. I perceived ("dug") for the first time Cézanne's "petit sensation" of space achieved on a two-dimensional canvas (by means of advancing & receding colors, organization of triangles, cubes, etc. as the painter describes in his letters) while looking at *The Bathers* high on marijuana. And I saw anew many of nature's panoramas & landscapes that I'd stared at blindly without even noticing before; thru the use of marijuana, awe & detail were made conscious. These perceptions are permanent — any deep aesthetic experience leaves a trace, & an idea of what to look for that can be checked back later. I developed a taste for Crivelli's symmetry; and saw Rembrandt's *Polish Rider* as a sublime Youth on a Deathly horse for the first time — saw myself in the rider's face, one might say — while walking



around the Frick Museum high on pot. These are not "hallucinations"; these are deepened perceptions that one might have catalyzed not by pot but by some *other* natural event (as natural as pot) that changes the mind, such as an intense Love, a death in the family, a sudden clear dusk after rain, or the sight of the neon spectral reality of Times Square one sometimes has after leaving a strange movie. So it's all *natural*.

At this point it should be revealed for those unaware that most of the major (best and most famous, too) poets, painters, musicians, cineasts, sculptors, actors, singers & publishers in America and England have been smoking marijuana for years and years. I have gotten high with the majority of the dozens of contributors to the Don Allen *Anthology of New American Poetry 1945-1960*; and in years subsequent to its publication have sat down to coffee and a marijuana cigarette with not a few of the more academic poets of the rival Hall-Pack-Simpson anthology. No art opening in Paris, London, New York, or Wichita at which one may not sniff the incense fumes of marijuana issuing from the ladies' room. Up and down Madison Avenue it is charming old inside knowledge; and in the clacketing vast city rooms of newspapers on both coasts, copyboys and reporters smoke somewhat less marijuana than they take tranquilizers or Benzadrine, but pot begins to rival liquor as a non-medicinal delight in conversation. Already eight years ago I smoked marijuana with a couple of Narcotics Department plainclothesmen who were trustworthy enough to invite to a literary reception. A full-page paid advertisement in the *New York Times*, quoting authoritative medical evidence of the harmlessness of marijuana, and signed by a thousand of its most famous smokers, would once and for all break the cultural ice and end once and for all the tyranny of the Treasury Department Narcotics Bureau. For it would only manifest in public what everybody sane in the centers of communication in America knows anyway, an enormous open secret—that it is time to end Prohibition again. And with it put an end to the gangsterism, police mania, hypocrisy, anxiety, and national stupidity generated by administrative abuse of the Marijuana Tax Act of 1937.

It should be understood, I believe, that *in this area* we have been undergoing police-state conditions in America, with characteristic mass brainwashing of the public, persecution & jail, elaborate systems of plainclothes police and police spies and stool pigeons, abuse of constitutional guarantees of privacy of home and person from improper search and seizure. The police prohibition of marijuana (accompanied with the even more obnoxious persecution of sick heroin addicts who all along should have been seeing the doctor) has

directly created vast black markets, crime syndicates, crime waves in the cities, and a breakdown of law and order in the State itself. For the courts of large cities are clogged with so-called narcotic crimes and behind schedule, and new laws (such as the recent NY Rockefeller Stop & Frisk & No-Knock) spring up against the citizen to cope with the massive unpopularity of prohibition.

Not only do I propose end of prohibition of marijuana but I propose a total dismantling of the whole cancerous bureaucracy that has perpetrated this historic screw-up on the United States. And not only is it necessary that the Bureau of Narcotics be dismantled & consigned to the wax museum of history, where it belongs, but it is also about time that a full-scale congressional investigation with all the resources of the embattled medical, legal & sociological authorities, who for years have been complaining in vain, should be undertaken to fix the precise responsibility for this vast swindle on the administrative & mass-media shoulders where it belongs. What was the motive & method in perpetrating this insane hoax on public consciousness? Have any laws of malfeasance in public office been violated?

Not only an investigation of how it all happened but some positive remuneration is required for those poor citizens who have been defenseless against beatings, arrest, and anxiety for years—a minority directly & physically persecuted by the police of cities and states and by agents of the nation; a minority often railroaded to jail by uncomprehending judges for months, for years, for decades; a minority battling idiotic laws, and even then without adequate legal representation for the slim trickery available to the rich to evade such laws. For the inoffensive charming smokers of marijuana who have undergone disgraceful jailings, money is due as compensation. This goes back decades for thousands of people, who, I claim, are among the most sensitive citizens of the nation; and their social place and special honor of character should be rewarded by a society which urgently needs this kind of sensibility where it can be seen in public.

I have long felt that there were political implications to the suppression of marijuana, beyond the obvious revelation (which Burroughs pointed out in *Naked Lunch*) of the cancerous nature of the marijuana-suppression bureaucracy. When the citizens of this country see that such an old-time, taken-for-granted, flag-waving, reactionary truism of police, press, and law as the "reefer menace" is in fact a creepy hoax, a scarecrow, what will they begin to think of the whole of taken-for-granted public REALITY?

What of other issues filled with the same threatening hysteria? The specter of Communism? Respect for the police and courts? Respect for the

Treasury Department? If marijuana is a hoax, what is Money? What is the War in Vietnam? What are the Mass Media?

As I declared at the beginning of this essay, marijuana consciousness shifts attention from stereotyped verbal symbols to "more direct, slower, absorbing, occasionally microscopically minute engagement with sensing phenomena" during the high. Already millions of people have gotten high and looked at the images of their Presidents and governors and representatives on television and seen that all were betraying signs of false character. Or heard the impersonal robot tones of radio newscasters announcing mass deaths in Asia.

It is no wonder that for years the great centers of puritanism of consciousness, blackout & persecution of the subtle vibrations of personal consciousness catalyzed by marijuana have been precisely Moscow and Washington, the centers of the human power war. Fanatical rigid mentality pursuing abstract ideological obsessions make decisions in the right-wing mind of America, pursuing a hateful war against a mirror-image of the same "sectarian, dogmatic" ideological mentality in the Communist camp. It is part of the same pattern that both centers of power have the most rigid laws against marijuana. And that marijuana and versions of the African ritual music (folk-rock) are slowly catalyzing anti-ideological consciousness of the new generations on both sides of the Iron Time curtain.

I believe that future generations will have to rely on new faculties of awareness, rather than on new versions of old idea-systems, to cope with the increasing godlike complexity of our planetary civilization, with its overpopulation, its threat of atomic annihilation, its centralized network of abstract word-image communication, its power to leave the earth. A new consciousness, or new awareness, will evolve to meet a changed ecological environment. It has already begun evolving in younger generations from Prague to Calcutta; part of the process is a re-examination of certain heretofore discarded "primitive" devices of communication with Self and Selves. Negro worship rituals have invaded the West via New Orleans and Liverpool, in altered but still recognizably functional form. The odd perceptions of Zen, Tibetan Yoga, Mantra Yoga, & indigenous American peyotism and shamanism affect the consciousness of a universal generation, children who can recognize each other by hairstyle, tone of voice, attitude to nature, and attitude to Civilization. The airwaves are filled with songs of hitherto unheard-of frankness and beauty.

These then are some of the political or social implications of the public legitimization of marijuana as a catalyst to self-awareness.

## A LITTLE ANTHOLOGY OF MARIJUANA FOOTNOTES

### Footnote 1:

The English Journal of Medicine, *The Lancet*, Editorial, November 9, 1963. "At most of the recent references the question was raised whether the marijuana problem might be abolished by removing the substance from the list of dangerous drugs where it was placed in 1951, and giving it the same social status as alcohol by legalizing its import and consumption.

"This suggestion is worth considering. Besides the undoubted attraction of reducing, for once, the number of crimes that a member of our society can commit, and of allowing the wider spread of something that can give pleasure, a greater revenue would certainly come to the State from taxation than from fines. Additional gains might be the reduction of interracial tension, as well as that between generations; for 'pot' spread from South America to Britain via the United States and the West Indies. Here it has been taken up by the younger members of a society in which alcohol is the inheritance of the more elderly."

### Footnote 2:

Anslinger, Harry J., and Oursler, W. C.: *The Murderers* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, 1961), p. 38.

"As the Marijuana situation grew worse, I knew action had to be taken to get proper control legislation passed. By 1937, under my direction, the Bureau launched two important steps: First, a legislative plan to seek from congress a new law that would place Marijuana and its distribution directly under federal control. Second, on radio and at major forums, such as that presented annually by the New York Herald Tribune, I told the story of this evil weed of the fields and river beds and roadsides. I wrote articles for magazines; our agents gave hundreds of lectures to parents, educators, social and civic leaders. In network broadcasts I reported on the growing list of crimes, including murder and rape. I described the nature of Marijuana and its close kinship to hashish. I continued to hammer at the facts.

"I believe we did a thorough job, for the public was alerted, and the laws to protect them were passed, both nationally and at the state level."

### Footnote 3:

"Traffic in Opium and Other Dangerous Drugs," Report by the Government of the United States of America for the Year Ended December 31st, 1938, by Hon. H. J. Anslinger, *Commissioner of Narcotics*, p. 7.

"The Narcotics Section recognizes the great danger of marihuana due to its definite impairment of the mentality and the fact that its continuous use leads direct to the insane asylum."

### Footnote 4:

*The Pharmacological Basis of Therapeutics*, Goodman and Gillman, 1956 ed., pp. 170-177: "There are no lasting ill effects from the acute use of marihuana, and fatalities have not been known to occur. . . . Careful and complete medical and neuropsychiatric examinations of habits reveal no pathological conditions or disorders of

cerebral functions attributable to the drug. . . . Although habituation occurs, psychic dependence is not as prominent or compelling as in the case of morphine, alcohol, or perhaps even tobacco habituation."

Footnote 5:

Report of the British East India Hemp Commission, 1893-94, Ch. XIII, pp. 263-264 (Summary of Conclusions regarding effects).

"The Commission has now examined all the evidence before them regarding the effects attributed to hemp drugs. . . . In regard to the physical effects, the Commission have come to the conclusion that the moderate use of hemp drugs is practically attended by no evil results at all. There may be exceptional cases in which, owing to idiosyncracies of constitution, the drugs in even moderate use may be injurious. There is probably nothing the use of which may not possibly be injurious in cases of exceptional intolerance. . . .

"In respect to the alleged mental effects of the drugs, the Commission have come to the conclusion that the moderate use of hemp drugs produces no injurious effects on the mind. . . .

"In regard to the moral effects of the drugs, the Commission are of the opinion that their moderate use produces no moral injury whatever . . . for all practical purposes it may be laid down that there is little or no connection between the use of hemp drugs and crime.

"Viewing the subject generally, it may be added that the moderate use of these drugs is the rule, and that the excessive use is comparatively exceptional."

Footnote 6:

Panama Canal Zone Governor's Committee, April-December, 1925 (*The Military Surgeon*, Journal of the Association of Military Surgeons of the United States, November, 1933, p. 274).

"After an investigation extending from April 1 to December 1925, the Committee reached the following conclusions: There is no evidence that marihuana as grown here is a 'habit-forming' drug in the sense in which the term is applied to alcohol, opium, cocaine, etc., or that it has any appreciably deleterious influence on the individual using it."

Footnote 7:

Proceedings, White House Conference on Narcotic and Drug Abuse, September, 1962, State Department Auditorium, Washington, D. C., p. 266: "It is the opinion of the Panel that the hazards of Marijuana per se have been exaggerated and that long criminal sentences imposed on an occasional user or possessor of the drug are in poor social perspective. Although Marijuana has long held the reputation of inciting individuals to commit sexual offenses and other antisocial acts, the evidence is inadequate to substantiate this. Tolerance and physical dependence do not develop and withdrawal does not produce an abstinence syndrome."

James H. Fox, Ph.D., Director, Bureau of Drug Abuse Control, Food and Drug Administration: Statement August 24, 1966, before National Student Association

Subcommittee on Drugs and the Campus. NSA Convention, Urbana, Illinois; Quoted Champaign *News-Gazette* August 25, 1966.

"My studies have led me to essentially the same conclusion as Mr. Ginsberg's. I think we can now say that marijuana does not lead to degeneration, does not affect the brain cells, is not habit-forming, and does not lead to heroin addiction. I would say that there may very well be some modification in government attitudes towards marijuana."

The Marihuana Problem in the City of New York, by the Mayor's Committee on Marihuana: The Sociological Study, Intro. by Dudley D. Schoenfeld, M.D. Reprinted in *The Marihuana Papers*. Bobbs-Merrill, New York, 1966.

"Conclusions:

7. The practice of smoking marihuana does not lead to addiction in the medical sense of the word.

9. The use of marihuana does not lead to morphine or heroin or cocaine addiction, and no effort is made to create a market for these narcotics by stimulating the practice of marihuana smoking.

10. Marihuana is not the determining factor in the commission of major crimes.

13. The publicity concerning the catastrophic effects of marihuana smoking in New York City is unfounded."

Ibid.: Intellectual Functioning, Florence Halpern, MA

"Conclusions:

6. Indulgence in marihuana does not appear to result in mental deterioration."

Ibid.: Addiction and Tolerance

"The evidence available then — the absence of any compelling urge to use the drug, the absence of any distressing abstinence symptoms, the statements that no increase in dosage is required to repeat the desired effect in users — justifies the conclusion that neither true addiction nor tolerance is found in marihuana users. The continuation and the frequency of usage of marihuana, as in the case of many other habit-forming substances, depend on the easily controlled desires for its pleasurable effects."

Ibid. Summary by George B. Wallace, M.D., Chairman

"From the study as a whole, it is concluded that marihuana is not a drug of addiction, comparable to morphine, and that if tolerance is acquired, this is of very limited degree. Furthermore those who have been smoking marihuana for a period of years showed no mental or physical deterioration which may be attributed to the drug.

No evidence was found of an acquired tolerance for the drug.

The sensations desired are pleasurable ones — a feeling of contentment, inner satisfaction, free play of imagination. Once this stage is reached, the experienced user realizes that with further smoking the pleasurable sensations will be changed to unpleasant ones, and so takes care to avoid this."





## FINNS ON THIN ICE

by Phoebe-Lou Adams

*Finland in the winter? Why not?, the ATLANTIC'S Phoebe-Lou Adams decided one day, and belook herself to the land just below the Arctic Circle at a time when tourists disdain to tread. Some of the pleasures she encountered and impressions she gained are here recorded.*

HELSINKI calls itself the White City of the North, but in early March, cumbered with two feet of snow, it sulked grayly under a gray sky. Pedestrians hunched into black coats, pulled fur caps over their ears, and scuttled like winter leaves before the snarling wind. Looking down from a hotel room where I read the mail at noon by the light of two flamboyant crystal chandeliers, I could hardly distinguish the men on the street from the women and decided gloomily that all Finns are alike.

This was a mistake, quickly corrected by observation on the level. Finns are not all alike. There is the long-nosed Finn and the short-nosed Finn, plus a subdivision of the short-nosed Finn, the flat-faced Finn. These terms, like most sober cataloguing, sound horribly unattractive; in fact, the Finns are handsome people. The long nose goes with cream-orange coloring and brass-gold hair. The short-nosed type may be fair or dark but generally has eyes of a silvery blue-green like the Baltic Sea and a bewitchingly childlike ear-to-ear smile. The flat-faced Finn has a complexion of pale, even burnt, ivory, and his eyes are purplish dark blue. I say "his" because my ethnographic observations were concentrated on men. Their features tend to be more pronounced, and their hair color is definitely more trustworthy.

In one respect, however, the Finns I met were indeed alike. They all lamented that anybody should be so misguided as to visit them in March when July is the proper month; provided, of course, that July does not disgrace itself with rain and fog. In short, they sounded much as New Englanders do, and for the same reason. Helsinki has a coastal climate and enjoys every whimsy of the Gulf of Bothnia and the Baltic Sea.

At the moment, the Gulf of Bothnia was frozen solid, and freight to Sweden was being moved by trucks on a route laid over the ice a couple of hundred miles north of Helsinki. Saltwater trucking was not of itself an innovation, for something of the sort occurs every winter, but the absolute cessation of ship traffic between Helsinki and Stockholm, which had lasted for weeks, was a matter for surprise and outrage. Finnish shipyards proudly claim to have made the fiercest icebreakers in the world, but these ships were delivered to

Russia for use up around Murmansk. The Finns themselves maintain lesser icebreakers and had only recently succeeded in battering a channel from the Helsinki docks to something that would pass for open water. The achievement was being celebrated by a dock-workers strike, which nobody appeared to take seriously.

The strike did have one visible effect. Since no ships could move, the sun, when it finally came out, revealed Helsinki Harbor as a great, glittering plain on which pinpoints of red and blue fire and streaks of shark gray, silver, white, and watery lilac blurred and flickered away to a misty horizon. Bits of last night's thin snowfall rose and floated on the wind like small transparent banners. The innumerable islands of the archipelago were indicated by clumps of trees, narrow pines and spruces rising blackly out of the white level.

Since I lacked the courage to demand a sixteen-hour round trip on the trans-Bothnian truck route, I settled for a walk on the harbor. There was nothing remarkable about this enterprise. The harbor was already crisscrossed with paths leading from island to shore or island to island, and a scattering of people marched over the ice, obviously on their normal business.

The Finnish girl who was showing me about had never expected to have to hike half a mile out to a tugboat, but she made no complaint. We climbed over a yard-high dike of gravel and ice piled up by the snowplows, floundered and slithered down a drifted slope, and stood triumphantly on the frozen harbor. At least I stood triumphantly. Frozen salt water was no novelty to the Finn. She sniffed the wind and told me that I should have worn a hat, which was true.

The surface on which we stood was not ice but a rough, grainy crust on a layer of packed snow, and while there was some danger of going in over the boot top in spots where the sun had softened the crust, there was no danger of slipping.

We picked the tugboat as a goal because it sat out there like a duck frozen in a pond, and just beyond it a low ridge of piled ice blocks, catching the sun like a string of crystals, marked the edge of the open channel. As we crunched toward the boat, we met a tweedy man walking a dog, two elderly ladies displaying gay flower and velvet turbans above the inevitable black coats, some children lugging schoolbooks, a girl in a fur parka and high-heeled red boots, and a couple of men with briefcases. It was normal sidewalk traffic, short-cutting over the harbor. Off the point of an island halfway to the channel there was an assemblage of raw-wood fencing carelessly thrust into the snow. It marked the hole in which a group of Finns, presumably addicted to self-torture, dunk themselves at intervals throughout the winter.

The hole was six or seven feet in diameter, hacked roughly through a foot and a half of snow and what looked like two and a half feet of ice, but the depth of the ice, which darkened from yellow-gray to deep amber as it descended into the water, was impossible to estimate with any certainty.

The tugboat proved to be no tugboat at all. It was the pilot boat for Kotka, a port well to the east of Helsinki and just as thoroughly frozen. The whole pilot boat outfit was doing nothing very comfortably. They had a hole cut for garbage disposal on the starboard side and a blue motorcar parked to port. A strip of open water just wide enough for the boat ran from the bow to the main channel and its ice wall. A man with a pipe leaned over the gunwale and advised us against going any further. He said the ice could start breaking up out there at any time.

From the edge of the harbor, Helsinki deserved its romantic title, for pale buildings and snow-covered roofs led the eye east to where the walls of the cathedral surged white against the blue sky. The dome looked weightless as the wind which was numbing our noses and ears. We trotted, sniffing, in search of a coffee shop and had such trouble finding one that the Finnish girl became exasperated. She announced that the people in that district must be a dreary, stingy, housebound lot to permit such a shortage of one of life's necessities, and prophesied early destruction for the whole neighborhood.

This was not an altogether baseless forecast. Although Helsinki was founded in the sixteenth century by the Swedish king Gustavus Vasa, it is not physically an old city. The antique habit of wooden construction and the usual run of fires ensured a constant renewal of buildings, and almost everything standing in the city today dates from the nineteenth century. The beautiful square below the cathedral is enclosed by cream-white buildings ornamented with shallow Palladian pilasters and moldings. They are not eighteenth century, but thoroughly post-Napoleonic, and they are the oldest structures around, with the possible exception of some military barracks, which are being preserved as items of historic interest. The pro-barrack party won its case by a whisker, for Helsinki is almost as hasty as New York in pulling things down, and at present is planning the abolition of a spacious, tree-shaded, romantically scruffy residential district to the west, a harmless informal waterfront park nearer to the center, and a number of blocks in the main business and shopping area. The sites are to be given over to apartment buildings and a great underground car park with a formal plaza, or cultural center, on top. There will probably be some nice little glass skyscrapers, too. The whole affair is under the direction of Alvar Aalto, Fin-

land's versatile, distinguished, indefatigably energetic architect.

A few traditionalists lament the passing of Victorian stonework, but most of Helsinki seems quite willing to let Mr. Aalto tear down anything more than ten years old, provided only that he replaces it with a block of flats. This disregard for potential historical monuments (and Helsinki owns some enormously pretty and charming old structures) is partly practical; a tenth of Finland's four and a half million population has crowded into the city, and apartments are maddeningly hard to find. The situation may also involve emotions arising from Finland's history.

In the mid-twelfth century, Eric IX of Sweden led a crusade to Finland and bloodily christianized the populace, regardless of the fact that some Finns had been Christians for years. He then took over the country as a Swedish province. Since the Finns had never thought to organize much in the way of a government, they had no notion of how to contend against one and remained a mildly disgruntled part of Sweden until repercussions from the Napoleonic Wars bounced them into Russian control. Russia governed the country, with increasingly arbitrary severity as the Romanoff dynasty became increasingly shaky, until the revolution, when Finland took the opportunity to declare herself independent. What this means, architecturally, is that nothing erected before 1917 can be considered a truly Finnish building, and I believe that quite a number of Finns would be pleased to see what they consider all that old colonial trash swept into the town dump.

The one style of building that escapes the distaste for anything left over from earlier regimes is the work of the National Romantic School, which evolved around the turn of the century with Saarinen the elder as one of its exponents. Perhaps because its appearance coincided with particularly energetic anti-Russian activity, perhaps because it owed nothing stylistically to Russia (it owed quite a bit elsewhere, but that's another story), perhaps because of Saarinen's later international reputation, the National Romantic style is still hallowed by national affection.

One obvious structure of the type is the Helsinki railroad station, designed by Saarinen, but who looks at a railroad station, particularly in a snowstorm? My first National Romantic specimen was the hotel at Imatra.

**I**MATRA is a paper-mill center sprawled along a waterway leading out of the great lake complex in southeastern Finland. The tourist office described it as "a long sausage of a town where you

always hit the wrong end." By taking the wrong turning I accidentally hit the right end, and we rolled into the courtyard of an enormous dark-colored building which suggested a castle, an episcopal palace, and a Wagnerian stage set. The place sprouted turrets, battlements, balconies, Romanesque arches, Gothic buttresses, round stone heads resembling Olmec gods, cornices, gunports, bay windows, water nymphs, and warts. I despair of doing justice to the National Romantic style. That hotel looked as though it had been designed by William Morris for a mad Newport millionaire, yet it had real charm, for all the anachronistic elements had been maneuvered into a balance that achieved dignity, comfort, and good sense. The discovery that most of the pseudo-antique hardware was non-functional made no difference. Even the suspicion that the great bronze-hooded fireplace was a flueless fraud was no matter. It was a handsome building, and the interior had recently been redone with great success and lavishly intricate plumbing.

The Valtion Hotel started as a summer resort for rich Russians (the Czar is reputed to have fished the neighboring waters with pleasure), and it overhangs what was at the time a fine gorge, a wide, boulder-crammed gash roaring with white water and shadowed by tall narrow pointed spruces rising straight as the teeth of a comb. The boulders and the trees are still there, but the water has been diverted to run a power plant. The diversion, I believe, was one of the first acts of independent Finland, and there is a certain justice in turning a despot's rapids into democratic electricity.

Now that Finland is better supplied with power plants, there is talk of restoring the rapids, at least on Sundays in the tourist season.

Even out of the tourist season, the hotel was busy. The paper mills of Imatra draw customers from all around the world, and the dining room rattled with male voices speaking half a dozen languages. There was a silent gentleman with two pretty girls. Since he could waltz with only one at a time, the other girl was borrowed by various neighbors. I was informed that this was usual and proper; no introduction necessary. Then I wondered whether the lonely paper buyers could have found girls of their own, and was told, "There's no problem. Finnish girls are very agreeable" — the "very" was in vocal italics — "and they like foreigners. Especially with dark eyes. They adore foreign boys with dark eyes." But suppose it's a fat middle-aged foreigner with blue eyes? "Oh, that — hopeless. Absolutely hopeless. He'll get nowhere at all."

Imatra is only a few miles from the Russian frontier, and the officers of the paper mill that I visited were much aware of the fact. The mill, which is part of an enormous industrial combine owned principally by the government and the Bank of



Finland, lies well out of town and has several divisions, the newest designed by the pervasive Mr. Aalto. It is a splendid plant. The great blocky buildings lie in a rough L shape, some made of concrete and some of faded red brick, while two tanks like gargantuan silos are a soft golden tobacco-brown. The pattern of color was beautiful in itself, and enhanced by the setting of new white snow and dark trees spread in a shallow, irregular curve beyond the outer wings of the plant. Driveways and parking lots were plowed to permit traffic, but not scraped to the ground, and they remained as white as the surrounding country. The tall chimneys puffed clouds of utterly white vapor.

This mill makes various grades of heavy-duty paper, lumped as "board," and pulp. The mill people admitted to a certain preliminary apprehension about the place. They were not sure they could get their machinery into Mr. Aalto's masterpiece. Evidently they managed, for the enormous machines, as long as a city block and as high as a small house, sat there clanking, steaming, fuming, and spitting. Misty rainbows showed against the high windows, and the floor was cut everywhere with little channels of water. We climbed up and down on spidery metal staircases and eventually reached the roof, where the chimney enveloped us in a cloud of cold steam. It smelt slightly of burnt sulfur, and the mill man apologized. It is the mill's ambition to be absolutely inoffensive.

There was a considerable view from that roof. The frozen lake, thickly dotted with islands, stretched away to the northern horizon, and on the south and east lay rolling country with clumps of houses, wooded patches, and mill chimneys throwing columns of steam with a tongue of dark color at the base. "Our old mills," said the paper-mill man. "The Russians took them in the war." He eyed the display from the chimneys, and added, "Russian style. See that dark spot? Incomplete burning." Obviously, incomplete burning is a sin against economy, efficiency, and the will of God.

Luncheon was in what had once been the summer cottage of a Prince Obolensky, alleged to be still alive somewhere in Sweden. Someone grunted, "Must be around a hundred," and there was a general chuckle. The mill officials were rightly proud of their guesthouse, a pleasant wooden building on the edge of the lake where a small red tug was fussing around some log rafts in a stretch of open water. The Finns have preserved the delicately ornate interior of the house while removing miles of gingerbread from the outside. Evidently the princely cottage had been a small town house encased in a phony Swiss chalet. It is now an elegant mixture of old and new, with a palatial sauna in the cellar.

There were interesting pieces of modern Finnish

sculpture and ceramic work scattered about, and the dining room contained a painting of Helsinki's small open market, the one devoted to baskets and located down on the waterfront. The painting had been done before new buildings cut off the view of the water, and I could not recognize the spot until this was explained to me. "See that ship in the background?" I located a blurred gray mass and realized that it was not a church steeple but the upper works of a battleship. "We had two of them. One was torpedoed, and the Russians took the other. We hear they're still using her." A drawling voice down the table remarked, "That's half the old Finnish Navy in one picture," and there was much laughter.

**A**FTER luncheon, which was memorable even by the high standards of Finland, a map was brought out to show the location of all the company's holdings, which include lumbering forests, pulp, newsprint, board and paper mills, a shipping line, and some machine tool factories. Much of the machinery I had seen came from the United States or West Germany, but although the Finns began by buying papermaking equipment abroad, they have since learned to make it themselves and are now selling complete paper mills to various new countries with ambitions toward industrialization and self-sufficiency.

What would this do ultimately to Finland's paper export trade? One of the directors shrugged and said cheerfully, "If they have trees, they'll learn to make paper. Then we can't sell it to them anyway. So we sell them the machinery now and take the profit while we can." He added, wryly, that some of the paper mill customers lack trees or machinists or both; in spite of the mills, they will be buying paper for some time to come.

The map was large and hung on a stand. There was a pointer to indicate the various plants, and all that geographical equipment led to talk of the Karelian territory taken by Russia. Out of seven men present, six proved to have connections, via ancestors, marriage, or early residence, with the lost province. Suddenly everybody was on his feet, and the pointer went from hand to hand. "This was my town." "My wife comes from down here." "We used to visit my uncle in this little place." One man, grinning sourly, swept the pointer eastward off the map. "I spent a very interesting visit down here." He had been part of that Finnish advance into Russia which so amazed everybody (except the Finns) during the war. It was disconcerting, he recalled, to have "all those American tanks coming at us."

This statement, historically improbable, to put

it civilly, was evidently Finnishly indiscreet as well, for the whole company burst into distracting chatter and diversionary tactics with the brandy bottle. I was never able to extract another word on those unlikely tanks.

None of the Finns had been to Karelia since it became Russian property. They said it is not permitted. "We can go to Russia easily — to Moscow and Leningrad and so on, and there are a lot of Finns working up on the north coast now because we have sold them a power plant. But no Finn gets permission to go to Karelia." There was a general nodding of heads in confirmation.

The frontier line on the map showed various wobbles and bulges of which my hosts thought poorly. They said that Stalin had just drawn a straight line when he laid down the terms of the peace settlement, but the crews actually surveying the border did not follow it. "We lost our mills because of the weather. It was cold, and those fellows went into the nearest town to get warm, and there they saw a couple of good-looking mills. So they moved the line to include that town."

Despite the lost lands of Karelia, the problem of resettling all the people who left that area (what percentage? "Everybody who wasn't too old to move"), and the hijacked paper mills, these businessmen spoke of the war with something like reluctant affection. They could not approve of the war itself, but they could approve of certain commercial results deriving from it. The resettlement problem was an enormous stimulus to the building trade. Russia demanded indemnity in things, particularly ships and machinery. Finland of necessity hustled to create factories that could make these things, and once the indemnity was paid off, found herself in possession of such a large and capable industrial plant that she was able to enter the international market in, for example, paper mills and icebreakers. "In that respect," said one gentleman, "the war did us a lot of good. And the Russians have become excellent customers. They got used to Finnish machinery, and they rely on it. They buy a great deal of our stuff."

Elsewhere, I heard that Russia has lately become ambitious to sell as well as to buy, and is making such an issue of peddling cars in Finland that the embarrassed Finnish government has found it expedient to register Soviet-made vehicles at a lower fee than that charged for American or Western European cars. This looks like blackmail, but there may be practical balance-of-trade reasons for it. If Finland does steady business with Russia, money spent on a Soviet machine will come back again, while money spent on a Ford or a Volkswagen may be gone forever. And while there is no obvious connection between cars and canals, it may be worth mentioning that the Russians

have recently agreed to open to Finnish ships the canal that runs from the lake through what was formerly Finnish territory and into the Gulf of Finland. The cutting off of this canal has been a great inconvenience to the whole Imatra district, and Finland is now busily repairing her end of it.

Finland is in a difficult position. Her capable, energetic, ingenious people are hampered by limited natural resources and are wedged in between the uncontrollable Russians and the acutely profit-conscious Swedes, at the end of a long supply line that raises the price of imported necessities to terrible heights. The Finns cannot be poor since poverty, in addition to being uncomfortable and humiliating, invites correctional interference by neighbors. Neither can they afford to grow rich enough to be worth robbing.

My desire to have a closer look at the frontier aroused a certain amount of dismay. While there seems to be no actual regulation against driving down to the end of the road, turning around, and driving away again, it was implied that such a maneuver might cause the Russians to think, an event to be avoided whenever possible. In the end, and after I had sworn to commit no indiscretions with the camera, it was agreed that we could go part of the way.

The turnoff was a junction with a sentence-long Finnish name on a signboard. (Practically every word in the Finnish language is at least ten syllables long, and the simplest exchange of information sounds like a debate between gently babbling brooks.) The road was one car wide, the snow plowed down but not clear. We progressed along a white trough between high snowbanks, crossed an open field, and moved into a wood where the road twisted its way sharply upward among the black tree trunks. At the top of the rise there was a scooped-out place for turning and a sign forbidding picture-taking.

We got out and peered through the trees. We were overlooking a slope leading down to partially open country cut by waterways and patches of forest, then a belt of thicker forest, then scattered rooftops and the mill chimneys trailing white ribbons with that deplorable smudge at the base. The sky was brilliant light blue; the snow glittered like fragments of glass and showed no mark of road, ski track, or foot. It all looked peaceful as a Christmas card, but the east wind blew sharp in our faces.

"The guard towers are in that belt of woods. They have certainly seen us by now," said one of the Finns. I could see nothing but trees.

Since the turnaround proved too small for the car, we backed the zigzag quarter mile to level ground. It was, I suppose, a small victory for the Soviet Union.



## How they got Jimmy Hoffa—or did they?

by Robert M. Cipes     *The case of Jimmy Hoffa and his conviction on charges of jury-fixing and fraud is now before the U.S. Supreme Court, which must consider whether the union boss's constitutional rights were violated by the government's methods of prosecuting him. The case has inspired Mr. Cipes, a former federal prosecutor and author of a widely valued treatise on criminal procedure, to take what he calls "a new look at the enemy within." The essay is adapted from his book THE CRIME WAR, to be published by New American Library next year.*

MUCH has happened since 1960 when Robert Kennedy wrote his book about corrupt unionists and called it *The Enemy Within*. Dave Beck, once powerful head of the Teamsters and Kennedy's earliest target, was sentenced to long prison terms for larceny and tax fraud. His successor, Jimmy Hoffa, was convicted of jury-fixing and fraud. As Kennedy's domestic crusade seemed to reach a successful climax, his interests turned to cultivating a liberal and internationalist image in his new role as a senator.

In an anticlimactic twist of history, however, the Hoffa case refused to die. Before Hoffa's eight-year sentence could be carried out, the Supreme Court intervened. On January 31, 1966, the Court agreed to decide whether his constitutional rights had been violated by Kennedy's placing an informer in Hoffa's camp during a Nashville trial, which Hoffa had been convicted of trying to fix. The trial itself had ended in a hung jury.

Hoffa will have a stronger issue than Dave Beck, whose larceny conviction was affirmed by the Supreme Court. But there is a common denominator to both cases. It is found in Justice Douglas' dissenting opinion in *Beck*. Referring to publicity which saturated the grand jury indicting Beck,

Douglas said: "This case shows the need to make as sure as is humanly possible that one after whom the mob and public passions are in full pursuit is treated fairly." To Robert Kennedy in 1960 it was perfectly clear that Jimmy Hoffa was the enemy within. Now, with the Supreme Court passing on the means used to catch Hoffa, the identity of the enemy within is less clear.

If the Court casts doubt on the propriety of using informers, the Hoffa case will have a tremendous impact on all levels of law enforcement. Few police agencies are without a network of informers. Despite the pro-Hoffa position of the American Civil Liberties Union, among civil rights groups there is anxiety that a Hoffa victory may jeopardize prosecution of the Klan. The principal testimony in the Liuzzo trial came from an FBI informer who had infiltrated the Klan. Presumably there are a number of such informants and undercover agents, not only in the Klan but in the Communist Party and other "subversive" groups. All federal and local law enforcement agencies have their slush funds for paying for information, and many of the informants are criminals or ex-convicts. Some idea of the widespread use of informers comes from a recent report of the FBI which credited 7500

*Hoffa leaving court in Chattanooga, March 12, 1964. Courtesy of Wide World Photos.*



arrests in 1965 to information furnished by its “criminal informants.”

An informer has special access to the enemy, usually as a member of a criminal organization. He works by deception, never disclosing his dual capacity because otherwise his usefulness would terminate. Unlike an undercover agent, an informer is a criminal to begin with. He may be frightened by the government into cooperating, he may do it for profit, or he may seek revenge. An undercover agent is a policeman who, in order to obtain incriminating evidence, disguises himself as a criminal and infiltrates behind enemy lines. He may become an important figure in the criminal machinery (as in the plot to blow up the Statue of Liberty), but he remains a government employee, working only one side of the street. The informer, on the other hand, lives in a tenuous world of shifting allegiances depending on who rewards or intimidates him.

The informer within Hoffa's camp during his 1962 Nashville trial for a Taft-Hartley violation was Edwin Grady Partin, boss of a Baton Rouge local and close associate of Hoffa's for some five years. Partin stayed with Hoffa during most of the Nashville trial, was one of his trusted inner circle, while all the time he was reporting daily on Hoffa's activities to Kennedy's men. Most of his reports involved attempts to bribe jurors. That was in the fall of 1962. A year and a half later Partin made his appearance in court as a witness for the government in the jury-fixing trial. Hoffa was dumbfounded. An endless series of hearings, charges, and counter-charges followed, the main thrust being that Partin should not be allowed to testify because of the way in which he got access to Hoffa. The trial judge admitted Partin's testimony, and Hoffa was convicted.

USUALLY informers do not end up testifying. Their normal function is to give the police leads to other evidence. The government keeps its informers under wraps for several reasons. In the first place, exposing the informer means subjecting him to possible harm, including death. The government's solicitude is less a concern for the individual than for a system of detection in which he is deemed indispensable. Police who consider themselves dependent on a network of informers cannot afford a reputation for a high rate of informer mortality.

A more covert reason for keeping informers out of court is that jurors might not convict if they got a close look at the state's methods. Jurors usually presume that a defendant is guilty — contrary to the theoretical presumption of innocence. But a feeling that the state's witnesses are liars or otherwise shabby characters may shake that presumption,

cast doubt on the prosecutor's honesty, and generally taint the state's case. This is what happened in the recent “Candy” Mossler trial, where defense counsel convinced the jury that state witnesses were trading their testimony for shorter prison terms.

The practice of sparing one criminal to catch another is an old one. Two centuries ago in England a convict got an automatic pardon if he informed on his accomplices. Under special laws in some jurisdictions the prosecutor can formally grant immunity from prosecution to a witness who testifies against others. But informal grants of immunity are more common. In Ed Partin's case the government had an indictment for misuse of union funds over his head. Since Partin helped convict Hoffa, that indictment has not been tried, and it is a safe guess that it never will be.

Using a friend to trap a friend is not an unusual practice for police and prosecutors. Pressure will even be exerted on a witness to betray a member of his own family. A bizarre example was the testimony of David Greenglass in the Rosenberg trial which was responsible for sending his sister to the electric chair.

When Clarence Darrow was charged with attempted bribery in the McNamara case in Los Angeles, one of the chief witnesses against him was John Harrington, a friend and ex-colleague whom he had brought with him from Chicago to help prepare for the McNamara trial. For ten days Harrington lived with Darrow and his wife and shared their confidences, while behind his bureau was a Dictograph taking down everything Darrow said. The district attorney never used the Dictograph, so apparently there was nothing incriminating said, but Darrow was able to use the image of this Judas to win the sympathy of the jury and an acquittal.

In dealing with an informer, stool pigeon, or other “cooperating” witness, the prosecutor develops a proprietary interest in him. As they fight the common cause, the witness is part of the team, and his past crimes are seen in a different light. There are mitigating circumstances and explanations. The prosecutor's subjective approach is typified by the Assistant U.S. Attorney who described the informer-witness in a tax prosecution as an “honest, honorable American citizen” doing his patriotic duty in testifying for the government. A year later when the same witness appeared for a defendant, he was “a black marketeer and a perjurer and almost anything else you can name.”

Sometimes a cooperating witness so dominates the scene that he may look as if he were running the prosecution. In the United Dye stock-fraud case — the longest federal trial on record — the government's chief witness, Alexander Guterma, was on the stand for three months. It is not hard to under-

stand how a prosecutor comes to regard as indispensable a man on whom so much depends. The fact that Guterman was the genius behind the fraud, testifying against less culpable men, did not prevent their conviction. In the adversary system the prosecutor's goal is to make a case against the man on trial, not to present an objective picture of what happened.

Few prosecutors actually suborn perjury by deliberately asking a witness to tell a false story. They can often obtain the result they want without having to go this far. The resourceful criminal who becomes a cooperative witness knows that he is expected to get his former associates convicted. That knowledge is enough to shape his testimony, aided by suggestive questioning by the prosecutor. If the details do not sound convincing, the prosecutor may correct them, but not often will he take the testimony apart to pin down the line between truth and fabrication.

The government will go to great lengths to protect its witnesses. For instance, in a recent federal case in New York the defense hired a private investigator to watch the comings and goings of the government's main witness, on whom the case rested. The prosecutor unsuccessfully protested to the judge, accusing the defense attorney of obstructing justice (a federal crime). This objection was ironic because in a previous case the same prosecutor had the defendant tailed for an entire year, taking motion pictures of him whenever he emerged from his house. A curious double standard.

This objection to surveillance is typical of the prosecutor's single-minded absorption in his manhunt. Since the pressure for victory is great, every obstacle thrown in the path of conviction becomes an enemy trick or annoying technicality. When the defendant begins to match the prosecutor's methods and imitate his style, this is taken as an "obstruction of justice." To the prosecutor, "justice" and conviction are synonymous. The threat of prosecution for obstruction of justice can be a club held over the head of criminal lawyers lest they fight too hard or play too rough.

The competing lawlessness of prosecution and defense is a process of escalation, with each side getting more and more desperate, as fire is fought with fire and new weapons are created to replace the old. In this process the prosecution has the edge, since the public condones illegal methods as long as they seem to serve the higher good of catching the crook.

**T**HE war between Kennedy and Hoffa illustrates this double standard. The first round was the 1957 trial of Hoffa for bribing an investigator for the

McClellan Committee. Kennedy was the chief counsel. Hoffa allegedly tried to "plant" Attorney John Cye Cheasty on the committee as a counter-espionage agent. Cheasty told Kennedy about it. He arranged to hire Cheasty, and permitted him to take committee documents. The FBI was alerted, and right after Cheasty passed the documents to Hoffa, the latter was placed under arrest. For a private citizen to put a paid informer on the government's payroll is a crime. But five years later when Kennedy's men did the same thing in reverse, they committed no crime.

The original bribery charge was interesting because it influenced the pattern of Kennedy's later campaign to put Hoffa in prison. Hoffa was acquitted of the charge and two months later went on to win the presidency of the Teamsters. Kennedy felt that the government had poorly prepared the case.

Another lesson was derived from Hoffa's trial on wiretapping charges in 1958, in which he was acquitted. During the trial a juror was excused after disclosure that he had been "approached." There was no proof that the approach had come from Hoffa, but the incident alerted Kennedy to another area to watch.

When Kennedy became Attorney General he set up an elite team inside the Justice Department to work on Jimmy Hoffa and his men. The team was headed by Walter Sheridan, an ex-FBI man, and consisted of about a dozen lawyers, as well as investigators and other personnel. Sheridan answered directly to Kennedy, although there was a criminal division within the Department and a section in charge of organized crime. Within Justice, Sheridan's men were known as the "Hoffa group," though the existence of the group was seldom acknowledged outside the Department. During its lifetime the team chalked up more than 100 Teamster convictions. But so far as Sheridan and the top legal talent were concerned, getting Hoffa was their full-time job.

"Sheridan knew from the beginning," wrote *Life* after the conviction, "that anything less than a total, prolonged effort, a war of attrition—a 'vendetta,' according to Hoffa—would have resulted in more acquittals, more hung juries." There was no room for doubt of Hoffa's evil "in the good-guys-and-bad-guys-only world that Walt Sheridan inhabits with Bob Kennedy."

Into this world one day in October, 1962, walked Edward Grady Partin, the man who was to hand Hoffa on a silver platter to Kennedy and Sheridan. When Partin first made his appearance in the Kennedy camp, it might have been hard to tell him from one of the bad guys. He had a long criminal record and for years had been one of Hoffa's toughest henchmen. By the time Partin had fin-

ished his work as Kennedy's informer two years later, he was a hero.

The picture of Partin which emerges from the thirteen-page *Life* article is that of a bad boy who somehow got religion. The photographs show him as a devoted father, a handsome ex-prize-fighter, a responsible union executive. The most appealing thing about Partin's story was the motive that finally turned him against Hoffa. He says he was revolted by Hoffa's suggestion that he throw a bomb at Bobby Kennedy's house which would endanger the lives of the children. Partin got no money for the *Life* article. "I want this story to put enough backbone in other Teamsters so they'll stand up and kick Hoffa out of our union."

Against this picture of Partin, the "good guy," there were certain other facts which magazine publicity could not hide, though it attempted to color them. Partin did Hoffa's dirty work "without any hesitation." This meant using "any tool you can get, from a sawed off shotgun to some crooked cop or politician." Hoffa trusted him with "ticklish jobs" and always paid him well for them. There was a familiar note to Partin's explanation. In the Hoffa world "you're either one thing or another, and I was a Hoffa man."

Most of the thousands of words of Partin's *Life* story were taken up with explanations for the dozen crimes which he had been charged with and in some cases convicted of. The intricacies of frame-ups, mistaken identities, and misunderstandings read like a bad soap opera. Even giving credit to these explanations, Partin's history as a hoodlum and bully is unmistakable. No amount of retouching could erase the portrait of Partin's delinquency. Nor could it hide the irony that Kennedy's high-purposed crusade to save the labor movement had come to rest on a man like Partin.

Partin was described in different terms in a Teamster magazine published after the conviction. His entire sordid record was listed to show how unworthy of belief he was. I wonder whether the union members were gullible enough to miss the flaw in the argument. For it was precisely because of his capacity for lies and violence that Partin had been so useful to Hoffa.

For his part, how did Partin rationalize his intimacy with Hoffa? He recognized that Hoffa was crooked, but "as long as I thought it would help the union," said Partin, "I'd do darn near anything he asked me to."

Somehow revelation finally comes to Partin: "But the funny thing was that the better I got to know him, the closer we got; and the more he seemed to trust me and the more things I did for him, the more doubtful I got. I began to see Hoffa wasn't working for the Teamsters; he was working for Hoffa and for Hoffa's power."

Partin admitted that by the time he contacted Kennedy he had his "own good reasons for quitting Hoffa." He was knifed once, and shot at another time. He wondered whether Hoffa could have been behind these attacks. Another reason must have been the federal indictment for misuse of union funds, returned several months before. Partin knew the reputation of Sheridan's group, its box score of Teamster convictions, and must have realized that he could not beat this rap by payoffs. In any event, the assassination story gave Partin a shrewd basis for approaching Kennedy, and he made the most of it. Like John Cye Cheasty five years before, he was moved by idealism.

**D**URING the Nashville trial Ed Partin spent most of his time with Hoffa and his team of co-defendants and lawyers. He always seemed to be around when Hoffa needed something done. During the trial Partin was in touch with Sheridan nearly every day. Sheridan told him not to report on Hoffa's trial strategy but only on jury-tampering. Even then the prosecution was worried that the informer's interference with Hoffa's right to consult counsel might jeopardize a conviction.

In Partin's work as an informer, security precautions were strictly observed. Partin and Sheridan met surreptitiously — almost always in an automobile. Sheridan's group had code names for the key characters. Partin was known as "Andy Anderson," and Jimmy Hoffa was labeled, not very deceptively, "Himself."

When Partin appeared as a surprise witness in the bribery trial, defense counsel tried to suppress his testimony. In the course of extended hearings which followed, Sheridan was asked whether Partin was paid or promised anything for acting as an informer. Sheridan flatly denied that he was. Later a memorandum was discovered from Sheridan to the administrative chief of the Department of Justice requesting a payment of \$300 per month. The payment was to be made to a department attorney for delivery to an undisclosed person, later admitted to be Partin's estranged wife. Faced with the disclosure, the government claimed that this monthly sum was not "payment" to Partin but simply reimbursement for his expenses. Sheridan's direction that the money should come out of the Department's "confidential fund" was reminiscent of the 1957 bribery trial when Hoffa testified that informer Cheasty was paid \$3000 out of the Teamster's "revolving fund."

Partin was not the only man working for the government from within the Hoffa camp. After the Nashville trial, one of Hoffa's lawyers, Z. T. Osborn, Jr., was indicted for obstructing justice by



offering a bribe to a prospective juror. The middleman in the alleged bribe attempt, whose testimony convicted Osborn, was Robert D. Vick. Vick, it turned out, was also working for Sheridan while posing as Osborn's investigator. An appeal from Osborn's conviction will be heard by the Supreme Court, along with the Hoffa case.

Of the twenty-one claims advanced by Hoffa's lawyers, the following is the one the Court selected for argument: "Whether evidence obtained by the Government by means of deceptively placing a secret informer in the quarters and councils of a defendant during one criminal trial so violates the defendant's Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Amendment rights that suppression of such evidence is required in a subsequent trial of the same defendant on a different charge."

In selecting this question, the Court hopefully will not indulge in the kind of quibbling that occupied the lower courts — whether the government "placed" Partin in the Hoffa camp, or Hoffa placed him there, or he went there voluntarily. Even if Hoffa originally asked Partin to come to Nashville (which he did not), the fact that Partin was a government informer at the time should be the only significant point.

WHEN the appeal is discussed in legal circles, the usual question is not whether Hoffa will win, but how he will win. To Hoffa this might not make much difference, but the Court's treatment of the informer issue may influence the future course of civil rights, internal security, narcotics, and other prosecutions. The Court has stated that the Hoffa appeal raises questions under the Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth Amendments. The Fourth Amendment covers unreasonable searches and seizures; the Fifth Amendment includes the privilege against self-incrimination; and the Sixth Amendment, the right to assistance of counsel. Unless the Court decides to uphold Hoffa's conviction, it will not reach all of these questions. A decision that any one of Hoffa's constitutional rights has been violated makes it unnecessary to pass on the others. The alternatives open to the Court to reverse the conviction are many. I will discuss only one of them.

Two years ago the Court decided an appeal with facts resembling the Hoffa case. It set aside the narcotics conviction of a seaman named Massiah, found guilty on evidence obtained through use of an informer. The informer (Colson) was indicted along with Massiah, then induced or coerced into cooperating with the government to develop a bigger narcotics case. The key testimony was obtained by planting a radio transmitter under the

seat of Colson's auto while he carried on an incriminating conversation with Massiah. Narcotics agents, listening to their radio in a nearby car, took it all in. Massiah and other accomplices were indicted again, tried, and convicted.

The Supreme Court held that under the circumstances Massiah's incriminating statements could not be used against him. But the Court sidestepped the real issues concerning informers and eavesdropping. Instead, it pitched its decision on interference with the right to counsel. A man under indictment is entitled to a lawyer. The purpose of a lawyer at that stage is to protect him from self-incrimination, and the narcotics agents of course did not warn Massiah's lawyer what they were going to do to his client. This reasoning provoked Justice White to dissent, saying that the majority was treating law enforcement like a game and guaranteeing "sporting treatment for sporting peddlers of narcotics." White recognized that the "issue lurking in the background . . . is the legitimacy of penetrating or obtaining confederates in criminal organizations."

Whether the issue which lurked in the background there will become decisive in the Hoffa case remains to be seen. It is unlikely that the Court is prepared to outlaw ancient methods of police espionage. Yet it is also unlikely that the Justices will lend their explicit approval to such methods. The only comfortable way out may be to follow the *Massiah* case, finding an interference with Hoffa's right to consult freely with his lawyers. Hoffa was not under indictment for jury-tampering at the time Partin infiltrated his camp, but he was under indictment in another case. Besides, a month after *Massiah*, the Court decided in the *Escobedo* case that the fact of indictment was not decisive. The right to a lawyer attaches whenever police investigation begins to "focus" on a suspect. By this test, Hoffa and his lawyers might have been entitled to protection from informers even as early as 1961 — when Robert Kennedy became Attorney General.

Whatever legal rationale emerges from the opinion, the underlying ethical issue can hardly be suppressed. In deciding to take another look at the enemy within, some of the Court might have had in mind words of Justice Brandeis written forty years ago. Answering a claim that an intrusion of rights was justified in the aid of law enforcement, Brandeis said: "Experience should teach us to be most on our guard to protect liberty when the government's purposes are beneficent. Men born to freedom are naturally alert to repel invasions of their liberty by evil-minded rulers. The greatest dangers to liberty lurk in insidious encroachment by men of zeal, well-meaning, but without understanding."

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# A DOG FOR ROCK



*A Story by Mauro Senesi*

*This short sketch shows what can happen to a free, savage young man when feeling enters his spirit. Mr. Senesi is a young Italian writer whose first work appeared in the ATLANTIC five years ago.*

**I**F HE found a chicken by the road, he would take it, but sometimes he would go right into the chicken coop. If he met a girl who was alone, he would bother her, and not all of them, to be sure, had been able to run away.

Strong he was, and bad. He would hit you with his fists and his knees and his feet. We had all been put to the test at one time or another. Now we tried to keep away from him, or else we would smile and call him "Rock," the way he wanted us to.

He seldom stayed in town, preferring to go wandering about the surrounding hills and farms, like the badgers, or sometimes the wolves, in search of prey in the winter. Not only we boys were afraid of him, but the farmers, as soon as they saw him, would offer him bread and ham and the special wine.

Therefore he could live without masters, and even his family had no power over him. He had gone to live by himself. We certainly envied him.

Always well dressed, you would see him, his pants with a crease, and a clean shirt. The fine shoes would get spattered with mud on the country roads, but in every house he would have the women shine them up again. His hair was black and thick, and plastered down with so much brilliantine that not even the wind could muss it.

And yet, that autumn the wind blew hard in those hills. It seemed that beyond the horizon, there sat God, figuring how He would pull up the

land by the roots, and everything along with it too. Instead, He threw down only a few old olive trees and three telephone poles.

The same thing happens in the summer, in the winter: either it's the heat or the cold or the rain or the wind — it's as though something were always about to disrupt our country, with us shut up inside.

While Rock, the free savage, dressed as if it were a holiday, ever prowled the countryside in search of women and chickens. It was no use to hate him, because after all, you couldn't blame him too much. If there were three or four men together, he wasn't ashamed to run off, but afterward, one by one, he would take them on, using stones if his fists and his knees and his feet were not enough.

Outside of physical blows, there was no way of getting at him. He didn't care about anybody, and inside him, there weren't the feelings most people have, so that sometimes even little things disturb us. You never saw Rock laugh, not to mention seeing him cry — his face was just like those of animals, which don't show sadness or happiness but life, and that's enough, and hate when they're starving.

It must be nice to go wandering the earth, always ready to sink one's teeth into something without feeling the pain that comes from the wounds, even if they're on the bodies of others. It was impossible

*Drawing by Russell Carpenter.*

for us, and so we envied Rock, and were always searching, together with the farmers, for some way of striking at him. But there wasn't any. Isn't it this same sense of envy that drives people to go hunting wild animals in Africa?

From the horizon, God blew on our hills. We could feel his breath whistling over the old stones of the houses. It didn't change anything much, except that a dog, driven by the wind, entered the town. A black, shining dog, come from God knows where, which had dangling ears, and which, as soon as it saw Rock, attached itself to him. Rock threw stones at it, and the dog followed after him, bleeding. We had to laugh at Rock, running away, with that old bastard dog at his heels.

For three days, Rock continued to run, and the dog to follow him. He would try to hide himself in pits, but the dog would smell him and stop. More red than black the dog had become, from the blood caused by the stones that Rock hurled at it, and it always had the strength to keep following joyously. It was a sight, that battle in those hills; we would run to see it as soon as we had a free minute. And if sometimes the dog lost the scent, we would show it the way so that it could find Rock. Dog with dog, we would say.

Finally Rock stopped and waited for it. His shoes were full of mud, his pants wrinkled, and his hair mussed up. It was the first time we saw him that way. The muscles on his face twitched, and it seemed certain he was about to kill the dog, which was approaching him slowly, with its chin low, but its pupils turned upward so that you could see the sky reflected in them.

The wind ruffled the dog's fur and the boy's hair; it was beating down on them. The dog cowered, and Rock bent over it, taking its neck between his strong hands, which were laced with twisted veins.

We watched from a distance, waiting for him to kill it. At that moment we felt the desire for him to kill it, and we didn't know the reason. We could see the dog's throat trembling under Rock's hands, and its white pupils fixed on him. Squeeze, Rock, we felt like shouting.

And he did squeeze, but only a little. The dog whined and Rock's hands suddenly relaxed, and his grip changed to a light caress. Happy, the dog barked, wagging its maimed tail. We laughed at Rock, who hadn't been able to kill it, nor would he ever be able to do so. It meant that a feeling had entered into his spirit, and now he could say good-bye to his liberty.

Rock got up shyly, and started to walk again on the cracked clay road, with his dog, wagging its tail in victory, close behind. The wind had suddenly died down.

For about a week or so nothing seemed to have changed. Rock wandered around the hills with

the dog instead of alone, and he even began to train it to catch chickens, but the dog was slow and it took a lot before he was able to get so much as a chick. And yet Rock, more and more, when he thought that nobody was looking, would kneel down and put his hands around its neck. It was a real love, and word of it soon got around the countryside and the outlying farms.

Since the dog didn't have a name, we called it Rock, like its master. Get black Rock! we would say. First chance I get, I'll run him through with a pitchfork! But he was always too fast for us, so we waited for Rock's love to get stronger before we'd go to the city hall to tell the agents that Rock had a dog and didn't pay taxes.

The agents looked for the boy about the countryside while he ran, but finally they caught up with him, and they wanted to take his dog. Rock couldn't fight them because they were authorities, and they had guns. To satisfy them he had to take off his jacket and give it to them. It was almost new, and the agents said in return, we will pay the tax out of our own pockets.

Rock was left in his shirt sleeves, and it was just in those days that the cold was becoming more intense, and you could actually taste the snow in the air. The dog played tricks at his side, ridiculous, black, and mangy, while the boy, without his coat, seemed thinner and weaker. Who would have said that we would be laughing at Rock?

And when we laugh at something, we are no longer afraid. The farmers didn't offer him bread and ham anymore. From a distance, they would see him coming, because of the dog which barked, and they would go out with pitchforks then, to defend the chickens, and the women too.

Kill the dog, Rock, kill it!

And the winter sky descended on our hills. Between the sky and the hills there didn't seem to be any room for men. It was a miracle that there was still space for Rock and his dog. But it was hard struggling along the slippery roads; we knew they were starving and we knew that, from one minute to the next, the gray sky would crush them down, the two of them.

Every time the dog barked, Rock coughed. His cough had a gentle note, like an answer. From that, if from nothing else, it was understood that now he would never be able to kill the dog. Then, we boys decided among ourselves — we thought it was out of cruelty, but actually, we wanted to help him — and the word got around that Rock's dog was mad. It didn't take much for the farmers to get on its track with pitchforks, and the people from the town, too, with guns. They had been waiting so long for the chance to get back at Rock, and this was it; men you can't kill, but dogs you can. What difference does it make that in winter

it's the men who go mad more often than the dogs?

They found Rock-dog trembling in a pit, waiting for Rock-boy, who must have been nearby searching for something to eat for both of them. With his fur standing on end, he barked. His eyes were white, said the farmers, he was really mad. Into the pit, it was all a thrusting of shining pitchforks.

We boys thought, Rock is free again, now he will show us. But instead, Rock, when he looked into

the pit, started to cry, not to shout. He cried stretched out on the earth, and the wind puffed out his shirt, like a sail.

Stretched out on the earth was Rock, and in him there was more pain than hate, more suffering than freedom, more pain than life. The dog was inside of him, biting him, and by this time, neither he nor anybody else would have been able to kill it.

We should kill our dogs right away, guys.

## THE LOST PILOT

*For my father, 1922-1944*

BY JAMES TATE

Your face did not rot  
like the other — the co-pilot,  
for example, I saw him

yesterday. His face is corn-  
mush: his wife and daughter,  
the poor ignorant people, stare

as if he will compose soon.  
He was more wronged than Job.  
But your face did not rot

like the others — it grew dark,  
and hard like ebony;  
the features progressed in their

distinction. If I could cajole  
you to come back for an evening,  
down from your compulsive

orbiting, I would touch you,  
read your face as Dallas,  
your hoodlum gunner, now,

with the blistered eyes, reads  
his braille editions. I would  
touch your face as a disinterested

scholar touches an original page.  
However frightening, I would  
discover you, and I would not

turn you in; I would not make  
you face your wife, or Dallas,  
or the co-pilot, Jim. You

could return to your crazy  
orbiting, and I would not try  
to fully understand what

it means to you. All I know  
is this: when I see you,  
as I have seen you at least

once every year of my life,  
spin across the wilds of the sky  
like a tiny, African god,

I feel dead. I feel as if I were  
the residue of a stranger's life,  
that I should pursue you.

My head cocked toward the sky,  
I cannot get off the ground,  
and, you, passing over again,

fast, perfect, and unwilling  
to tell me that you are doing  
well, or that it was mistake

that placed you in that world,  
and me in this; or that misfortune  
placed these worlds in us.



## MANNY GELDER: Slumlord

by Richard M. Elman

*Manny's two buildings "are so desolated by age, decay, misuse, negligence, his own greed, and the shoddiness of their original construction that about all he can do . . . is milk them regularly for their rents."* THE POORHOUSE STATE, Mr. Elman's first nonfiction book, from which this chapter has been drawn, will be published later this month by Pantheon.

MANNY GELDER is big in the chest but stands only five feet two inches tall. In elevator shoes he would look as if somebody had sawed off his legs from the knees down. Short and stocky, Manny walks with a stiff-legged strut, and his face is usually tinged with a deep angry blush, but he is a shy man. At the end of World War II he weighed ninety-one pounds. Now he weighs a hundred and fifty, and he looks like he has on too many sweaters. None of Manny's suits seem like they quite fit, and he is usually careless about being neatly dressed. At forty-six he has neither wife nor child. Gelder inhabits a residence hotel on Riverside Drive and spends weekends with his uncle in Rockville Center. Within the chivalric order of slumlordship he is a very minor vassal. He owns two buildings on the Lower East Side, both nearly a hundred years old; they are separated by many blocks of slums, which explains why Manny's face is always red as he runs back and forth from one to the other, attending to his business.

Tenements are often sold at approximately five times the rent roll, and Manny has a combined rent roll of nearly \$10,000. On paper, then, he is one twentieth of the way along to being a millionaire — if only somebody would buy his buildings. If his tenements were adjoining, Manny could sell them as a "parcel" to a speculator. If they were even on the same block, he might be able to trade with another, adjoining landlord, adding on a little cash as a bonus if necessary. But, like so much slum real estate, Manny's two buildings are distinct infestations; they are so desolated by age, decay, misuse, negligence, his own greed, and the shoddiness of their original construction that about all Manny can do with his buildings is milk them regularly for their rents, move the tenants in and let them move out again (hoping that others will come to take their places), keep his overhead down, and wait to be bought out one at a time — picked off, as it were, by one of the larger realms of slumlordship that are constantly amalgamating along the Lower East Side.

This does not mean that Manny could not do a lot more if he were an altruist. But how many of us are altruists? How many of us own slum property? If we did, how many of us would be so altruistic that we would redecorate all the apartments, put toilets in the flats, install copper plumbing, pipe in rock-wool insulation, put up storm sashes, or, even better, "run a bulldozer through the *dreck* and then wait for somebody else to do something with the empty lots?"

"But then," Manny could always point out with solemnity, "where would my tenants live?"

When Manny said this to the judge who gave him a suspended sentence for trying to bribe a building inspector, he was perhaps being a bit disingenuous, but there was some truth to his statement. The

*Photograph by Frederick Bradley reproduced from the book METROPOLIS, compiled by Agnes Rogers and Frederick Lewis Allen, Harper, 1934.*



fact was that Manny's tenants lived in his buildings because they could not pay the rent anyplace else. So the extent of Manny's altruism was that he and his tenants needed each other: Manny made his living solely from his tenements, and the tenants were given their shelter solely by people like Manny. If Manny charged the maximum rent for the minimum service the law allowed, most of his tenants could not honestly complain — they did not pay the rent. And Welfare, which did pay the rent, did not care to complain either, so long as none of the money was going to the tenants. Besides, Manny was also prepared to be obliging to his tenants whenever the law insisted that he be; and he was just as happy to pay off a Welfare inspector to ensure that a tenant would be allowed to move into one of his buildings as he was to pay off the building inspector to forestall his summons for violations.

"I don't say I'm an angel," Manny told the judge. "What do you think I got for tenants?"

But while it was true that he was spreading it on rather thickly, there was fact supporting his fictionalizing. Manny knew that he was the only kind of person fit to do this kind of work. If there were no more poverty and no more tenements, there would be no more Mannys. But what else could a man like him do if he were not a slumlord? In 1946, when he came to this country, it was already too late for Manny to go into any other business. At his Uncle Harry's urging, he borrowed \$2000 and bought his first tenement. Living very cheaply, Manny was able to repay the bulk of the loan in less than two years. Then, with another loan of \$3250, Manny bought his second property. (He eventually paid back his uncle with restitution payments from the German government.) But neither tenement proved to be such a good investment that Harry wanted to encourage his nephew to buy still another. He now calls Manny's buildings "crap," and more and more he has advised his nephew to "get out from under that crap" and invest his capital in second mortgages. Manny just will not listen to his uncle. The fact is that Manny is afraid that he would not be able to sell. Nobody ever makes him offers. He is afraid that some of the bigger slumlords are waiting to starve him out, so he cuts corners and tries all the harder to make his "crap" pay.

After taxes Manny is usually able to chisel between \$4500 and \$5000 a year, but he cannot chisel on his mortgages (on which he still owes \$3000), and the judge said that he had no right to chisel on his landlordly obligations and fined him \$500. Manny paid the money. He was not so badly off that he could not raise \$500, but he knew he was not such a "success story" that he deserved "that kind of a fine." After his appearance in court he went back to his tenements and

decided he would stick it out a while longer. As he put it, "It's a hard life when you got nothing to do. You don't get nothing for nothing . . . only this way I got a little chance."

Or so Manny thought until his larger building went out on rent strike. (In New York City, courts have held that tenants may withhold their rent from the landlord and may pay rent either to the court or to an escrow fund, pending correction of alleged violations by the landlord.) Manny did not like it, but he *shmeared* a little here and a little there, and in the end, grudgingly attended to his violations under a court order. But the strikers only discovered more violations, and Manny had to take out a small second mortgage on his other tenement to pay for the repairs. Since then Manny has been deathly afraid that both of his buildings will strike at the same time, leaving him so destitute that he would have to default to the city. This fear has bred a certain paranoia in Manny and has confused him about who his adversaries really are. Sometimes he claims that the politicians are afraid of the Negroes, and at other times he maintains that they are stirring Negroes up for their own political gains. By Negroes Manny means anybody who lives in his buildings, whether black or white, English- or Spanish-speaking. Manny does not discriminate. He believes that the Negroes have been more sinned against than sinning, but he also believes that he has been sinned against more than anybody else.

"Look at me. I pay taxes just like everybody else. I even pay welfare — Take a good look at me," Manny will insist, "because you are looking at the man who has been twice a victim. All the tenants will say is what they want, and I'm paying income taxes, real estate taxes, sales taxes. I even pay a special tax on the hotel room. So look how I'm treated — It's because there is only one of me," Manny insists, "and there are so many of them. They got all the votes."

Manny usually whispers such accusations, but sometimes he does not, and sometimes he will be aware that there is more than a scintilla of truth to what he is saying. Of his sixteen tenants, nine are collecting welfare. Without Manny's taxes it would be harder for the city to maintain them in Manny's buildings. But it is certainly just as true that without welfare it would be more difficult for Manny to find tenants. Renting to welfare tenants is risky because the Department of Welfare will not cosign his leases, so when a tenant defaults, Manny is usually unable to collect his rents. Such a risk is compensated, however, by the fact that few people other than welfare clients would live in such quarters. Of his seven tenants not on welfare, two are old ladies on social security; the third, an elderly Albanian man, gets his rent free for

helping out as super and handyman. Of the rest, Manny says, "I don't want to know their business so long as they pay their rent." Succinctly, he will point out, "If they want low-income housing, that's what I got. Where else do you find anything like this in the city of New York?"

Where else indeed! Once again, there is a great deal of truth to Manny's flagrant assertions. Some of his tenants are paying less rent than they would pay in a project and much less than they might pay in some of the "renovated" tenements. One of Manny's three-room railroad flats recently rented for \$36 a month. How much can a landlord be expected to provide for that kind of rent? Manny's tenants get very little of anything; they can expect to be without heat or hot water at least one week in every month while his workman struggles over the furnace, there are no lights in the hallways, the refrigerators are converted ice-boxes, and the pilot lights on the stoves leak gas. When the heat comes up his houses chatter. In the evening the lights are the color of American cheese because of the faulty wiring. The flats are tiny and stifling in summer. The views are appalling — uncollected garbage heaps that support a population of rats. The toilets are always backing up; if one does flush, the whole house groans as if some giant were choking on his phlegm. When it rains, the plaster sweats. Then it dries and flakes all over the rooms. In the past, Manny's tenants have committed numerous acts of vandalism. They have passed out from overdoses of narcotics in his hallways, pawned his mailboxes, and defecated along his stairs. Manny is no longer upset by such occurrences.

Manny knows he could get more money if he furnished the apartments, but he says, "I don't want to tie up my money in garbage . . . and that's what it would be." Once he dreamed of a tenement empire, but now, faced with rent strikes and rising expenses, he has come to accept a more limited ambition. He would like to be a better landlord to the tenants "if it would pay," but "blood from a stone is impossible."

Poor Manny! Poor stone!

He once had an option to buy a better tenement on Third Street, but he did not buy it. He put the money in mutual funds and hoped the market would go up. When former Mayor Wagner announced a campaign against rats, Manny's tenants sent him a dead rat in a package. Since John Lindsay took over, Manny is becoming more and more paranoid. He thinks that some of the crusades against slumlords are anti-Semitic, and he is also very bitter about the treatment he receives from building inspectors and social workers. The former hold him up for a lot of money. He claims not to know what the latter want, but he believes

that they put the tenants up to sending him the rat.

When Manny is asked how much he must pay off each month in bribes, he will say he is not a rich man; then he will tell how he almost had a chance to get rich once, about ten years ago, when a well-known "action" painter was living on the top floor of his Ridge Street tenement, and Manny had to take forty canvases in lieu of back rent. Then he considered himself lucky in unloading the canvases for \$500, but they now sell for more than \$10,000 a piece.

Manny says he is not bitter because "it was never meant that I should be an art collector," but he is not so forgiving about his treatment at the hands of the social workers. "Who the hell they think they are?" Manny will demand just as soon as Mobilization for Youth is mentioned. Then he will say, "They don't like how I run things, let them buy the buildings and see how they like it." But when you ask Manny for a price, he will snap, "Don't be so funny!"

"What I got? What am I going to do?" Manny will declare, but he will never let you pin him down to a price. "I'm all alone," he'll say. "There is nobody on my side."

Sometimes one gets the feeling that Manny must tell himself these things as he climbs up the dark stairs to collect his rents. Other landlords can get loans to rehabilitate their properties, but nobody wants to rehabilitate Manny's *dreck*. If he gives up now, perhaps some speculator will grab his buildings for a song. Manny knows that under current rent-control laws the only way he can raise the rent is to move his tenants out, but he cannot be sure that he will get new tenants. He tells himself that if there were no welfare, he would have no tenants, but he also hates welfare every time a check is delayed and he has to go climbing up the stairs to dun one of his sullen, squalid tenants. Manny says, "I make more home visits than the social workers."

Not too long ago one of Manny's tenants dropped a garbage can down on him as he came up the stairs, and he had to stay in the hospital overnight; but Manny refused to press charges when the woman swore she thought he was her welfare worker. "You got to expect such things," Manny said, although he had the woman evicted as soon as he could when she failed to pay her rent the next month. Then the apartment lay vacant a month and a half, and he had to pay \$20 to the inspectors before the new woman would move in with her children; but Manny got an increase from the Rent Control Board that pushed the rent up. Even though he is now convinced that his buildings are not worth anything, Manny still likes to multiply his rent rolls.



BOOKS and MEN To assemble under one magnifying glass the many lives of Sir Harold Nicolson is the feat performed in this month's essay by ATLANTIC critic Louis Kronenberger.

## DIARY OF A U-MAN

by LOUIS KRONENBERGER



SIR HAROLD NICOLSON has been a small particular adornment of his age, thanks not least to his chameleon way of adorning it. Because of his versatility, he has been a writer whom a dozen sorts of reader could come to know and appreciate. Certainly the reader of belles lettres knows his biographies — of Byron, Tennyson, Swinburne, Verlaine, Sainte-Beuve, Benjamin Constant — and his literary criticism. But the far-from-literary English reader would have encountered Sir Harold too, as a mass-circulation newspaper columnist and a participant on the BBC. The student of cultural history will be aware of *The Age of Reason*. The American businessman may remember Sir Harold's life of Dwight Morrow; the English patriot, his official biography of George V. A student of England's foreign relations would know Sir Harold's life of his diplomatist father, Lord Carnock, or his book on Lord Curzon. For the inquirer into diplomatic niceties there is that distillation of Sir Harold's own Foreign Office years and experience, the informative handbook called *Diplomacy*. The connoisseur of minor literary delights will have cherished *Some People* as a kind of companion volume to Max Beerbohm's *Seven Men*. Even the specialist in gardens will know of Sir Harold by way of his marriage to V. Sackville-West; as, thanks to his inner-circling of society, will the specialist in

gossip. From its very beginnings — Sir Harold was born in 1886 in Tehran — his life has been multifaceted, polylingual, cosmopolitan, and at the same time monumentally English, ineradicably upper-class.

Accordingly, the publication of the first volume, extending from 1930 to 1939, of Sir Harold's *Diaries and Letters* is the record of an often intimately placed observer, is a kind of tour, during an eventfully unsettled era, of various hives and capitals of political, social, cultural activity. Opening with Nicolson's leaving the Foreign Office to work on the *Evening Standard*, it concludes with England's declaration of war against Hitler. Nicolson — he became Sir Harold in 1953 — was never to find anything less to his liking than his year-and-a-half stretch as a newspaper columnist. He resigned, having joined Oswald Mosley's pre-fascist New Party and become editor of its political organ, *Action* — only for Mosley to swerve toward fascism, the paper to fold, the party expire, and Nicolson break politically with its leader. Sir Harold's wife had thought it all insane from the outset; and quite fruitless, certainly, were Sir Harold's efforts to divert Mosley from fascism, even on the last-ditch ground of its being altogether unsuited to a nation lacking a military tradition and possessing a sense of humor. Sir Harold's prophecies about Nazism were hardly

*Harold Nicolson at the Paris Peace Conference, 1919, from HAROLD NICOLSON: DIARIES AND LETTERS. Courtesy of Atheneum Publishers.*

more successful: by 1932 he thought that Hitler had "missed the boat."

For the next four years, until Sir Harold won a National Labor Party seat in Parliament, he led a rather loose-endish, wide-ranging life. In these earlier years there is much about the Nicolsons buying and turning Sissinghurst, an old Kentish castle already in ruins in the eighteenth century, into a habitable home, which Miss Sackville-West was to endow in time with one of the finest gardens in England. There are, again, the books Sir Harold wrote in the early thirties, among them a novel called *Public Faces*, in which he prophesied, by name and function, the atomic bomb. There are trips abroad on one mission or another, and a first trip for both Nicolsons to America on a double lecture tour; there are later American trips, and there are a great many social occasions, literary encounters, and London sidelights. During these years the *Diaries* is lavish with anecdote.

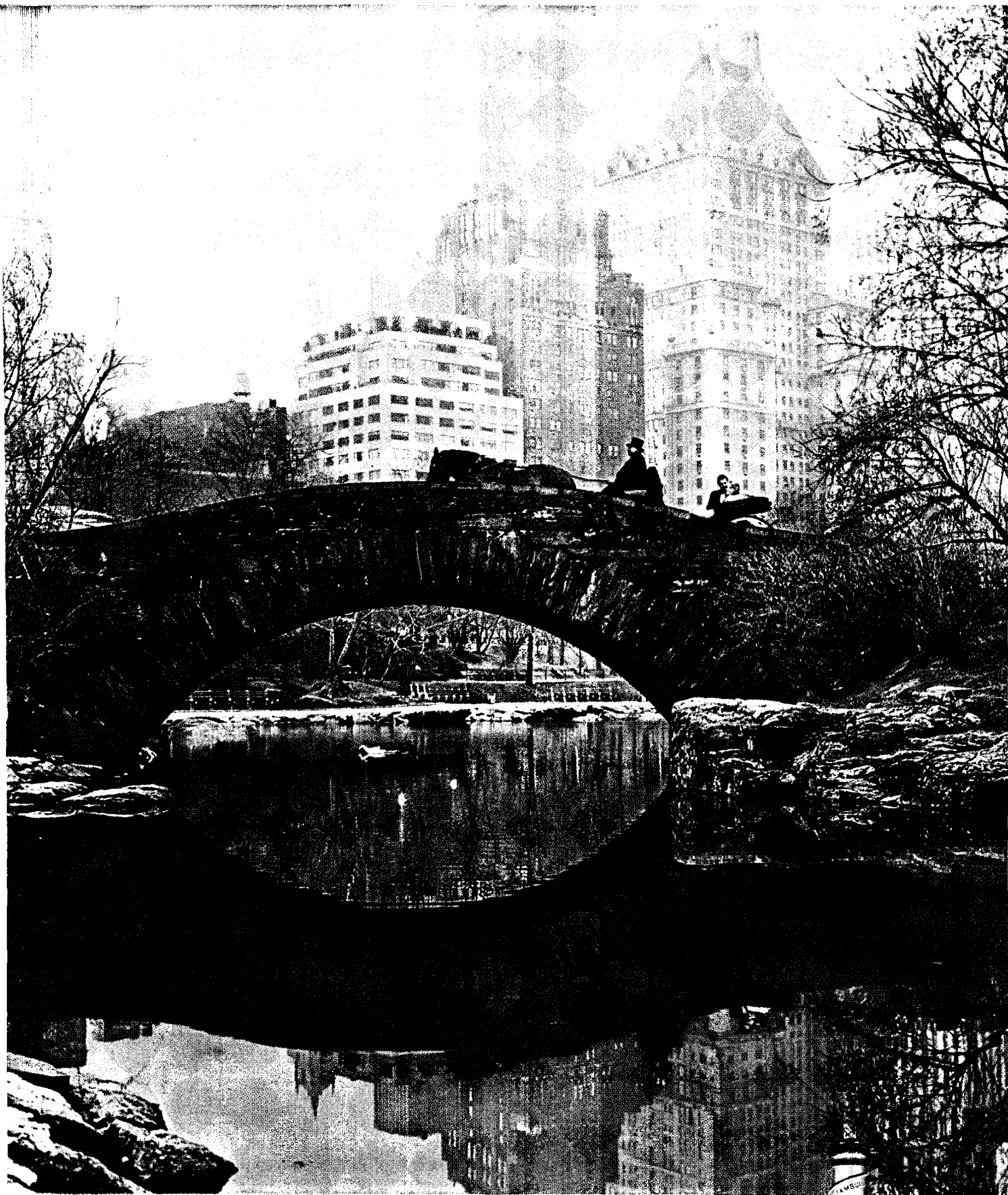
Thus, on the social side, at a Cliveden weekend: "In order to enliven the party, Lady Astor dons a Victorian hat and a pair of false teeth. It does not enliven the party." On the literary side, A. E. Housman hated questions about Shropshire, having from his sketchy knowledge of it pulled several topographical boners in *A Shropshire Lad*. Or there is the Duchess of Marlborough on Proust: "His snobbishness was just snobbishness — he would repeat names to himself succulently." When she said she thought the Duke of Northumberland had a lovely name, Proust "grew very excited . . . got up, flung the door open and yelled 'Madame la Duchesse de Northumberland.' This brought on a fit of coughing." D. H. Lawrence, Frieda Lawrence told Sir Harold, said to her: "If people really knew what you are like, they would strangle you." "Did he say that," Sir Harold asked, "angrily?" "No," she answered, "— very quietly, after several moments of deep thought." Sir Harold had more than one meeting with James Joyce. At a lunch in his honor, Joyce enters "aloof and blind. . . . My first impression is of a slightly bearded spinster." At lunch, "I say to Joyce, hoping to draw him into conversation, 'Are you interested in murders?' 'Not,' he answers, with the gesture of a governess shutting the piano, 'not in the very least.' " "Are you interested," asks Desmond MacCarthy a little later, in [Sir Richard] Burton? "Not," answers Joyce, 'in the very least.' " At a subsequent meeting in Munich, Joyce reported that someone had taken *Ulysses*, hidden inside a prayer book, to the Vatican, so that it was blessed by the Pope. (Joyce pronounced *Ulysses* "Oolissays.")

THE Nicolsons' American tour — they visited fifty-three cities, spending sixty-three nights on

trains — included joint appearances, when they sat on a stage discussing before large audiences "Changes in English Social Life," "What We Think About Marriage," and "How to Bring Up Children"; they were the lions, says their son Nigel Nicolson, the able editor of this book, "of the American lecture-circus." Socially they found the experience very trying — "the intelligentsia of Springfield, Massachusetts," let conversation languish, and a Toledo lady remarked that when she first saw the Grand Canyon, she said, "My, if only Beethoven could have seen this!" There were compensations to the trip, however. The Grand Canyon was one: Miss Sackville-West, wrote her husband, "is very much impressed. So am I." Alice Longworth was another: she "had a sense of background." Mount Vernon was a third: its ceilings and furniture indicated "a high level of culture and taste." More endurable were Nicolson's later trips to America when, at Mrs. Dwight Morrow's invitation, he undertook to write her husband's life. His being her houseguest coincided with Hauptmann's arrest and trial, and Sir Harold saw a good deal of the Lindberghs. At the breakfast table Lindbergh never once glanced at the papers where he was front-page news. At the height of his celebrity after flying the Atlantic, Lindbergh got 52,000 telegrams on one day, 63,000 on the next; at the height of the kidnapping excitement, there were 100,000 letters a day. Anne Lindbergh told Sir Harold that when she and her husband, bearing one of the most famous names in the world, dined with the Hoovers at the White House, Mrs. Hoover all through the evening called them Mr. and Mrs. Lindgrün. What, wondered Nicolson, "would Freud have said to that?" As for the biography of Dwight Morrow — who is described in the *Diaries* as having "the mind of a super-criminal and the character of a saint" — before Sir Harold was through, the House of Morgan, with whom Morrow had been connected, created difficulties. Sir Harold, it appeared, showed them too little awe and reverence. He agreed to make some changes, so that "the result is soft and flabby." But he felt that Morrow himself came through, and "I am not really discontented with the book."

When Sir Harold entered Parliament late in 1935, a political tension already ominous and formidable during the earlier years of the *Diaries* was about to become visible in headlines which are part of history — the Rhineland, Spain, Anschluss, Munich, the invasion of Czechoslovakia, the Soviet-Nazi pact, and then Poland and war. In England, besides Mrs. Simpson and the King's abdication, there was an atmosphere of delay, of indecisiveness, of the ostrich and the unicorn. The *Diaries* abound in political weather reports. March 10, 1936: "Long talk with Ramsay MacDonald. . . . The





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country will not stand for anything that makes for war. On all sides one hears sympathy for Germany." *A week later*: "I found all the lobbies and corridors [of the House] buzzing with people getting signatures to . . . resolutions, the first to the effect that nothing would make us go to war, the second to the effect that nothing would induce us to break our word." *March 29, 1938*: No administration [says Malcolm MacDonald] "could possibly risk a war when our anti-aircraft defenses are in so farcical a condition. . . . It would mean the massacre of women and children in the Streets of London." *June 30, 1938*: Unity Mitford [a cousin of hers reports] "wants the Jews to be made to eat grass." *September 20, 1938*: The *London Times*, with its wonted magisterial calm, appraises the sellout of the Czechs: "The general character of the terms submitted to the Czechoslovak Government could not, in the nature of things, be expected to make a strong *prima facie* appeal to them." By now Nicolson was vocally against appeasement: he, Winston Churchill, Anthony Eden (who had resigned from the Cabinet), and Duff Cooper were the only Government M.P.'s who "did not cheer Neville Chamberlain" when he went off to, and came back from, Munich.

As a member of the National Labor Party, Sir Harold had a liberal voting record in the House of Commons, and despite gaffes that hurt him politically, he quickly gained a reputation as a speaker. "I have achieved a prominence in the House which is unjustified by my juniority. Thus when I am called, there is a burst of applause and people flock in." He was to keep his seat for ten years.

THE many, at times conflicting, sides to Sir Harold's achievement and career cannot but bring into prominence his rather quick-change, man-of-the-world personality, as well as his view of the world and, ultimately, of himself. He was by temperament, says his son, an "aristocrat." I am decidedly ignorant of the distinguishing nuances between the two words, but would myself define him as insuperably upper-class, even in its "U" sense, its caste sanctities, its fetishistic enslavements. Sir Harold would seem to have had no *inner* aplomb at all. From the *Diaries* one gets an impression of an encyclopedic knowledge of rules, forms, proprieties, solecisms; of What's Not Done; of choices — between two restaurants, two waistcoats, two words — so crucial as to invoke, socially, the consequences of the Lady or the Tiger. All this, though it conveys an impeccable sense of worldliness, equally suggests a curious sense of worry. The true aristocrat, I would think, is a much more well-bred law unto himself; Miss Sackville-West, one might

suppose, was a true aristocrat. Sir Harold is constantly and self-concernedly soliloquizing in his *Diaries*, though far less often like Hamlet than like Prufrock; even the Prufrock of the trousers rolled: at the Eton and Harrow match, he feels "rather out of it" for wearing a trilby hat. It just happens to be T. S. Eliot who once remarked that there is someone more important than the aristocrat, and that is the individual. The individual in Sir Harold seems often blotted out by a stuffy and insular caste-consciousness. The statement of the judge in the Hauptmann trial "was one of which even an English judge need not have been ashamed." "Our host," says Sir Harold somewhere, "was the perfect type of the second-rate school and the second-rate college." The smoking room of the House of Commons was "not in the least like the smoking room of the Travellers Club. . . . Shouts and laughter and an almost complete absence of decorum"; and when Churchill and others beckoned to him, "I had to go toward them feeling stared at and conspicuous." Sir Harold could be so put off as to freeze, says his son, on encountering a single false note in people's "conversation or even their pronunciation . . . or a doily under the plate or a grapefruit on it." I keep being reminded of an Englishman from a famous family who, thinking England too stuffy, went to live in Paris, and in a final burst of rebelliousness threw his Old School tie into the wastepaper basket. The next day he saw his valet wearing it and sacked him.

Much of all this clearly qualified Sir Harold to be a diplomatist of merit or an adroit novelist of manners. And Sir Harold could, to be sure, laugh on occasion at himself; his was a sophisticated stuffiness. As a matter of fact, it is perhaps the "outsider" who can come closest to being the complete cosmopolite, the true citizen of the world — he is obliged to cling to so little, he can adapt to so much, he need adhere to no barnacled traditions, no mildewed observances. With Sir Harold the excess of caste feeling was aggravated (at least till his wife came into an inheritance) by the shortage of money. Earlier Sir Harold could only groan, and he and his wife scrape and retrench, even though — it is their son speaking — "they were running three houses . . . and they had two secretaries, a cook, a lady's maid, a chauffeur, a valet and three gardeners." All this keeping up with their ancestors meant putting up with very grubby methods of moneymaking. Grinding out chitchat for the *Evening Standard*, tangling with the House of Morgan, reviewing books in trains, at home, in the House, living through lunch in Springfield, Massachusetts, made for something very abrasive to Sir Harold's French-laundered reflexes.

But there was quite plainly a Harold Nicolson of wit and vivacity, of talent and taste, and of sympathies born of something principled rather than predetermined. And if one bangs away at his snobbish and squeamish side, it is because it so vitally colors, and discolours, his book; so much gives to the annals of an eventful era the accent of a petulantly privileged world. This, to be sure, is not all loss; indeed, it furnishes us, aware already of his many other roles, with one Harold Nicolson the more, with one whose self-avowals have their notably human value. Sir Harold is the first to confess to the hard choice that must be made between principle and ambition. With him, however, the choice does not appear, as it were, so clean-cut; what seems amiss is less the large central conflict between ambition and principle than the jostling of one ambition against another. Yet it is quite understandable: the multiplicity of endowments alone, without regard to the scarcity of money, might conspire to make Sir Harold feel a little bit nowhere from taking him everywhere.

There is certainly in the *Diaries* an element of real self-scrutiny, full of honest insight or self-depreciatory self-commiseration. There are also, at times, bits of moralistic i-dotting, and of I-patting ("I do detest cruelty in any form") as well. But all this constitutes one of the ultimate merits of candid self-portraiture; and we must remember that though we are encountering all this in print, it was set down in privacy. About the whole thing, furthermore, there is a wonderful freedom from cant: unlike a Henry Adams, Sir Harold never pretends to gag over the silver spoon. In the light of his temperament and training, he is doubtless the kind of product that only the very exceptional man will refuse to be. If we must still feel that at his worst Sir Harold is like Emily Post without her capacity to grow, he is no less a kind of born-out-of-season enlightened and civilized Whig. If the era helped turn the man of birth into a diner-out in blatantly smart society, the man of parts into a species of Official Biographer, we can scarcely argue

that he should, instead, have invited his soul or cultivated his garden. He was a foreordained man of the world, which he plainly wanted to live in as well as write about; and he is more interesting and rewarding than other "aristocrats" of his age if only because he is more interested and aware. Following her temperament no less, Miss Sackville-West remained at Sissinghurst, to which Sir Harold, who lived in London, came only for weekends. But they wrote constantly to each other; and however unorthodox, their relationship bears all the postmarks of a happy marriage.

Very possibly the *Diaries and Letters*, which will extend to three volumes of selected material, and which Sir Harold insisted to his son were not written for publication, will have a continuing value as a both on-stage and behind-the-scenes chronicle of events and occasions, and a continuing interest for the gallery of personages in them, the stream of talk and winds of doctrine. But we must wait for the later volumes to know. In this first volume there are no major revelations or even incisive portraits of major figures; rather, there is much that portrays the confusions of the time, much that was shady in advance of what would prove heroic, and chic and trivial in a decade that has come to signify drabness and want. *Diaries and memoirs* such as these have been, of course, an upper-class tradition in England from as far back as Bishop Burnet and Lord Herve; the solidest of them all, and one very relevant to Sir Harold's for its correspondingly large social and political opportunities, is the nineteenth-century Greville's. But it would be quite unsound to bring Sir Harold into comparison with Greville, whose *Memoirs* were indeed his lifework, and who dined out pen rather than fork in hand. The overriding reason, however, is that with Greville what counts most is the history we imbibe, and with Sir Harold the self-history. Yet the self in Sir Harold speaks in many ways for many similar Englishmen, more than one of whom, I venture to think, darts in and out of the pages of this often engrossing book.

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BY ROBERT GRAVES

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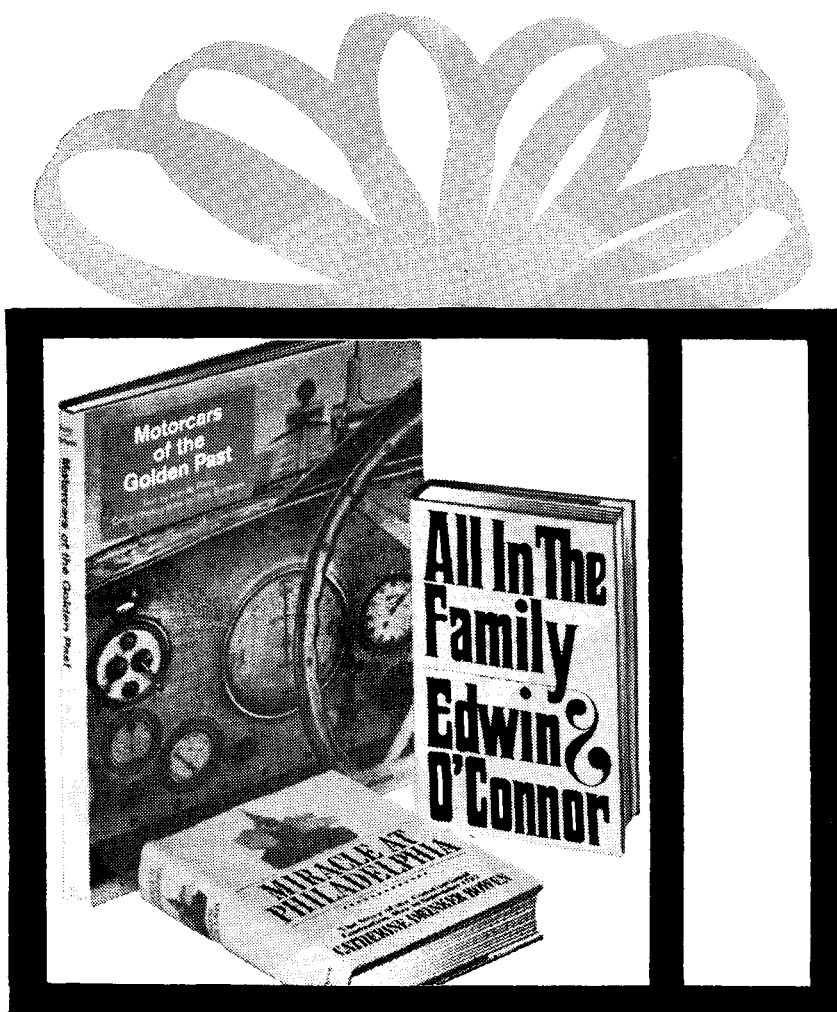
## BEGGARS ON HORSEBACK

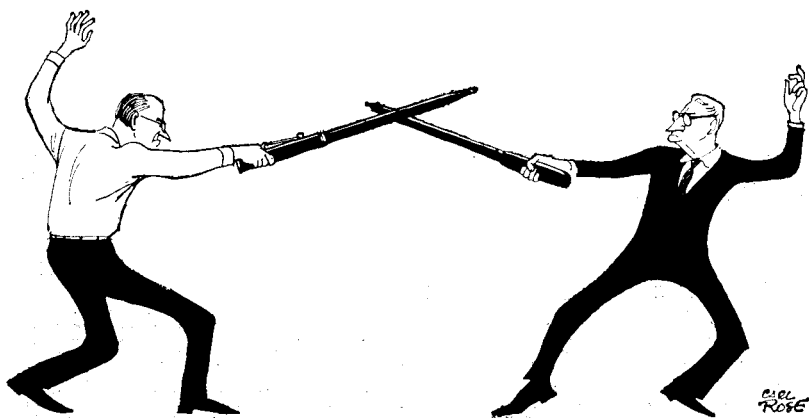
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# Accent on

## FREEDOM AND THE OLD HEAVE-HO

BY CHARLES W. MORTON

There was a fine flurry among its readers recently when a college professor wrote to a newspaper suggesting that it drop a certain syndicated column. I forget the reasoning advanced by the letter writer, and it would seem to me idle in the case of the columnist concerned to suggest that one of his productions is any worse than his others. But the professor's complaint was naïve in its assumption that a columnist is published or discarded for the intrinsic quality of his work, whereas his notoriety is a much more likely reason for his appearance in the first place. If readers are angered enough to write letters denouncing him, the newspaper is moved to self-approval: our columnist is being *read*. Letters of praise, which must necessarily be akin to the columnist's outlook on life, are taken gravely at par. As its conclusive grounds for putting the columnist into print, the newspaper asserts its obligation to reflect various points of view, even though the point of view in this case is so childishly self-centered and irrational as to bring the reader no more than a series of the columnist's tantrums,

which, like the Beatles' theological pronouncements, are not worth even misinterpreting.

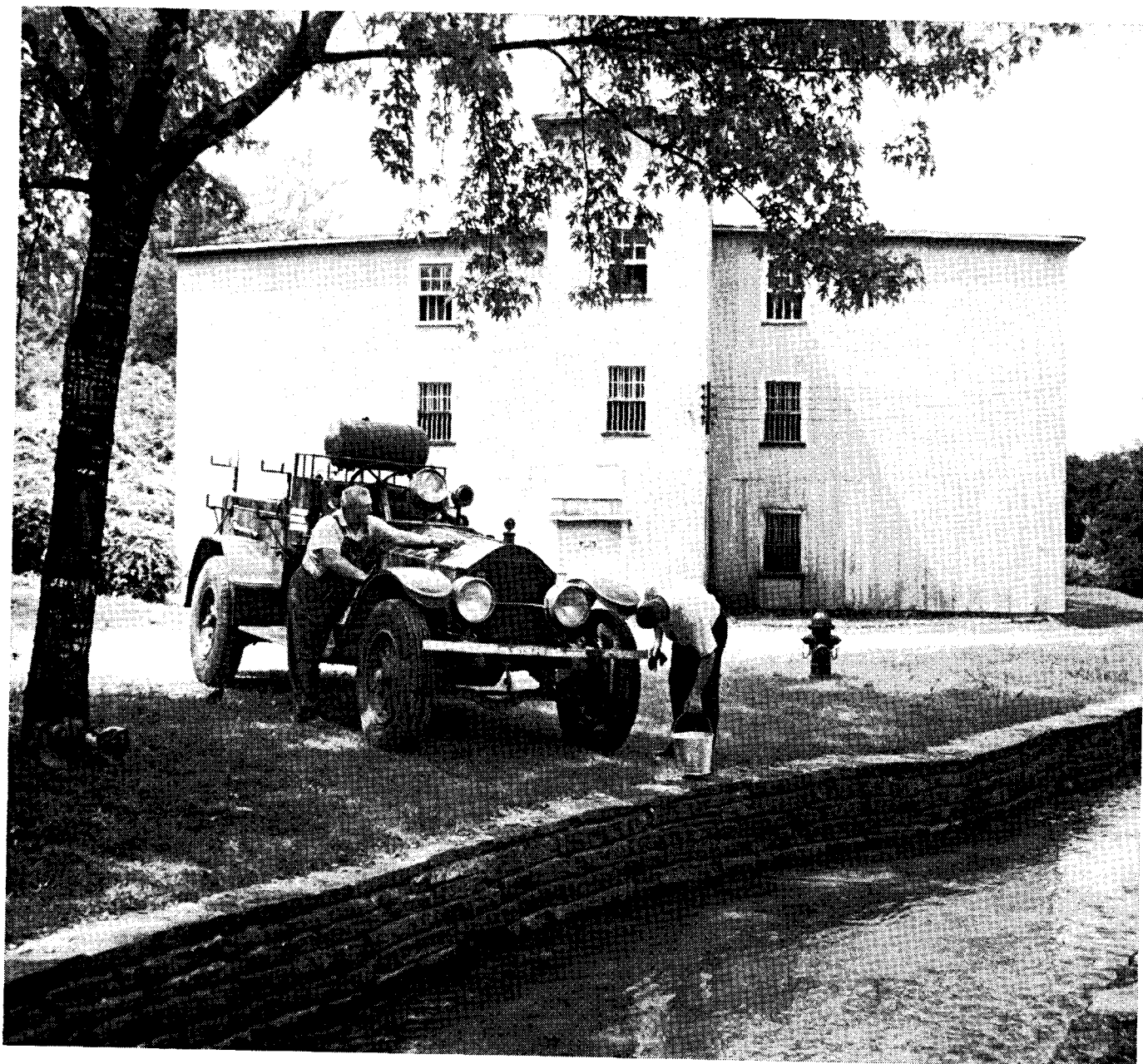
The professor-complainant was immediately in deep water. Naturally he was beset by readers who thought the columnist's tantrums to be veritable beacons in the wasteland that is our nation today. More complicated were retorts from readers who believed that any professor proposing to omit publishing anything was an enemy of academic freedom, while collateral opinion assailed him as one who would destroy freedom of the press and thereby as one opposed to constitutional government in the United States. The professor was treading the fringes of dictatorship, the police state. In the academic world, one gathers, a professor should be entitled to commemorate Benedict Arnold as the Father of His Country and to flunk all dissenters, provided, of course, that he can find a history department willing to hire him to do so and a publisher who foresees a big future for a textbook along those lines. Columnist and professor alike enjoy one slight advantage over the ordinary work-

ingman in the free society: it is perfectly all right for the newspaper and the college not to hire them in the first place, but it's all wrong to get rid of them, no matter how nonsensical they become. Anyhow, why shouldn't we want to know how the Beatles feel about Vietnam? They have a right to their opinions, haven't they?

At the risk of oversimplification, I suggest that the issues raised by the proposal to drop the columnist are less tangled than they might seem. A reason for dropping him could lie in an opinion once expressed to me by an old friend, a Londoner, large-minded, kindly, and quite incapable of thinking meanly about anything. Only once over the years of our friendship did I ever hear him make a disparaging comment on another person, in this case on a former friend who had calumniated him most outrageously and who had just got himself into a characteristically unpleasant lot of headlines.

I mentioned the headlines to my friend. A mess, I said. My friend agreed. "I'm afraid —" he began. He paused, weighing carefully the seriousness of the accusation he was about to make, and it was probably the worst thing he was ever going to say about anyone: "I'm afraid the fellow is simply an ass."





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# Safari

BY WALTER M. GIBB

WALTER M. GIBB is on the news staff of the Baltimore SUN and has contributed from time to time to these pages.

The wreck of my reputation occurred on a miniature railway that runs around a city park in the good old summertime. It's called the Zoo Line, and I shouldn't have been on it at all. As far as my eight-year-old grandson is concerned, I fear I'm guilty of a shocking lapse in grown-up behavior — and from his large accusing eyes there is no appeal.

A month or so earlier I might have gotten away with it; my small safari might even have been applauded. But children grow up overnight. To paraphrase a favorite, there comes a time in the life of every child that is known as the adult hour. It is the awful moment when childhood seems suddenly childish. The new man leans his three-foot-six against the playroom door, surveys his toy-strewn past, and decides to kick the habit.

Saturday, the day of my fateful ride, I found little Mark in his room surveying the field, so to speak. He declined an invitation to play marbles. Nor did he care to work a jigsaw puzzle, assemble a truck, or complete a castle begun the day before. Then, though I do not fancy violence in the forenoon, I suggested a spot of cowboy and Indian. But, no; that was for kids, he said. So I resumed coloring one of his picture books, something I do rather well, staying always within the lines and choosing colors which are an improvement upon those found in nature. When Mark did not join me even in this, I began to suspect the extent of his *Weltansicht*.

It was while crayoning a particularly handsome amethyst elephant that I proposed our trip to the zoo. I wanted to see his little face light up again. He thought I wanted to see the animals.

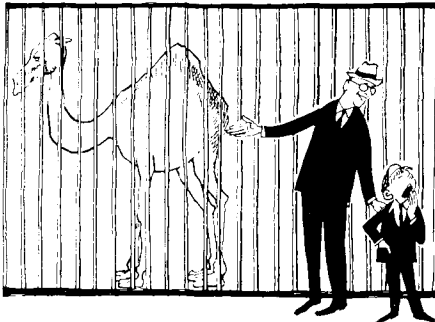
I can remember previous outings, when my wife and I spent the time en route admonishing Mark: he mustn't run from us in crowds, when it is easy to get lost; he mustn't eat continuously, which would make him ill, and so on. Upon this occasion, however, the words of caution were Mark's: we mustn't buy him a

balloon. Because, he said, he was too old for that. I confess I had rather looked forward to a balloon, but my wife, who handles diplomatic situations in our family, said, "Of course you are, dear."

I found a parking place near the depot, which is to say, near the make-believe depot of the park's miniature railroad. As we approached, the concessionaire was doing some highly provocative train calling, and the coaches were already filling up, for the most part with small children. I stopped, fascinated. "How about it?" I asked, already reaching for the fare. But Grandson Mark, doubtless dissuaded by the extreme youth of the boarding passengers, shook his head, and my wife signaled me on.

The situation recalled an incident of two summers past, when I had put Mark on a merry-go-round in Chicago's Lincoln Park. While waiting for him, I'd noticed a small boy standing beside me also watching the carousel, rather wistfully I felt, and I had asked if he wanted to ride. "Oh, no, sir," he replied politely; "I get dizzy." Then he pointed to a man careening around on a painted horse. "That's my daddy," he said. "He never gets dizzy." That had provoked a mild sense of outrage, but today, as the three of us marched off toward the lions' den, my feelings about the grown-up merry-go-rounder softened considerably.

Mark, however, having vetoed the zoo's train, seemed equally apathetic about its animals, although I did my



best for them, too. At the camel enclosure, for example, I related how the Wise Men had ridden to Bethlehem on ancestors of that very animal. And didn't that make it a singular privilege for us to be able to gaze upon this one now? "I seen him a hunnert times," Mark said.

"Well, not quite," I began, but the little train went by just then, effectively drowning my remonstrance. Above the clamor of its locomotive we could hear the engineer announc-

ing: "On our left . . . Cleopatra, the zoo's oldest camel. . . ." My wife put her hands to her ears. As for me, I stood beside old Cleo in the burning sand, one hand clutching my burnous, the other saluting this passage of the Orient Express.

Minutes later the train went by us again, this time near the buffalo compound, and again I watched it out of sight. "Come along," my wife said at last. "They wouldn't let you run it anyway." And Mark said, "Can we have a Coke?"

We had them at the refreshment stand, which is on a hill beside the bird sanctuary. From there I could see down to where our car was parked near the miniature railway station. Strictly speaking, the Zoo Line is not a railway, for there are no rails. The locomotive, which is a replica of the modern diesel, runs on concealed tractor treads and pulls its string of coaches along marked sections of the walk and roadway.

"I think that while you're sitting here," I said, "I'll just run down to the car and lower the windows, so it won't be like an oven when we get in. OK?"

"OK, Granddaddy."

"And, dear," my wife began.

"Yes?"

"Don't do anything foolish, will you?"

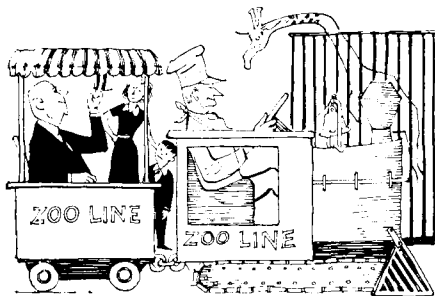
I laughed. I knew what she meant. At times, when going off by myself like that, in amusement parks especially, I have kind of thrown my weight around, buying little surprises for everybody — pen-nant canes, spun candy, cupid dolls, that sort of thing. Once last summer I brought back a jump rope for my wife, which for some reason made her cry. So now I held up three fingers: "No stuffed animals, I promise." And I hurried on down.

That had been a good thought, about the car windows, and I actually did go and lower them, but what I'd really wanted was to see the miniature train come in. I'm not what you would call a railroad buff, the sort who walks around his Christmas garden in striped overalls and gauntlets carrying a goose-neck oil can, but I do have a thing about trains, and this one got me. Since it went nowhere special, stopping where it had started, it imposed no limits upon the imagination; it was pure essence of train. And it was too much for me. I was carried away — quite literally, as it

happened. And I hadn't meant to be. I swear I hadn't.

I stood in the small depot and watched the fascinating thing round its last curve behind the tiger cages and roll home. I waved at the engineer, exactly as I had waved to him years ago on the Illinois prairie, and he waved back. And when the train stopped I found myself scanning the faces of departing passengers for any I might know — perhaps an aunt or uncle from some far-off place, who would first laugh, and then cry, and declare I hadn't changed a whit in forty years. But there was no such. And when the stationmaster approached with my ticket in his hand, I paid him as a matter of course and got on just as the diesel horn began to sound. Next thing I knew we were rolling out of the depot, while many whom I could not name stood waving good-bye.

That's the way it was. I should like to be able to say that I had weighed the issue and decided to go because it was a short ride after all, one from which I would return almost before I was missed, and so on, but I can't. Because it wasn't so. The simple truth — or awful, depending upon your point of view — is that not until we had reached the rock pile of the aoudads, which is about halfway, did I become aware even of the commentary which the engineer kept up over the train's public-address system. And it was not until the bird sanctuary came into view that I remembered the folk I had left behind me. For that matter, I soon saw that they were no longer behind in a spatial sense; they were practically dead ahead, for the Zoo Line right-of-way skirted the refreshment stand. And it was only a matter of seconds before we were careening by at a breathtaking four miles an



hour. I waved, tourist fashion, and my wife waved back, a bit casually I thought, considering. But Mark — Mark just stared.

About five minutes and countless miles later, with a big to-do of horn blowing, the diminutive diesel pulled into its depot. And this time, I rejoice to say, there were relatives on hand to meet me. One was the woman I had married back in the States, who said only that we had better hurry home now, for I must be almost starved after that journey. The other was my grandson, who may even have forgotten what I looked like, since he peered at me rather strangely and said nothing, nothing at all.

## The Power of the Press

BY C. MICHAEL CURTIS

C. MICHAEL CURTIS became a newspaperman in New York City after serving with the Cornell DAILY SUN, and joined the editorial staff of the ATLANTIC in 1963.

Everyone, by now, knows about the discovery of two Harvard biologists, that newspapers, magazines, and other paper products contain a substance which renders certain insects impotent, implying a magnificent new strategy for insect control. Among the publications rated highest for their impotence factor were the New York Times, Wall Street Journal, Boston Globe, Science, and Scientific American. The London Times and Nature, on the other hand, were observed to have curtailed the sex lives of insects to no extent whatever.

As with many other controversial scientific experiments, the investigations reported to the proceedings of the National Academy of Sciences were sharply scaled down to the innocuous observations that skeptical professionals might accept. The incredible findings that the Harvard scientists chose not to divulge are described here for the first time.

In testing the New York Times editorial page, for example, insect control groups were observed to have worked themselves into a frenzy of sociability while crawling over a column known as "The Observer," only to stumble into reluctant civility at the border of Arthur Krock's column from Washington and finally to perish in the gray wastes of the edi-

torial columns on the left side of the page. The mortality rate resulting from tests of the Letters to the Editor section were inconclusive, depending upon who of an unconquerable host



of retired civil servants had come forward with his *in extenso* clarification of recent developments in American foreign or domestic policy-making.

Further complicating the Times study was the considerable ambivalence of insect reaction to the Times Sunday Magazine. Only lassitude was observed among subjects exploring the revisitations of Eastern European Communist Satellites or New York intellectual fashions. But the magazine's four-color advertising pages, characteristically scattered with shapely women wearing very little clothing, provoked extreme hypertension of a manifestly sexual nature among the rhinoceros beetles chosen for this sample testing.

Confirming the samples' general conclusions, however, were insect reactions to the Sunday Times Book Review, which ranged from ordinary boredom to acute narcosis.

The Harvard biologists discovered that the characteristic of the Times most frequently inducing insect mesmerization was the fully transcribed presidential press conference, state of the nation address, or learned statement from 483 marine biologists unanimously disapproving U.S. policy in Southeast Asia, West Germany, north Philadelphia, and east Chicago.

The other newspapers cited in the Harvard Report accepted the analysis of their impotence factors with mixed feelings. The editors of the Wall Street Journal reportedly received the news with modest self-congratulation, though the Boston Globe, mortified by what it took to be a damaging comparison with its

chief competitor, the *Boston Herald*, immediately launched its campaign to deny a federal judgeship to Francis X. Morrissey, and won itself a Pulitzer Prize.

The reaction of the *London Times* is well known. Apprehensive at the thought that its format was unnaturally stimulating to insects, and fearing that the peril to its readers could be still more alarming, the *Times* removed advertisements from its front page and filled those column inches with what it steadfastly describes as a report of current events.

Additional random samplings from the unpublished reports of the Harvard biologists reveal the following: The highest insect-impotence factors in all American publishing were recorded by Clare Booth Luce's column in *McCall's*, the film reviews of Bosley Crowther, book reviews by W. F. Rickenbacker in the *National Review*, Barry Goldwater's newspaper column, *Status Magazine*, the forty-seven extant episodes of Hugh Hefner's *Playboy Philosophy*, and the daily sports columns of Arthur Daley.

every sip (he said) lapped his tongue like a yellow wave of harvest. Mr. McVey the minister said an empty jar of Noah Folster was like the death of a brilliant young poet. . . . With all that fulsome talk in high circles Noah was quickly in trouble. The laird paid his fine, and so he should have — all that palaver about the fragrance of buried forests! Noah's whiskey was the color of dirty daylight, and its taste on my palate was bog water with an evil essence in it. Noah went on making the stuff for many a day after that, in the laird's cellar, behind a double-locked door.

Sweyn Johnstone went into his outhouse one morning, poured the half-distilled spirit into the burn, took a great hammer, and systematically beat his copper still into a burnished lump. It was the finest still in the island, the old men say, a work of art made by the present blacksmith's great-grandfather in 1821 to the order of Captain Fenwick of the *Beagle*. . . . Sweyn's wife, out feeding the hens, had seen the exciseman walking up the hill. It turned out to be the new minister, not the exciseman at all. Sweyn went into the house, drank tea with the new minister, and spoke civilly for an hour about politics and the weather. He never made whiskey after that day. They say the ducks in his burn were drunk for a week.

Deaf Check's whiskey had a promising taste, but it was always drunk too new. "Very old Orkney whiskey," Check used to say to the plowmen who visited him on a Saturday night, but in fact it was never more than six or seven weeks old. It was the color of winter sunlight. Nobody ever informed on Check. Ten years after he was dead, a stone jar of his whiskey was found under the bridge stone at his front door, which was being repaired. "Never, never, never was there stuff like it," said Jacob Robb the mason who found it, a man not given to exaggeration. "I lived," he said, "in the Island of the Young, an enchanted man for three days until that stone jar was dry."

Nowadays there is a licensed grocer at the crossroads, a Mr. MacFarlane from Dalkeith, where the island people buy their whiskey in sealed bottles at two pounds one shilling and sixpence a bottle.

## The Troubling of the Waters

BY GEORGE MACKAY BROWN

*A graduate of Edinburgh University, George Mackay Brown lives in the Orkney Islands, Scotland. He published his third book of poetry, THE YEAR OF THE WHALE, in 1965.*

There is much talk lately about Quoylay whiskey, but the truth is, there were several different kinds of whiskey in that island.

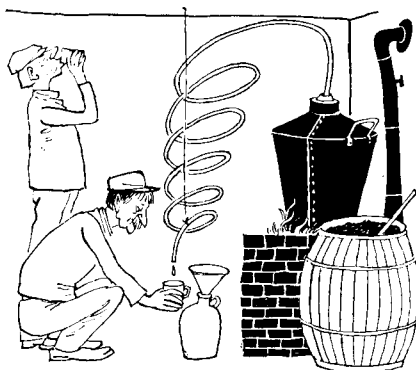
Tom of Seatter's whiskey was like a blowlamp flame in your throat, the reason being that there was no Seatter tradition of whiskey-making. Tom merely scavenged odds and ends of technical information from here and there. Two excisemen caught him making it in his barn. He was fined a hundred pounds in the sheriff's court, and all his implements were confiscated. There was still a bottle or two of Seatter whiskey in the hill crofts last winter, but nobody really liked it. You had to drink the well dry to take the scald out of your throat next morning.

Nobody ever got a chance to taste Paul Baikie's whiskey, because he and his three sons — dark, unpopular men — drank it all themselves. It can't have been good whiskey, because when they were drunk, the Baikie men were more morose than ever. Nobody can deny they were very fine boatmen. It's said Roland the tramp informed on them after he had got nothing but a cup of sour milk out of them one cold winter day. Paul Baikie refused to pay the fine. He was in jail a whole summer.

Perhaps the most famous whiskey in Quoylay was made by a henwife called Beena Bews. It was made to

an ancient fixed recipe, a traditional thing like a ballad that had salted the life of generations. It wet the lips of newborn babies and old dying men in every corner of the island, and it was an essential ingredient in the bride's cog at a wedding. I tasted it once; it wasn't good. Beena Bews is dead now, and that ancient ballad is lost.

The tinkers of Voes made a whiskey. I would rather not speak about it. It was made apparently without vessels of any kind, but wrung out of cloths heavy with dis-



tillation. John the tinker was blind from it when he was twenty-seven. That whiskey is not made anymore.

Noah Folster made a whiskey that was appreciated in cultured quarters. The laird said he could taste the peat of Keelylang in it. Mr. Seward the teacher detected the unique loamy flavor of Quoylay grain —



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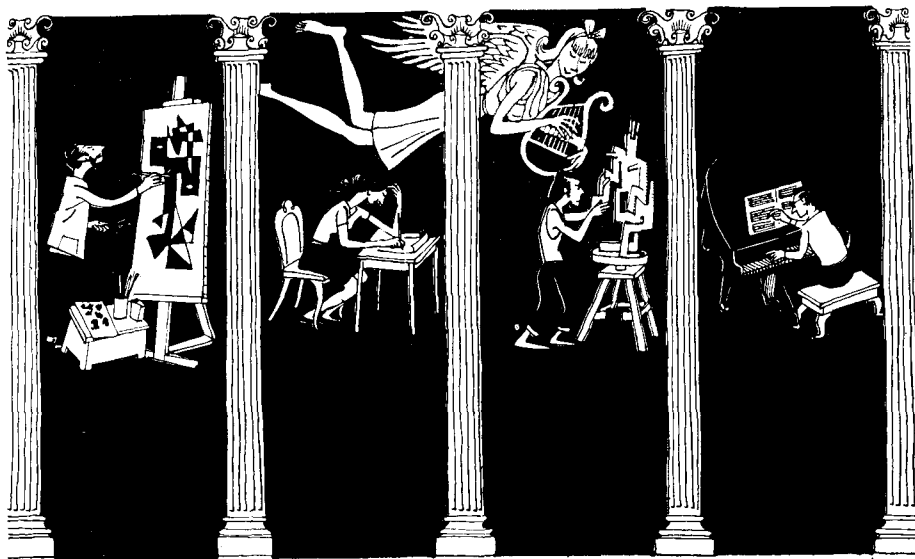
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# pleasures and places



## ZAGAROLO

BY PHILIP DALLAS

A Roman princess, Elvina Rospiigiosi-Pallavicini, for the last two years has been running a one-woman cultural program at her own expense and in her own fortress-palace at Zagarolo.

So far, she has given music recitals, several exhibitions of antiques, pictures, and *arts ménagers*; she has held some debates on contemporary problems and also a festa of Roman gastronomy. This has all been something of a dry run, although the recital by the Gonfalone Choir of Rome was an outstanding success. Now, however, she can reckon on a viable organization for the future, and each summer (May to October) she intends to give recitals, exhibitions, discussion sessions, and festas which will embrace an increasingly wide scope and importance, ranging from seventeenth-century Rome to contemporary American civilization and to current philosophy and handicrafts, with a stress on American art (which she feels Romans do not know enough about) and Roman antique furniture, her major personal interests.

What is particularly pleasing is that she intends to offer hospitality in her nearby villa to foreign (and particularly American) painters, sculptors, composers, and writers who are participating in the affairs of Zaga-

rolo. And when the palace's restoration, which has been going on for many years, is complete, she is turning over the entire top floor to a summer residence for young artists. That such a private program is being initiated at all is to be welcomed; that it is being done by a woman makes it surprising; and that this initiator is a Roman aristocrat makes it even more remarkable, because the Roman aristocracy, though it has much to offer in this field, tends to live very much to itself.

Zagarolo is a little-known town of some 5000 souls which sits on a hillock in a green valley fifteen miles from Rome. Scarcely a building has been altered or added in more than two centuries, though the town is far, far older. Like the other Roman hill towns of Tivoli, Palestrina, and Frascati-Tusculum, Zagarolo reaches back to the prehistory of our civilization and is haunted by the mythical Greeks, the fabulous Etruscans, and the forgotten Praenestines, who founded most of these towns before Romulus and Remus plowed the boundaries of Rome.

One approaches Zagarolo by hairpin bends up the side of a hill to arrive at a classic seventeenth-century monumental gateway. Behind this is a 1000-yard arrow-straight cob-

bled street plainly of Roman inspiration and lined with tumbledown sixteenth-century houses. This leads steeply up to yet another grandiose gateway and the market square.

Here the first thing one notices is a little Renaissance loggia, which shades customers of the local café. To the right and left are small but handsome palaces, with columned facades that serve respectively as town hall and bank; on the other flank is a late-Renaissance church of considerable dignity. This charming and usually lively square leads into a main street with shops and well-preserved seventeenth- and eighteenth-century houses. From this main street the hill falls away sharply on both sides, so that the side streets become little more than alleyways, staircases, and tunnels. But they are of great beauty and give one glimpses between the houses of the valley below, and unexpected perspectives of girls on balconies bending over their embroidery and cheerful old women sitting in the sun to warm their bones. The names of these passageways are interesting: one tricky staircase is called Danger Alley, one which narrows to be less than three feet wide is called Kiss-the-girls Steps, while another ten-yard-long street is called the Road of the Beautiful Virgins (and it is from these parts that for centuries Roman artists have always recruited their models). Back on the main street, one quickly comes to a second piazza, where Princess Pallavicini's ducal palace is located.

This was first built as a bastion in the thirteenth century to dominate the valley on both sides, although it must have been a fortress of some sort even in Roman days, as it is recorded that Sulla took refuge there from Marius at the time of the Social War. Little archaeological research has been done here, but it is well known that the valley is full of Roman tombs, temples, and villas. At the back of the palace is yet another square that is a perfect hemisphere of sixteenth-century houses. Its shape marks it without doubt as once having been a Roman amphitheater.

This fortress became the seat of a duchy given to Marcantonio Colonna by the reigning pontiff as a reward for his part in defeating the Turkish fleet at Lepanto. Soon after, two handsome three-story residential wings were added. These are what





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one sees from the square today.

The fortress thus turned into a palace, and the walls and those ceilings which were not of carved and painted wood were frescoed. It is not known who did these frescoes, though Raphael's pupil Giulio Romano and his assistants, who were working in the district at the time, have often been given credit for them. Other frescoes were added in the early eighteenth century.

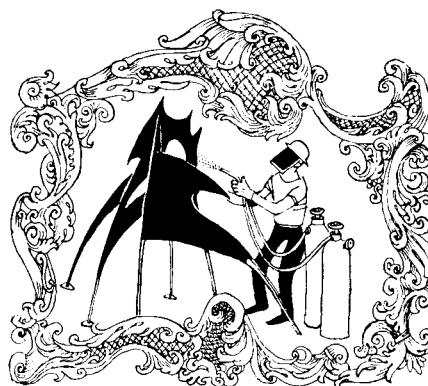
The fortress' ground floor, particularly the entrance, still retains something of its stern military past in its architectural form, and one feels that the sergeant of the guard in clanking armor might well be in the next room. The piano nobile, however, is gay and airy, and one would be more correctly dressed with a powdered wig in its magnificent rooms. This change of spirit is quickly explained because Zagarolo Palace became the property of the Rospigliosi pope, Clement IX, who began restoring and modernizing the palace in late baroque times, making it his summer retreat, where life was both seriously cultivated and elegantly countifried with festas, fireworks, and fairs. One cannot help but feel that the emulation of Pope Clement (and of the subsequent Rospigliosi princes who carried on this pleasant task) is somehow the mainspring of Princess Pallavicini's enterprise.

Goffredo Lizzani is the architect responsible for the current restoration of the palace. He looks more like a retired British cavalry colonel of a studious bent than a Roman, and lives in a modern apartment in an ancient Via Giulia palace surrounded by his collection of rare books and treasures. He said to me: "It would appear that Zagarolo was never much lived in during its long life and that sometime in the last century it was finally abandoned. The local people then used it for any and every purpose. However, out of simple superstition, they first painted over the frescoes."

During the last war, the palace returned to its original use: it became a barracks, but this time for German soldiers. Later it was taken over by three hundred families who had lost their homes, a cinema was set up in one of the great halls, and shabby offices were installed in rooms with carved-wood ceilings. Some of these offices still exist, unused and awaiting restoration, and it is particularly

fascinating to compare what was with what is now after Lizzani has been at work.

As late as the early 1950s the palace was still a wreck, and only in



the last few months have the remain-  
ing families of squatters been ac-  
commodated elsewhere. The fifteen  
major rooms were liberated of the  
paint with which the superstitious  
locals had covered the walls and ceil-  
ings, and frescoes nearly four hun-  
dred years old were revealed in an  
astonishingly fine state of preserva-  
tion. The prospects for the future  
are equally encouraging, judging  
from the small specimen patches  
which have been cleaned in many  
other rooms. There are still dozens  
of rooms to restore, and the task of  
paint-removing will continue, with  
delicate chipping and painstaking  
work with a knife.

A hanging garden has been built  
by Imerio Maffeis, a young land-  
scape gardener from Bergamo who  
is fast rising to fame for his inborn  
capacity to construct natural beauty.  
This garden stands on a foundation  
of centuries-old buildings which  
once served as storerooms and wine  
cellars, and has a lawn and a dais  
big enough to accommodate five  
hundred spectators and a small or-  
chestra. It is now open to the public  
all year round.

The great rooms of Zagarolo Pal-  
ace are an admirable site for Princess  
Pallavicini's exhibitions of antiques  
of the seventeenth century. This  
period of Roman furniture is little  
known even to experts, as not a great  
deal has ever been put on the market  
and the bulk of it is still owned by  
the families which had it made in the  
first place. Princess Pallavicini, who  
has some very fine pieces herself, has  
succeeded in persuading a few dozen  
Roman princes to lend their best  
pieces for her first exhibition, things  
which for the most part have never

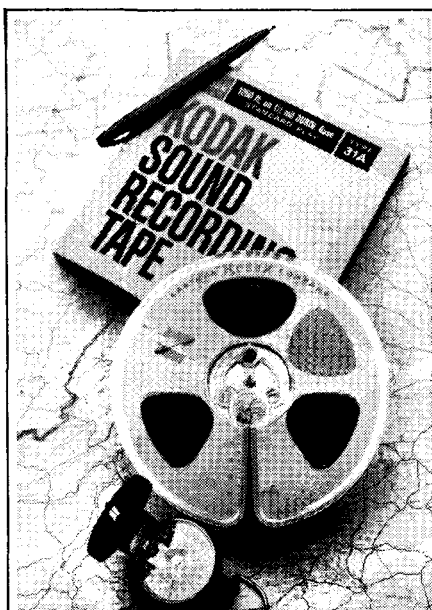
also sculptors and painters and well understood how to get the most out of their materials and the craftsmen they directed.

When in Rome, a trip to Zagorolo is more than worthwhile just to see the town and palace. A small foreign colony of writers and painters has settled outside the walls, and two young American architects have become so fascinated with the life of the people in this ancient city that they are making a prolonged research and, they hope, an equally fascinating book. With Princess Pallavicini's new program starting, it would also be worthwhile contacting the Pallavicini Association (Palazzo Pallavicini, Quirinal Hill, Rome; telephone, Rome 471224) to see what is going on there. Arrangements are being made, for example, on a long-term basis with the New York Museum of Modern Art and international galleries to mount art shows, and with the Rome academies and the U.S. Embassy to organize recitals on summer evenings in the delightful hanging gardens, while privately Princess Pallavicini will be fixing other seriously civilized and elegantly countrified pleasures such as Pope Clement would have enjoyed too.

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## RAYMOND LEWENTHAL INDIVIDUALIST OF THE KEYBOARD

BY HERBERT KUPFERBERG

Raymond Lewenthal is a concert pianist. That means he is one of a small group of Americans who earn — or try to earn — their livings by giving solo recitals or playing with orchestras across the country. It is difficult to guess how many such pianists there are in the land today, as distinguished from pianists who teach, accompany, or work on the staffs of various musical institutions. A fair estimate, though it's probably a high one, is that there are perhaps 125 American solo recitalists competing for concert dates today, and some of these are a lot more successful than others.

Lewenthal is by no means a typical example. He has had not one career, but two, for at the age of forty, after a decade of almost total inactivity, he has only just resumed playing in public. His appeal so far has been largely to piano specialists rather than to the general musical public. He has not undertaken any extensive national tours; he hasn't even got a regular manager, an omission almost unheard of in musical circles. And yet he recently signed a recording contract with RCA Victor, has single-handedly (or rather double-handedly) revived interest in an obscure French composer-pianist named Charles Valentin Alkan, has

set out upon some novel explorations of the Liszt piano repertory, and in general has established himself — though how securely remains to be seen — as a distinctive musical personality.

The current generation of young American pianists ("young" in music is a designation running from the early twenties to the mid-forties) abounds in remarkable performers, virtuosos with steel fingers, formidable techniques, and keen musical intelligences. John Browning, Van Cliburn, Leon Fleisher, Gary Graffman, Byron Janis, and perhaps a dozen others are all superbly equipped and trained young pianists, each with his own particular following of admirers and advocates. Yet none, with the obvious exception of Cliburn, has become known as a great individualist of the keyboard, occupying the same sort of place held by a Rubinstein or a Horowitz in the older generation.

Van Cliburn's concert fee is \$6000 a performance, which is about as high a price tag as exists in the music business. His top-ranking colleagues of his own generation have to be satisfied with perhaps one third of that amount per performance. A pianist receiving in the range of \$1750 to \$2250 for a night's

work — though not very many of them do get that much — is perhaps entitled to figure he is being reasonably paid for his years of study, work, and training. Yet the fee is somewhat misleading, for 20 percent of it goes to the artist's management, and in addition, he must pay his own travel, lodging, publicity, advertising, and other considerable expenses. Assuming that a pianist has an American concert tour of twenty-five dates at \$2000 apiece, does some recording, and also fills several engagements in Europe (where fees are lower), his yearly gross may reach \$60,000. Of this, when his expenses are paid, he may actually keep half. Probably less than a dozen American pianists today are able to do that well. "No one can become a concert artist without being a fanatic," says one management official.

Raymond Lewenthal is, in his own way, a fanatic, especially in his current "second" career. When he first began playing, his musical life pursued a fairly normal course for a promising young pianist. He was born in San Antonio and reared in Hollywood, earning his first money as a child actor in the movies. He studied piano with excellent teachers in the United States and later with Alfred Cortot in Paris. He won several prizes, and in 1948, when he was twenty-two years old, made his debut as a soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra, playing the Prokofiev Third Concerto with Dimitri Mitropoulos. The performance was a huge success, and Lewenthal seemed well launched. For three years he toured the United States, giving recitals and appearing with other orchestras. What happened after that is not altogether clear, but it is evident that Lewenthal underwent a combination of professional and personal setbacks. This period, three or four years after a successful debut, often is crucial for an artist. The initial impact is gone; cities which have welcomed a performer in the past now may wish to hear someone new; managements begin to lose interest; the list of concert dates can shrink dangerously.

To cap it all, Lewenthal was set upon by a gang of thugs in Central Park, New York, one summer's night in 1953, and wound up with seven bones broken in his arms and hands. He recovered completely, but having no concert schedule left,





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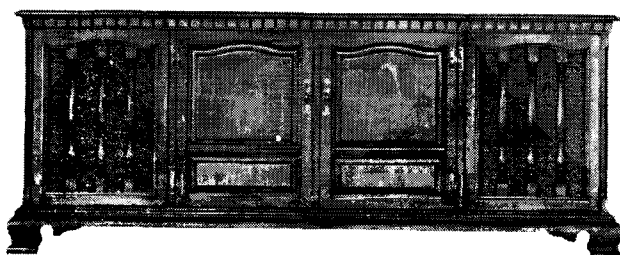
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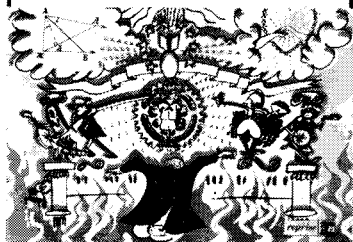
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had to support himself for three years playing the piano as an employee of Hunter College, including the assignment of being the accompanist for a girls' gymnasium class. Then he successively went to Europe and South America, but on neither continent could he establish himself. In 1961 he was back in the United States, another frustrated pianist.

If Lewenthal's career has started to flourish anew, it is largely because of his concentration on two composers, Alkan and Liszt. While in Europe, Lewenthal had come upon the music of Alkan, a French eccentric who lived from 1813 to 1888 and wrote some quite original and prodigiously difficult piano music. In 1963, WBAI, a New York FM radio station, invited Lewenthal to give a lecture-recital on Alkan; the response was so great that a concert of Alkan's works seemed in order; and this proved so successful that RCA Victor asked Lewenthal to record the music: the resultant release (RCA Victor LSC-2815, stereo; LM-2815, monaural) wound up, to everyone's surprise, on the classical best-seller charts for nearly six months.

Now Lewenthal has come up with his second recording for Victor, and it is almost as unusual as the Alkan record. It is devoted to two works of Franz Liszt's, both of them almost unknown today, the *Hexameron* and the *Réminiscences de Norma* (LSC-2895, stereo; LM-2895, monaural).

The *Hexameron* gives a revelatory glimpse of the fantastic pianistic world of the nineteenth century. It was composed, or rather assembled, in 1837 for a Parisian charity concert organized by the Princess Belgioioso, one of Liszt's innumerable feminine admirers. Her idea was to stage a kind of musical marathon in which the six leading pianists of the day would in turn each play a variation, written by himself, on a march theme from Bellini's new opera, *I Puritani*. The pianists selected, some of whose names have lived to this day, were Liszt himself, Sigismond Thalberg, Johann Peter Pixis, Henri Herz, Carl Czerny, and Frédéric Chopin. Mr. Lewenthal, who has done copious research into the affair and writes about it at length in his accompanying notes, says that the event never came off as the princess had planned. But the variations were actually written by

the six men, and Liszt used to travel about Europe playing the complete set himself to considerable acclaim.

It's entirely possible that no one has played the *Hexameron* since, until Mr. Lewenthal decided to record it for Victor. The piece, which lasts twenty minutes, is great fun to hear because it covers the entire spectrum of pianistic virtuosity and because the individual entries are fascinating to follow. Chopin, for example, composed a beautiful, if brief, slow variation, which stands out from the more showy passages. The *Norma* reminiscences on the other side of the record make for more of a unified composition; here Liszt wove Bellini's operatic themes into a rhapsodic piece that has a pianistic lyricism of its own. He also left himself plenty of opportunity for virtuosic display, including use of the "three-hand" effect, in which the fingers juggle notes so swiftly and the pedal is used so adroitly that a central melody seems surrounded by a bass accompaniment on one side and treble embroideries on the other. Mr. Lewenthal tosses off such passages brilliantly.

Although his concertizing and recording these days are mostly devoted to music of this sort, Lewenthal dislikes being looked upon as a specialist.

"I don't want to be regarded as a kook that found a kooky composer," he said during a talk at his small apartment in the East Seventies of New York. "I play Alkan out of conviction, not as a gimmick. I have an affinity for the nineteenth century, which was the great century of the piano. So far as I am concerned, both Haydn and Mozart were in a twilight zone of non-piano music. And most contemporary composers don't understand the piano very well, though there are exceptions, like Sam Barber. But it's the nineteenth century that is the era of the pianist."

Along with his musical interest in the nineteenth century, Lewenthal cultivates a kind of romantic, almost demonic, stage demeanor that has faintly Lisztian overtones. A tall, gangling man with a strong-featured face, piercing eyes, long sideburns, and a luxuriant crop of hair, he might indeed be a figure from the past. He likes to play in rather dim light, creating almost the effect of a presence rather than a person. "To me a concert is a theatrical event,"

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he explained. "Lighting, timing, ap-  
pearance all have their importance.  
Bright lights blind me. And I think  
an audience can concentrate better  
in subdued lighting. I write my own  
program notes, but I don't want  
people to read them during the con-  
cert."

Other pianists are watching Lew-  
enthal's new career with curiosity.  
There are many who think the novel-  
ty appeal of his programs is bound  
to wear off. And it is true that his  
major impact so far has been on the  
musical intelligentsia of New York.  
But he has been invited to London  
for three concerts devoted to Alkan  
and Liszt next January, and dates  
on the continent are expected to fol-  
low. Lewenthal also thinks his kind  
of programs, with such composers as  
Chopin and Schumann mixed in  
with Alkan and Liszt, will even-  
tually find an audience on the regu-  
lar American musical circuit. Even  
if he continues to be regarded as a  
specialist in reviving the neglected  
music of a century ago, he does not  
believe that the classification need be  
unduly restrictive.

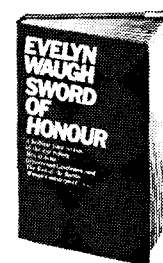
"You must play all to find the  
best," he said. "I've got a lot of  
composers I've been doing research  
on."

## Record Reviews

### Handel: Messiah

Colin Davis conducting London Sym-  
phony Orchestra and Choir, with Heather  
Harper, soprano; Helen Watts, alto;  
John Wakefield, tenor; and John Shirley-  
Quirk, bass; Philips PHS-900125 (ste-  
reo) and PHM-500125: three records

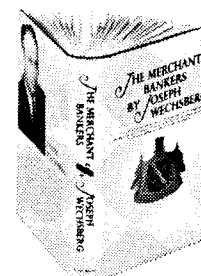
Although the approach of practically  
every Christmas seems to bring forth  
at least one new *Messiah* recording,  
some do manage to achieve a special  
quality. Colin Davis' has a feeling  
of intimacy uncommon in a work so  
frequently overblown and oversung.  
The chorus here numbers forty, the  
instrumentation is said to be Han-  
del's own, and the four solo voices  
are extremely well matched. The  
test of any *Messiah* is how it conveys  
the beauty and majesty of Handel's  
matchless music, and Davis' forces  
do so admirably, with lively tempos,  
excellent sound, and meticulous  
care for such matters as musical clar-  
ity and verbal enunciation. Every-  
thing is so scaled as to draw the  
hearer toward the work, rather than,



## EVELYN WAUGH

### Sword of Honour

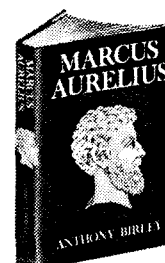
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as sometimes happens, forcing him back in sheer awe of the sound. The result is a *Messiah* ideal for home listening.

**Judith Raskin Sings Mendelssohn and Mahler Songs**

*Judith Raskin, soprano; George Schick, pianist; Epic BC-1305 (stereo) and LC-3905*

A generation ago, the Mendelssohn songs on this record would have seemed moving and eloquent, the Mahler merely puzzling. Today the effects are reversed; "puzzling" may not be quite the word for Mendelssohn's elegant and graceful songs, but they remain largely cool and external. Mahler's more emotional and intense — one is tempted to say neurotic — music seems far more closely attuned to our times. This is particularly true in the deeply expressive songs from that sorrowful cycle *Des Knaben Wunderhorn*, several of which are included on the record. In any case, there is musical gratification to be had in hearing Miss Raskin, one of the finest young American sopranos of today, singing Mahler and Mendelssohn alike.

**The Light Music of Shostakovich**

*Andre Kostelanetz conducting his orchestra; Columbia MS-6867 (stereo) and ML-6267*

Dimitri Shostakovich doesn't exactly emerge a Johann Strauss from this collection of galops, polkas, waltzes, and folk music, but the collection is a bright and joyous one just the same. Shostakovich has always had an irreverent, folksy vein, and it comes out here with considerable verve and an occasional touch of raucousness. These short pieces are taken from various ballets, films, and stage works. Kostelanetz merits commendation on two counts — his enterprise in programming these works and his ebullience in performing them.

**Great Moments in Show Business**

*Walter Huston, Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Burns and Allen, and others; Epic FLS-15105 (stereo) and FLM-13105*

This nostalgia-drenched collection of entertainers of the past is distinguished by two out-and-out classics in their original forms — Walter Huston singing "September Song," and Clayton, Jackson, and Durante performing their full routine of "Can

Broadway Do Without Me?" These stand up as solidly as Beethoven's Ninth, and they're a lot shorter, too. Furthermore, Dick Powell, who doesn't live so pleasurably in the memory, comes up with a surprisingly smooth "Lullaby of Broadway," recorded in 1935. But some of the others seem distressingly dated and faded, such as Al Jolson in "Rock-a-Bye Your Baby With a Dixie Melody." Feeblest of all is a George Burns-Gracie Allen comedy routine recorded in 1933. They must have had better years than that.

**Songs by Tom Lehrer**

*Tom Lehrer, singer, accompanying himself at the piano; Reprise RS-6216 (stereo) and R-6216*

The rapidity with which Reprise is issuing Tom Lehrer records indicates what the small band of early Lehrer fans had long suspected — the existence of a mass market for the great man's musical observations on the life about him. In this case, Reprise has had the excellent idea of having Lehrer go back to his first record, issued on his own label in 1953, and record all the songs anew. The contents, presented with the familiar and undimmed Lehrer musical prowess, include such items as "I Want to Go Back to Dixie," "Lobachevsky," "Be Prepared," and that classic among college marching songs with a soft sell, "Fight Fiercely Harvard."

**Edward R. Murrow: A Reporter Remembers (Volume I — The War Years)**

*Edward R. Murrow, reporter, with narrative announcements by Douglas Edwards; Columbia 02L-332 (monaural only): two records*

No one who heard them has ever forgotten Edward R. Murrow's wartime broadcasts from London, and this album offers a fine selection, not in snippets but in complete, or nearly complete, form. Murrow covered the speeches and actions of statesmen and generals, and these records give his reports on the debates in Commons and the rise and fall of governments. But his unique gift was to convey the feeling of a people, and he was able to do this whether he was riding an R.A.F. bomber over Berlin or watching the homefront preparations for the unmerry Christmas of 1940. There are many passages in this record to revive the memories of those old enough to remember the war or to engage the interest of those too young. But for

this listener, at least, the most spell-binding of all was a report on the everyday life of a little town on the Bristol Channel just beginning to feel the ravages of Britain's greatest war. If anybody today is doing this kind of keenly penetrating, quietly humorous, deeply human broadcast reporting, he hasn't yet shown on my television set.

**Velvet Is the Beat**

*John Cacavas conducting an orchestra; Gallery GS-6201 (stereo) and GM-3201*

Gallery Records is a new label, with an address at 609 Fifth Avenue, New York, and I mention this release here because it seems to me to offer the best stereo presentation of popular tunes since the "Persuasive Percussion" releases of Enoch Light on Command years ago. John Cacavas has assembled an excellent collection of jazz musicians, and the arrangements of such numbers as "Speak Low," "Old Devil Moon," "The Sweetest Sounds," "Do I Hear a Waltz," and the "Third Man Theme" are smooth, skillful, and remarkably easy to take. And the sound is a dream, with as good a three-channel stereo effect as a hi-fi fanatic could wish.

**Yevgeny Yevtushenko: Babii Yar and Other Poems**

*Read in Russian by the author and in English by Alan Bates; Caedmon TC-1153 (monaural)*

**The Poetry of Yevtushenko**

*Read in English by Milt Commons with Jere Jacob; Folkways FL-9869*

The best exponent of Yevtushenko's poetry is Yevtushenko himself. Even to a listener comprehending not a word of Russian, the fire and fervor of his verses are unmistakable. Fortunately, the Caedmon release provides not only the poet's voice but English translations, spoken (with inappropriate blandness) by Alan Bates. The Folkways release is entirely in English, with Milt Commons and Jere Jacob the readers, the latter providing the greatest sense of involvement of all. The only poem common to the two records is "Babii Yar," that unforgettable indictment of anti-Semitism, German or Russian. But the records together also display Yevtushenko's wide poetic range, including an unexpected vein of warm humor, as in the poem "On a Bicycle," one of the highpoints of the Folkways collection.

# BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Karsh

## *The Peripatetic Reviewer* BY EDWARD WEEKS

IN MY graduate study at Trinity College, Cambridge, where my main staple was the reading of English constitutional history, I was assisted to a livelier appreciation of the Greeks by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, the first University Professor in English, and by Dr. John Sheppard of King's College. I was a barbarian, unable to read Greek and greatly in need of their help. Sir Arthur gave a series of discourses, delivered to a restricted group of English and American students who gathered in his library in the evening to discuss Aristotle's *Poetics*. The meeting began with coffee and biscuits, and for Sir Arthur, but not for us, a touch of brandy; then someone would read aloud a passage from the *Poetics*, and at a challenging point our host would call on us for illustrations drawn from our own experience. The trouble was we were too shy, too fearful of making fools of ourselves in the other's presence, so that Sir Arthur had to do most of the talking, which, being an accomplished novelist and playwright, he did very well. Dr. Sheppard, on the other hand, was a university character whose passion for Sophoclean tragedy was infectious. I audited his lectures on Greek drama, which were eloquent, and even better, I went to every performance of *Oedipus Rex* which he coached and in which Dennis Arundel, the best of the undergraduate actors, starred. Seeing this heart-wrenching play performed in English by men I knew made of that purgation of pity not something quaint but terrible.

London-born and a graduate of Oxford, MARY RENAULT is reviving in her historical novels the glory that was Greece. Her approach to the ancient legends and to the great days of Athens, like that of Robert Graves, is of one who moves with familiarity through the past in search of the human nature that never changes. Her heroes are men who could have lived then and who do live now in our imaginings. In her new book,

THE MASK OF APOLLO (Pantheon, \$5.95), she tells the story of a young Greek actor, Nikeratos, who was bred for the stage and had to fend for himself before he was twenty. "Niko," as his friends call him, is destined for high place, but his adventures before he wins the crown at the Dionysia take him through the hick towns, through political storm and shipwreck, into friendships and feuds that give an intimate and turbulent picture of the Greek theater. This is the November selection of the Book-of-the-Month Club and Miss Renault's best book thus far.

The Greek theaters were staged in the open, and the acoustics were remarkable, for even a sigh, much less a groan, could be heard by an audience of fifteen thousand. The actors wore masks covering the whole head and including a wig; not the grimacing caricatures of Tragedy and Comedy which are commercially reproduced today, but masks which, especially in the fifth and fourth centuries, followed the trend of sculpture and idealized nature. Three actors sustained all the speaking parts in a tragedy, those of women included. The protagonist was usually the best man of the trio; the sponsor was either the state or the local community; and the chorus, often of boys, would be recruited in the hometown when the rehearsal began. However dissolute the actor might be in private life, the play in which he was performing was held to be a religious rite in the service of Dionysos and as free as possible from political influence. But the double meaning crept in, and politicians watched the theater of that day as they watch the press of ours.

Niko's father was an actor and a good one, who caught his fatal pneumonia when on a blustery day he changed from the heavy robes of a king to the diaphanous costume of the woman he played next. Niko first went on stage at the age of three; he is an attractive youngster who learns his stagecraft fast, first from his father

and then from such scrubby parts as he can pick up for himself on the road. His good looks and intelligence make him attractive to older men, the love of boys being an accepted part of Greek life. At Delphi, where Niko is playing the part of the god Apollo suspended by a crane high above the throng, he feels the rope begin to frazzle — it was half cut by a jealous rival — but goes on with his lines; the danger heightens his performance and wins for him the patronage of Dion, one of the most powerful leaders of Syracuse and a backer of Plato. With such encouragement, with his training and talent, and with his mask of Apollo as a talisman, Niko mounts steadily higher in the competitions leading to the top. He lives only for the theater and pays little heed to the advice given him by the closest of his women: "Take care Niko, how you shrug off public business." But in his passion for excellence, in his loyalties, above all in his devotion to the greatest of the Greek plays, this young actor leads us to an understanding of the Greek ideals and of the spotted actuality which was so often the best men could do.

#### THE GLAMOROUS AND THE MATURE

Just as Rupert Brooke personified the sacrifice and gallantry of the First World War, so Hobey Baker personified the glamour of college athletics in the days when they were simon-pure. Anyone who saw him play hockey at St. Nick's rink or run back Yale's booming punts at University Field will never forget it. He was light for what he did: he weighed only 165 pounds, played football without a head guard and hockey with a minimum of padding; he had the sturdiest knees in America, and his speed and reflexes were such that he could take the punishment of men who outweighed him by 40 pounds and escape with nothing worse than bruises. The glory and tragedy of his career are set forth in **THE LEGEND OF HOBEY BAKER** by JOHN DAVIES (Little, Brown, \$10.00), with illustrations that are as nostalgic as the text.

With his shock of curly blond hair and classic features, he stepped into the spotlight at St. Paul's School, where he was a leader of all sports at the age of sixteen, and with a brief interlude before we entered the war, he was to remain in that spotlight until his death. He was a star at Princeton, with the distinction that he could outskate anyone, never lost his temper however they ganged up on him, fought shy of publicity, and though destined to be captain of both football and hockey, never tried to run the college.

The test he never met was how to mature. After graduation he was a misfit on Wall Street and was rescued from that tedium by our entry

into the war. As a pursuit pilot he was as sure and instinctive as on ice. He gloried in flying; brought down three German planes, and was somewhat dismayed when he was put in command of the 141st Squadron. On an impulse after the Armistice, with his orders for home in his pocket, Hobey went up on a test flight in a plane that had been having carburetor trouble, and when the engine failed at 600 feet, he was through.

In his nostalgic book, Mr. Davies brings out the diffidence and loneliness as well as the gallantry of his hero and leaves us with the inference that it was better to have gone out in his blazing leadership than as a casualty in the eras of Prohibition and Depression that followed.

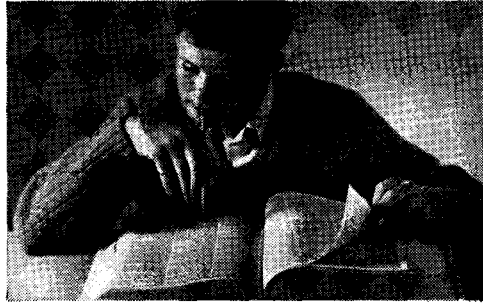
Boston has a way of attracting outsiders who come to New England to study and cannot detach themselves thereafter. I am one such, and my friend CHARLES W. MORTON is another. Charlie, the associate editor of the *Atlantic* for more than two decades, is an unforced humorist; he sees the funny side, not only of what other people are doing but of what he is doing most earnestly himself. He was born to cope with odd situations. His mind is one that delights in whittling away sham, and if the emerging truth proves to be ludicrous, well, that is the way he must tell it. He is not a reformer or a hostile satirist; he is glad such absurdities exist, for he relishes every one of them, as witness his occupational memoir **IT HAS ITS CHARMS** (Lippincott, \$4.50). The title refers particularly to his long devotion to journalism and incidentally to his friendships and his liking for bull terriers, fast motors, poker, and good food.

His schooling in New Jersey and two flings at Williams College gave Morton a distaste for the family hardware business in Omaha. It took him eight years, but eventually he wrote his way East, beginning with the piece in the *Haldeman Julius Journal*, then a series in *Hardware Age*, then a piece in *The Sportsman* and a column in *The Independent*. In December of 1930, he became a reporter for the Boston *Evening Transcript*, and he served on this proud Brahmin daily through the vicissitudes of the Depression, when a casual management was becoming debt-ridden and distraught. These are deliciously amusing pages written to be read aloud, and I know them to be true.

#### HE AND SHE

Short stories when they are gathered in a book tell us a good deal about the versatility of the author, the themes which are most insistent in his imagination, and the stylistic touches by which he achieves his effect. The twenty short stories in JOHN UPDIKE's new collection, **THE MUSIC SCHOOL** (Knopf, \$4.95), tell us that he is one of the most





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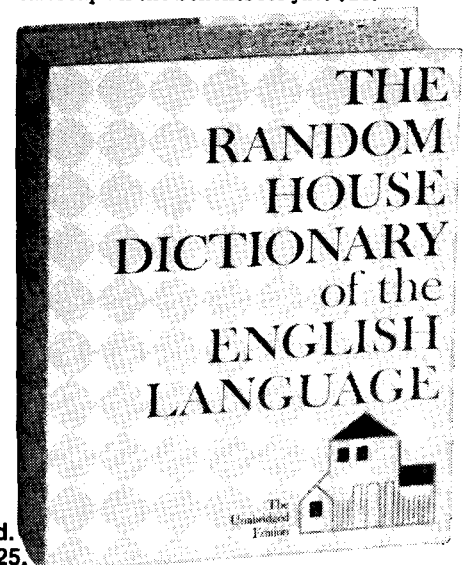
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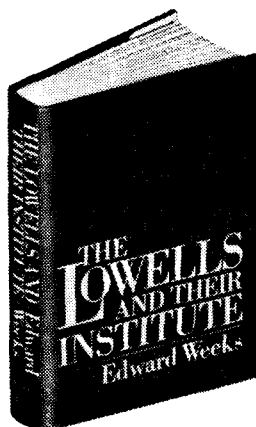
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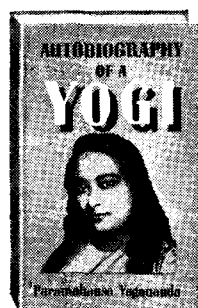
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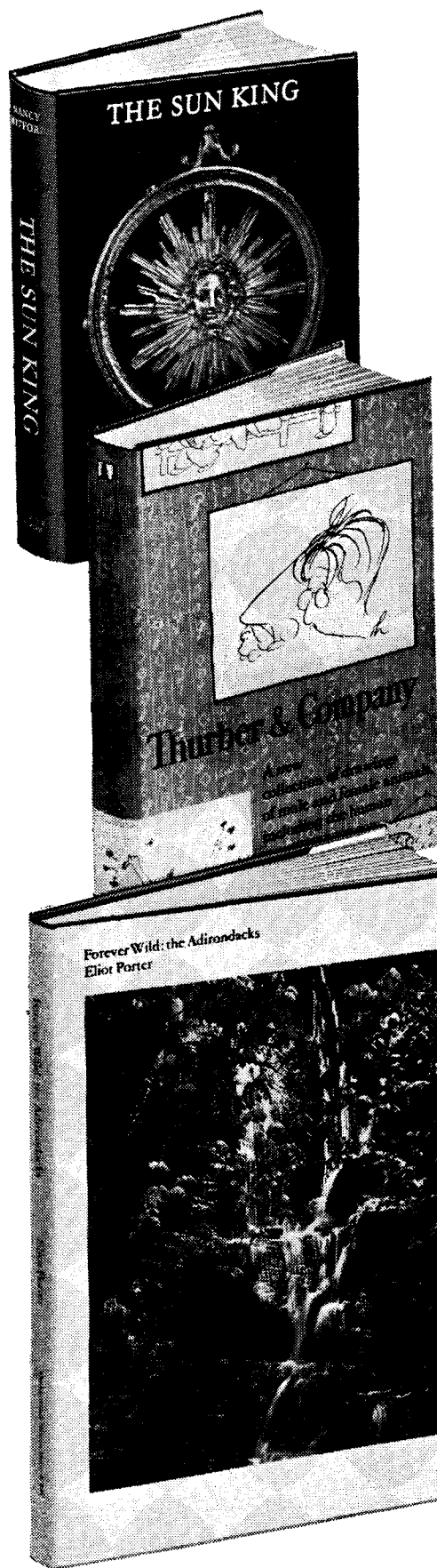
SELF-REALIZATION FELLOWSHIP, Publishers, Los Angeles, Calif.

skillful practitioners of this art, that he sets the mood of his story in swift, telling paragraphs, and that his characters are drawn with economy and a power of suggestion which is admirable. Basically he is a sympathizer who wastes no time getting to the heart of a predicament.

Many of the stories in *The Music School* are about broken or fractured marriages, and I have double-starred "Twin Beds in Rome," "Avec La Bébé-Sitter," and "The Stare" as my particular favorites, but he is equally deft when he is writing about the attraction of the sexes, as in that delightful piece of cultural exchange "The Bulgarian Poetess." And he can laugh at the homosexual, as he does in his story "At a Bar in Charlotte Amalie," with an irony that is telling. He chooses his words with sophisticated accuracy, and when need be, with tenderness. He is a good writer getting better with each book.

### AUDUBON PAINTING

Since almost everyone has seen, somewhere or sometime, an Audubon print, it is surprising to realize how few people have ever seen the painting from which the print came. Delicate constructions in an arbitrary combination of ink, pencil, pastel, watercolor, and egg white, Audubon's original paintings have remained for a century in the possession and protection of the New York Historical Society. They are now made accessible in **THE ORIGINAL WATER-COLOR PAINTINGS BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON FOR THE BIRDS OF AMERICA** (American Heritage, \$75.00), two large volumes elegantly boxed. Marshall B. Davidson has provided an introduction covering Audubon's life and methods of working, and has edited the captions, which are mostly in the naturalist's own words. In addition, Mr. Davidson has identified the various people who helped the artist, a startling number, for Audubon was not one to fuss with backgrounds if he could wheedle a competent colleague to do the job for him. These handsome reproductions of Audubon's work show that some of the published engravings incorporated several paintings and that the engraver was sometimes required to insert details that the artist had omitted. Imagine being instructed, by letter, to put in a grasshopper for the shrike.



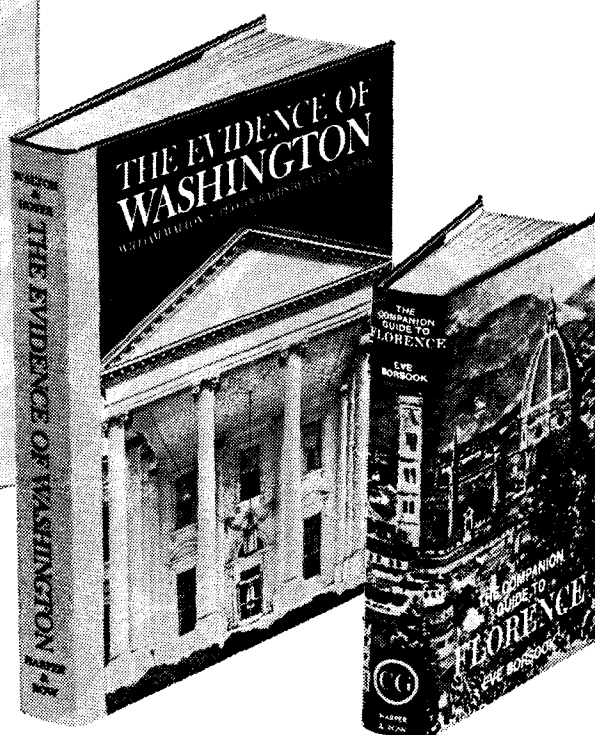
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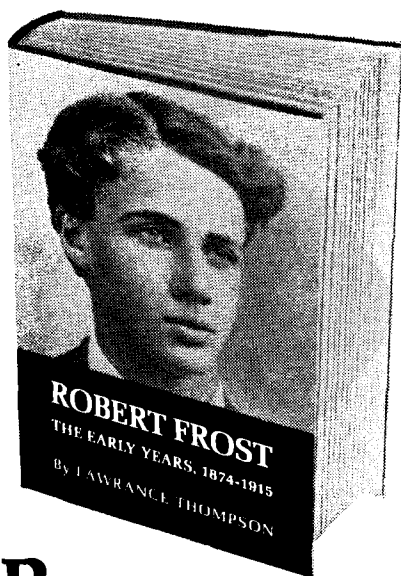


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## BOOKSHELF

### THE ATLANTIC



### Reader's Choice

by OSCAR HANDLIN

Latin America, in the opinion of John F. Kennedy, was the most critical area in the world during his Administration. An underdeveloped economy, soaring population, and the difficulty of developing democratic institutions made that region susceptible to the tugs of Communism on the left and military dictatorship on the right. Whether the countries of the Western Hemisphere will be able to form free institutions will certainly affect their neighbor the United States, which is bound to them not only by geography but also by a century and a half of ambiguous relationships of which the Monroe Doctrine was long the symbol.

The great test of Latin-American policy came in 1965 in the Dominican Republic. The United States had had ties to that unhappy nation for more than a century. The smaller nation had once voluntarily asked for annexation and later had been temporarily occupied as a quasi-protectorate. It was near enough to Florida to be a threat in unfriendly hands and near enough to Cuba to feel the danger of Castro revolutionaries.

**OVERTAKEN BY EVENTS** by JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN (Doubleday, \$7.95) is an informative account of the tragic events in the Dominican Republic with particular emphasis on the last five years. The book is a historic document in its own right and a readable, often exciting analysis of an important incident in American history.

Martin's acquaintance with the island began in 1937 when, as a free-lance writer, he wrote one of the earliest exposés of the Trujillo dictatorship. After a career in journalism, he became a Kennedy speech

writer in 1960. In the next year, the President sent him on a mission to report the consequences of the fall of Trujillo. Martin then perceived the necessity of supporting the democratic opposition, although its leaders were "childlike and politically naïve, patriotic but of doubtful ability to govern." Martin also served as ambassador, a post which he retained until after the fall of Juan Bosch. In the spring of 1965 Martin returned as President Johnson's special emissary in the crisis of the new revolution. He is thus well informed about Dominican affairs. To his knowledge he adds a judicious temperament, good judgment of character, a passionate dedication to freedom, and skill as a writer.

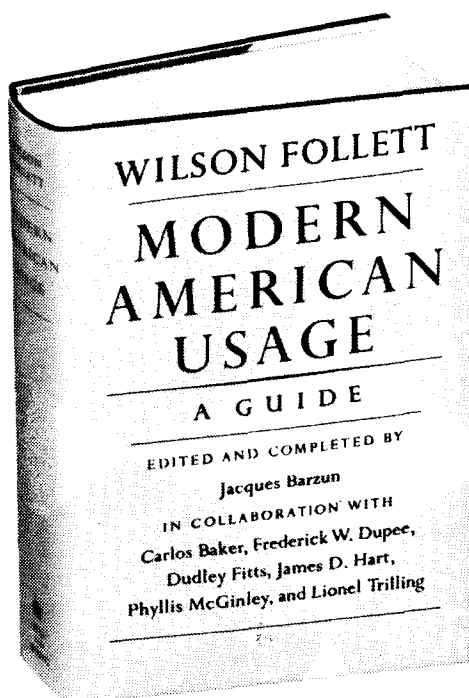
The book is long, detailed, and somewhat disjointed. Most of it was written in 1964 after Martin had left the island as ambassador. His mediating role in the civil war of 1965 made necessary a concluding section on those events, and a chapter of afterthoughts ties the whole volume together.

Much of the story concerns the problem of liquidating the Trujillo dictatorship. The withdrawal of American support had contributed to the downfall of that regime, and the United States tried to help erect a democratic society on the ruins of the old tyranny. The difficulties were epitomized in the process by which Juan Bosch rose to power and then collapsed. Ambassador Martin was a vigorous supporter of Bosch, but the Kennedy Administration could do little to prop up the democratic regime.

In 1965, Martin was sent to make contact with the rebel leaders. Having done so, he attempted unsuccessfully to negotiate a settlement under the leadership of Imbert. His narrative is the best available account of American intervention.

The book is most fascinating in its portrayal of characters. For Bosch, Martin felt both affection and contempt. Of the sincerity, patriotism, and dedication of the Dominican leader there was no doubt. But neither could one overlook the ignorance, incompetence, and emotionalism that limited his effectiveness. He might have made a difference, for men shape events as well as being shaped by them; yet he was childlike and foolish, "totally out of phase with all other Dominicans, a stranger in a foreign land."

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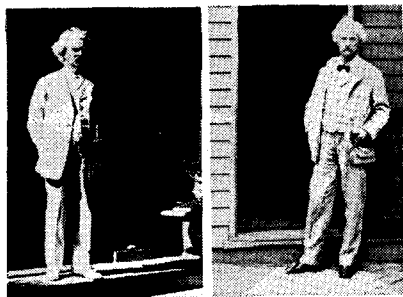
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**SIMON AND SCHUSTER**

Every actor in the drama was fallible. "Time and again, in person after person, I glimpsed the infinite capacity of men for evil and self-destruction as they maneuvered for power and as they used it." Blame for the failure, therefore, could not have been individual. It was no coincidence that throughout its history, the republic was "ruled by men who seemed determined to steal it, or ruin it, or destroy it, or sell it, or give it away."

"On this tumbled land of city slums and desert dirt, of torture chambers and palm-lined beaches, these people, looking back to Trujillo's butchers and ahead to the dark unknown, had come unhinged." Disoriented, men lashed around without any sense that what they did had meaning; "one act was linked to another — not good, not bad, not anything."

Between absolute authority and total anarchy, there was nothing. Irrationality ruled. The plot to assassinate Trujillo, although successful, was as grotesque and as poorly executed as Bosch's plan bloodlessly to invade Haiti. The ill-informed masses were available to the highest bidder. "An ordinary *turba* — riot — cost \$150, but if one wanted cars burned and store windows smashed, the cost went up to \$500." A streak of cruelty ran through the whole society. The land was desperately poor; yet pride, corruption, and self-seeking frustrated the efforts at its redemption.

Could any alternative policy have been more successful? In retrospect, Martin believes that the United States took the least evil of choices. The genuine danger of a Communist takeover in 1965 made intervention an inescapable necessity. Yet the tortuous negotiations which followed showed the difficulties of imposing a solution by force.

The implications of the experience reach far beyond the boundaries of the Dominican Republic. "It used to be said that all power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely. Today it might be said more trenchantly that all power has limits, and the greater the power the greater the limits." The conclusion applies to Asia and Europe as well as to Latin America. Yet power carries with it responsibilities which cannot simply be shrugged off, and recognition of its limits only increases the obligation to use it wisely.

## LOVE AND THE IRISH

**THE HEAT OF THE SUN** (Atlantic-Little, Brown, \$5.95) is SEAN O'FAOLAIN's most recent collection of fiction. In an engaging foreword, O'Faolain attempts to draw a distinction between the short story — "concentrated stuff" — and the tale which "roves farther, has time and space for more complex characterization . . . and even more plot." But although he attempts to locate the pieces in this volume in one genre or the other, the categorization is not really important. Much more significant is the unity of theme that holds the book together.

O'Faolain is a master of his craft. His plots are simple and generally sharply focused on a brief time interval. The immediate incident becomes the point of departure for a sustained narrative which subtly acquires a general meaning. Yet throughout, the characterizations are sharp; no abstractions, but vivid, carefully drawn personalities people these pages. The writing is uncluttered and precise, sustained by an informed use of language.

The fact that one of the stories is set in Greece and two others in France does not detract from the unity of the volume, which derives from the people who are its subjects. O'Faolain knows the Irish and describes them with insight. These are neither the peasants of the nineteenth century nor the proletarians of Sean O'Casey. Ireland no longer has a dense agricultural population, nor is it oppressed by the old poverty. It lives at the level of a decent, moderate competence. These clerks, small businessmen, and priests have edged out of the traditional past and freed themselves of tragedy; in the process something happened to the capacity for love.

The concern occupies them all, the faded major, the young sailor, the blowsy music-hall singer, the henpecked husband. In "One Man, One Boat, One Girl," the married man, taken in hand by his wife, is careful not to smile at the reminder of his past freedom on the river before he settled down to become foreman of the works and the father of five. Love for him "is a prison staffed by female wardens."

O'Faolain writes with wry sympathy. Misfortune can happen to anyone. Is it, he asks, "that all pas-



sion is an unhappiness? Are we always looking forward to our joy, or thinking back on it or so drunk with it that we cannot realize it?" He thus skillfully develops a characteristically Irish theme in its modern setting.

#### PHYSICS AND POWER

**RUTH MOORE'S NIELS BOHR** (Knopf, \$6.95) is a thoughtful biography of a key figure in the history of modern physics. To describe the man, the development of his scientific thought, and its effect upon the world it helped to change was a challenging task which called for the ability to make comprehensible the difficult problems of modern physics. Ruth Moore has succeeded because she was not content to describe only the external events of her subject's life, but went further to trace the successive steps by which he participated in the discovery of the universe of the atom. The book, therefore, does more than tell the story of an attractive human being; it also contributes to an understanding of twentieth-century science.

Bohr was born in Denmark in 1885. His intellectual brilliance early became evident, and he lived in an environment which stimulated and encouraged his scholarly interests. Moreover, movement was still free; he could study without difficulty at the Cavendish Laboratory in Cambridge and with Ernest Rutherford at Manchester. Bohr plunged into the new field of learning that the discoveries of Max Planck and Albert Einstein had revealed. The war in 1914 scarcely made a difference to him; Denmark was neutral, and his own work proceeded without interruption.

In the thirty years after 1910, Bohr participated actively in developing the basic concepts of atomic physics. He remained remarkably productive, and his laboratory in Copenhagen became a center which attracted students from every part of the world. His notable discoveries earned him the Nobel Prize in 1922, and he maintained intimate contacts with the work of his colleagues.

The achievements of these decades were due in part to the intellectual excitement generated by the milieu of the laboratory. Bohr was pre-eminent in his own circle, but his dedication to science and his personal generosity stimulated others

to work together in a common and open process of discovery. Furthermore, the community of physicists was small and international. The researchers and speculative thinkers in every part of Europe and America were aware of each other's efforts and shared each other's problems. Discoveries, therefore, came in clusters; each advance touched off the experiments and discussions that contributed to further progress. This setting was a significant factor in the explosion of knowledge in the 1920s and 1930s.

The outbreak of the Second World War was cataclysmic. This time, Denmark did not escape occupation, and Bohr himself was ultimately compelled to flee, first to Sweden, then to England. More important, physics was now harnessed to the military needs of the state. Science became an instrument of power upon which governments eagerly drew in the race to create more potent weapons of destruction. The end result of the advance in knowledge in which Bohr had shared was the atom bomb and its danger to mankind.

The scientists themselves quickly became aware of the consequences of their enlistment in the war effort. Even before the first bomb had been tested, Bohr understood its potential danger. Yet, power once unleashed could not be contained. No one knew until Hitler's defeat whether the Germans were working on a similar project; it seemed necessary therefore to bend every effort to win the race.

There was an interesting interchange when Heisenberg, the great German physicist, came to Denmark to sound out Bohr. Each suspected what the other knew; and each groped for a way in which to suggest an understanding. Yet neither could speak freely.

Bohr, who advised both the Americans and the British, fixed his hopes on an agreement for post-war control. He attempted to persuade Roosevelt and Churchill to take the Russians into their confidence and to devise a system of international regulation to forestall a future race in atomic weapons. Miss Moore is inclined to blame Churchill for the failure, on the assumption that the Russians might then have been persuaded to consent to an agreement. Yet Churchill's reluctance to trust Stalin was understandable; nothing

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in the Communist record justified the confidence that the Soviets would honor their international obligations. Events in Eastern Europe in 1944 and 1945 were scarcely encouraging.

In any case, the competition the scientists feared became a reality from which few could extricate themselves. Bohr's declining years were clouded by the consciousness that the ultimate product of his great intellectual adventure had been an instrument of destruction more terrifying than any theretofore discovered by man.

### PLAYBOY

For the first thirty years of his life, ALEXANDER CALDER fought against his destiny. His father and grandfather had been sculptors; he studied engineering, shipped as a seaman, drifted into lumber camps, and painted at the Art Students League. He would not take himself seriously. In Paris when he could not keep his fingers still, he made animated toys, learned to use wire to draw in space, and gained a kind of fame as constructor of a mechanical circus. But not until 1930 when he met Mondriaan did he perceive the possibilities of serious abstract sculpture. Fortunately, he still had thirty creative years in which to make his place in American art.

His life thus contains the material for a wonderful book. But his AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Pantheon, \$15.00) is disappointing. Though it tells the story, it lacks the sparkle of the artist or of his work. Written in the flat style of a man talking into a dictating machine, it fails to convey the excitement of his sculpture. Calder, like many other great artists, is rarely introspective; he cannot put into words the kind of problems with which his hands deal when they shape and re-order space. The illustrations are exceptionally interesting but do not compensate for the limitations of Calder's prose.

### FROM THE AMERICAN PAST

THE YOUNGER JOHN WINTHROP by ROBERT C. BLACK III (Columbia University Press, \$10.00) is a perceptive biography of the son of the founder of the Massachusetts Bay Colony. The book rests upon careful research in English and American sources, and its material is judicious-

ly put together. It is also clearly and gracefully written.

From it emerges the picture of an engaging personality, both English and American, Puritan and promoter. Educated in Trinity College, Dublin, Winthrop had fought the French off La Rochelle and traveled to Italy and Constantinople by the time his father helped launch the Massachusetts enterprise in 1630. The young man followed a year and a half later and became one of the founders of the Connecticut settlement, which he was to serve as governor for some twenty years.

He lacked the single-minded religious zeal of his father, and was rather a dabbler in the many enterprises appropriate to a new country. He speculated in land, helped build an ironworks in Saugus and a sawmill in New London, and made plans which came to nothing for producing indigo and salt. He became a prominent physician; his curiosity and the confidence he commanded were more important than his innocence of medical education. His prescription book reveals that he treated more than 700 different individuals in little more than a decade. Most of his remedies involved chemicals with which he hopefully experimented in the expectation of finding an all-purpose nostrum. Then, too, there was the possibility that some discovery might help locate the mineral wealth the optimistic believed lay hidden in the New England soil. Eager to scan the heavens as well as the earth, he made himself something of an astronomer and brought to the New World telescopes as good as those available in the Old.

In this sense he was a scientist; not that he mastered an organized body of knowledge, but that he was willing to use whatever means were at hand to examine the world about him. A lifelong correspondent of Boyle and Kepler, he was the first American to be elected to the Royal Society.

THE OXFORD COMPANION TO AMERICAN HISTORY by THOMAS H. JOHNSON (Oxford University Press, \$12.50) is a convenient reference volume. It covers arts, science, and business as well as politics through a judicious mixture of biographical and subject entries, almost 5000 in number. The standard of accuracy is high, the information is concisely and clearly presented, and the format is handy.

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## SOME RECENT POETRY

BY PETER DAVISON

**THEODORE ROETHKE'S COLLECTED POEMS** (Doubleday, \$5.95) constitutes the most powerful body of work yet published by any American born in this century. The poems move from conventional rhymes in his earliest work toward an astonishing identification with the natural world, and from there into the poetic discovery of love. Ultimately, in his greatest poems, he rose into an incandescent mysticism like Blake's. These were published posthumously and are brought together here with his earlier work for the first time. Roethke, who died in 1963, grew unevenly, like a tree, through drought and kindly weather. His poems belong in the library of anyone serious about modern poetry, along with the other unquenchable lyricist of our time, his friend Dylan Thomas.

**ANTIWORLDS** by the young Russian poet **ANDREI VOSNESENSKY** (Basic Books, \$4.95) is a selection translated by a group of distinguished American poets headed by W. H. Auden and Stanley Kunitz. Its publication is probably the most exciting event of the year in poetry. Vosnesensky's spaciousness, his assurance that he speaks for his fellowmen, his confidence in the centrality of poetry as "The Russian Art" make these poems powerful indeed; their concreteness and their humor are eminently translatable; their themes are ambitious; their utterances are memorable. They raise the haunting question: why has no American poet, with the single exception of Robert Frost, yet been able to elevate poetry into so central a place in his own scheme of things and in the imagination of his audience?

Vosnesensky is thirty-three; **JOHN HALL WHELOCK** is eighty. His **DEAR MEN AND WOMEN** (Scribner's, \$3.50) is the latest book by this dean of American poets, whose first was published fifty-five years ago; it is also his finest. These elegiac sonnets, celebrations, reflections, and a few parodies glimmer with fully ruminated and comprehended experience. Even more striking than their bleached wisdom is their dar-

ing: their utter simplicity of form and statement. Pure pleasure to read; a rare achievement to have written.

Two younger American poets are particularly worthy of notice. **DONALD FINKEL's** third collection, **A JOYFUL NOISE** (Atheneum, \$4.50 and \$1.95), displays a calm confidence of form and a colloquial lucidity in his best poems, about which he says, "I try to imagine the poem aspiring/to the humility/of prose, the poem saintly enough to be content/to call attention to something beyond himself. . . ." Finkel is witty at best, at worst a wiseacre, but his poems about poetry are especially fascinating.

**ARTHUR FREEMAN's** second book, **ESTRANGEMENTS** (Harcourt, Brace & World, \$3.95), is remarkably all of a piece. His adept, diffident poems display competence in a wide variety of traditional verse forms, as well as in free verse, but they are sometimes a little neat, a little pat; and although none of these poems ever betrays the central impulse that gave it birth (a rare thing to be able to say about poetry), they dare too little. Witty, discriminating, sometimes brilliant (see "Song After a Bad Night"), these poems tend also to play it safe.

**WILLIAM JAY SMITH**, of an older generation, has been established in reputation for some years past. In his fourth collection, **THE TIN CAN** (Delacorte, \$4.00, a Seymour Lawrence Book), he seems to be breaking out into a fresh and bubbling watercourse of free verse. He has for the most part given up the cramped and tidy metrics that characterized his early verse and turned to a long Whitmanesque (sometimes Swinburnian) rhythm that enables him to build poems by accretion and gathering rather than by emphasis. It is a great step forward, but the book contains a number of poems in Smith's old style that suffer by comparison with the new.

**ROBERT PENN WARREN**, far more profound than Stephen Vincent Benét, is our likeliest writer of epic poetry, as witness his superb long poem *Brother to Dragons*. The narrative instinct shows itself in all the finest poems of his career, while his lyrics by contrast often sound windy and portentous. His **SELECTED POEMS: NEW & OLD, 1923-1966** (Random House, \$7.95) is an important and puzzling collection.



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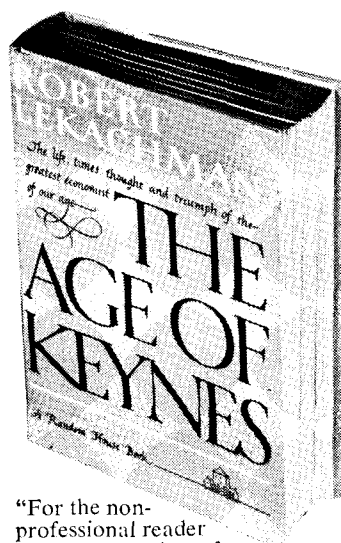


\*In a recent letter to the publisher



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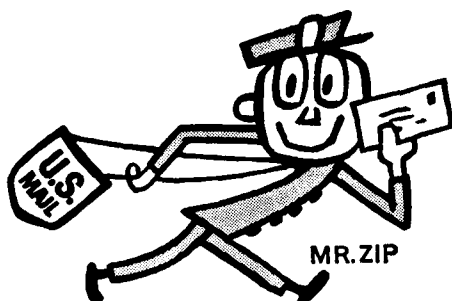
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ARE YOU USING  
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Although the case of the eleven throttled women remains officially unsettled, **GEROLD FRANK**, a journalist best known as the co-author of various Hollywood autobiographies, has succeeded in writing and publishing **THE BOSTON STRANGLER** (New American Library, \$5.95). In this book, Mr. Frank describes the whole police investigation of the bizarre murders, reveals the identity of the killer, and quotes lavishly from the man's own description, which was never an official confession to the police, of his acts. It is not made clear for what reason, or on whose authority, Mr. Frank was given information withheld from the local press, nor how he achieved access to admissions which the murderer and his lawyer took great pains to restrict, at the time, to a hearer who could not be dragged into court to testify about the matter. What complications this book will cause if, as is admittedly unlikely, the Commonwealth of Massachusetts ever tries the fellow for murder, one can only guess at with dismay. Simply as reading, *The Boston Strangler* is as fascinating as any contrived murder mystery, for Mr. Frank has made good use of the comic irrelevancies, enticing blind alleys, suspicious coincidences, and attractive red herrings with which the case abounded. He lapses at times into melodramatic overstatement, and old Bostonians will observe that his knowledge of certain district boundary lines is shaky, but these are small faults in what is on the whole a coherent and exciting narrative. Two interesting points emerge from the story more or less by accident. One is the helpless bafflement of a police force required to locate a person who kills utter strangers for no practical motive. The other is the folly of speculative psychoanalysis. At the height of the turmoil, Attorney General Edward Brooke, Jr., established a special commission on the strangling investigation, with a committee of psychologists composed partly of experienced officials, partly of private practitioners. These well-qualified gentlemen studied the crimes and worked out a generalized de-

scription of the killer's temperament and habits. It proved to be almost totally mistaken, not because the committee members were stupid, but because of one little piece of information which was not available to anybody but the murderer.

The study of philosophy combined with a passion for workable trinkets has led **ROBERT S. BRUMBAUGH** to examine **ANCIENT GREEK GADGETS AND MACHINES** (Crowell, \$4.95). "There was," he reports, "a great deal more scientific apparatus in ancient Greece than we have ever supposed." There was also a great proliferation of mechanical toys, automata, labor-saving devices concocted mostly by temple priests ("the first western use of coin operated slot machines was to sell holy water"), and gismos to prevent larceny and rigged elections. "One of the central questions left us by Greek philosophy is: 'Can virtue be taught?' We still don't know the answer. Another question we are trying to solve first leaves its traces in the markets and courts of ancient Greece: 'Can dishonesty be prevented by foolproof machinery?'" The answer to the last one, I suspect, is that no foolproof anti-dishonesty machinery has yet been invented because the problem does not fall into any of the areas from which Mr. Brumbaugh thinks invention comes—that is, necessity, laziness, and leisure.

**EDWARD GOREY'S THE GILDED BAT** (Simon and Schuster, \$3.00) records the career of Mirella Splatova, née Maudie Splaytoes, "the reigning ballerina of the age." The age, to judge by Mr. Gorey's sentimentally sinister, mordantly funny drawings, is 1900 to 1928, and the fashions of the period are skewered as mercilessly as the legend of Russian ballet.

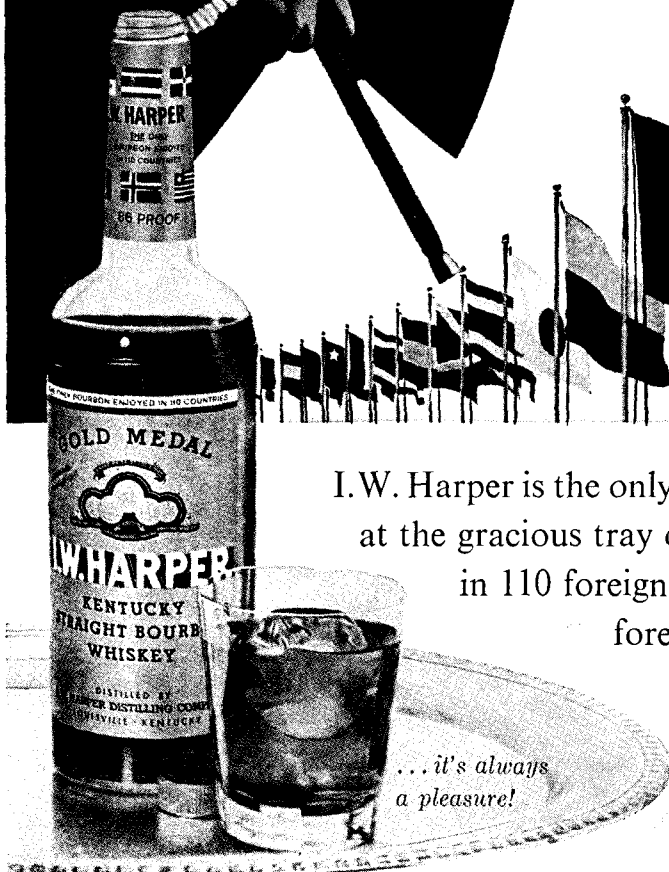
The autobiography that **LOUIS MACNEICE** never finished has been tinkered together by his literary executor, E. R. Dodds, and appears as **THE STRINGS ARE FALSE** (Oxford University Press, \$6.00). So many poetical memoirs have bewailed the horrors of the English public school that it is refreshing to find MacNeice admitting, a bit sheepishly, that he enjoyed the playing fields and found Oxford tiresomely queer. He later describes a dog show as "a wonderland of non-utilitarian growths." Brilliance and unexpectedness are scattered thinly, however, through a text that actually tells surprisingly little about the author or his times.

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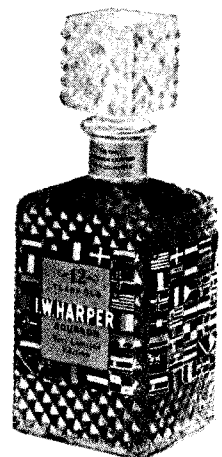


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